THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN;

A POEM, IN ELEVEN BOOKS.

By TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Fired, at first sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts.

POPE.

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MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

To his Excellency,

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esquire,

Commander in chief of the American Armies,

The Saviour of his Country,

The Supporter of Freedom,

And the Benefactor of Mankind;

This Poem is inſcribed,

with the higheſt reſpect for his character, the moſt ardent wiſhes for his happineſs, and the moſt grateful ſenſe of the bleſſings, ſecured, by his generous efforts, to the United States of North America,

by his moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

Timothy Dwight.

Greenfield, in Connecticut,
March 1, 1785.

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AS this poem is the firſt of the kind, which has been publiſhed in this country, the writer begs leave to introduce it with ſeveral obſervations, which that circumſtance alone may perhaps render neceſſary.

He has taken to himſelf the liberty of altering the real order of the two laſt battles, becauſe he imagined the illuſtrious events, which attended the battle of Gibeon, would make it appear to be the cataſtrophe of the poem, wherever inſerted.

He has varied the ſtory of the embaſſy from Gibeon, for reaſons, which he thinks will be obvious to every reader, and which he hopes will be eſteemed his ſufficient juſtification.

To give entire Unity to the Action, he has made Jabin the Canäanitiſh hero through the whole poem; and has transferred the ſcene of the battle, between Hazor and Iſrael, from the ſhores of the lake Merom to the neighbourhood of Ai.

In the Manners, he has ſtudied a medium between abſolute barbariſm and modern refinement. In the beſt characters, he has endeavoured to repreſent ſuch manners, as are removed from the peculiarities of any age, or country, and might belong to the amiable and virtuous, of every age: ſuch as are elevated without deſign, refined without ceremony, elegant without faſhion, and agreeable, becauſe they are ornamented with ſincerity, dignity, and religion, not becauſe they are poliſhed by art and education. Of ſuch manners, he hopes he may obſerve, without impropriety, that they poſſeſs the higheſt advantages for univerſal application.

He has made uſe of Rhyme, becauſe he believed it would be more generally reliſhed than blank verſe, even amongſt thoſe who are eſteemed perſons of taſte.

It may perhaps be thought the reſult of inattention or ignorance, that he choſe a ſubject, in which his countrymen had no national intereſt. But he remarked that the Iliad and Eneid were as agreeable to modern nations, as to the Greeks and Romans. The reaſon he ſuppoſed to be obvious--the ſubjects of thoſe poems furniſh the faireſt opportunities of exhibiting the agreeable, the novel, the moral, the pathetic, and the ſublime. If he is not deceiv-

ed, the ſubject he has choſen poſſeſſes, in a degree, the ſame advantages.

It will be obſerved that he has introduced ſome new words, and annexed to ſome old ones, a new ſignification. This liberty, allowed to others, he hopes will not be refuſed to him: eſpecially as from this ſource the copiouſneſs and refinement of language have been principally derived.

That he wiſhes to pleaſe he frankly confeſſes. If he fails in the deſign, it will be a ſatisfaction that he ſhall have injured no perſon but himſelf. As the poem is uniformly friendly to delicacy, and virtue, he hopes his countrymen will ſo far regard him with candour, as not to impute it to him as a fault, that he has endeavoured to pleaſe them, and has thrown in his mite, for the advancement of the refined arts, on this ſide of the Atlantic.

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CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

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BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Invocation. After the battle, mentioned in the beginning of the ſeventh chapter of Joſhua, the Iſraelites, in correſpondence with the ſacred hiſtory, are repreſented in circumſtances of extreme diſtreſs. With this event the poem opens, in the evening. Morning. Scene of war. Story of Zimri, and Aram. Zimri returns to the aſſembly of Iſrael, and brings an account of the death of Aram, and of an army, ſent by Jabin, king of Hazor, to aſſiſt Ai. Diſtreſs of the Iſraelites. Character and oration of Hanniel. After a pathetic addreſs, and rehearſal of their miſeries, he attempts to prove the impoſſibility of ſucceeding in their preſent deſign, becauſe of the ſtrength, ſkill, and numerous allies of their enemies; foretels their approaching ruin, aſſerts that GOD *is oppoſed to them, that they were led out of Egypt to ſilence their murmurs, and, the end being accompliſhed, ought to return. Panegyric on that country; obviates objections to a return, and informs them that, if they ſhould conquer Canaan, they will be ruined, during the war, by the neceſſary neglect of arts and agriculture, difficulty of dividing the land, of ſettling a form of government, and of avoiding tyranny; and concludes with a new exhortation to return to Egypt. Applauſe. Joſhua replies, and beginning to explain the diſpenſations of Providence, is interrupted by Hanniel, who firſt obliquely, and then openly accuſes him of aiming at the uſurpation of kingly authority; and aſſerts the return to be eaſy. Joſhua vindicates his innocence with ſeverity upon Hanniel; and allowing they can return, paints to them the miſeries, they will experience from the Egyptian king, lords, people, and manners, and from providential diſpenſations terminating in their ruin. He appeals to them to judge of the falſehood of Hanniel's ideas of the purpoſes of Heaven, in leading them out of Egypt; and declares the certainty of their ſucceſs from their union, with a few exceptions, their previous proſperity, and the favour and revealed deſigns of Heaven, and exults in their future glory. Applauſe. Preparation for war. Caleb oppoſes immediate war, and adviſes a faſt of two days. Joſhua approves of it.*

THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK I.

THE Chief, whoſe arm to Iſrael's choſen band
Gave the fair empire of the promis'd land,
Ordain'd by Heaven to hold the ſacred ſway,
Demands my voice and animates the lay.
O thou, whoſe Love, high thron'd above all height,
Illumes th' immenſe, and ſunns the world of light;
Whoſe diſtant beam the human mind inſpires,
With wiſdom brightens, and with virtue fires;
Unfold how pious realms to glory riſe,
And impious nations find avenging ſkies:
May thy own deeds exalt the humble line,
And not a ſtain obſcure the theme divine.
When now from weſtern hills the ſun was driven,
And night expanding fill'd the bounds of heaven,
O'er Iſrael's camp ten thouſand fires appear'd
And ſolemn cries from diſtant guards were heard,
Her tribes, eſcap'd from Ai's unhappy plain,
With ſhame and anguiſh mourn'd their heroes ſlain,

Line 1.) Wherever *Chief*, *Hero*, *Leader*, &c. with a capital, reſpect the Iſraelitiſh army, Joſhua is intended; when they reſpect the Canäanitiſh army, Jabin is intended. The *Youth*, with a capital, denotes Irad.

Pierc'd with deep wounds the groaning warriors ſtood;
Their boſoms heav'd, their tears inceſſant flow'd;
Their ſons unburied on the hoſtile plain,
Their brothers captiv'd, and their parents ſlain.
The tender father claſp'd his lovely child,
That thoughtleſs-ſporting innocently ſmil'd,
To his fond arms with ſoft endearments leapt,
Gaz'd on his tears, and wonder'd why he wept.
Her woes with his the trembling mother join'd,
Edg'd all his fears, and ſunk his drooping mind,
Array'd in tenfold gloom th' approaching light,
And gather'd foes unnumber'd to the fight.
Thus trembling, ſad, of every hope forlorn,
The hapleſs thouſands watch'd the coming morn.
In Joſhua's ear their ſad complaints reſound,
As ſlow, unſeen, he trac'd the camp around.
Where'er ſhrill cries, or groans diſtinguiſh'd flow'd
Propp'd on his lance, the Hero liſtening ſtood:
For oft the ſecret hour of night he choſe,
To huſh their tumults, and to learn their woes;
Each tear, each cry his feeling mind oppreſs'd,
And ſchemes of pity fill'd his labouring breaſt.
And now bright Phoſphor wak'd the dawning day,
The tents all whitening in th' expanded ray;
The ſun's broad beam the ſcene of war diſplay'd,
A wide extent, with diſtant groves o'erſpread;
A tall, dark foreſt gloom'd the northern round,
And eaſtern hills o'er hills th' horizon bound:
Far ſouth, a plain in vivid green withdrew,
And one unvaried level fill'd the view;
Beyond, Ai's grandeur proudly roſe on high,
And azure mountains pierc'd the weſtern ſky.
Around their Leader's tent, th' unnumber'd train
Throng'd from the camp, and gather'd on the plain.
When Zimri ſlow approach'd; of Aſher's race
The firſt in merit, as the firſt in place.

Him, not a chief, that dar'd the battling field,
In ſwiftneſs equall'd, or in ſtrength excell'd;
Save *Joſhua*'s arm, that ſtill unconquer'd ſhone;
From every rival every prize he won.
In night's laſt gloom (ſo Joſhua's will ordain'd)
To find what hopes the cautious foe remain'd,
Or what new ſtrength, allied, increas'd their force,
To Ai's high walls the hero bent his courſe.
Aram, his friend, unknowing vile diſmay,
With willing footſteps ſhar'd the dangerous way.
In virtue join'd, one ſoul to both was given;
Each ſteer'd his path, and led his friend to heaven.
O'er earth's dim verge as dawn'd the cheerful day,
Near ſlumbering Ai they cours'd their fearleſs way;
Unſeen, in twining ſhrubs, a heathen ſate,
Mark'd their ſtill path, and boded Aram's fate;
Swift hurl'd, his javelin ſought the hero's ſide,
Pierc'd to the heart, he groan'd, and gaſp'd, and died.
The heathen flew, fierce Zimri clave his breaſt,
But Aram's eyes were clos'd in endleſs reſt.
Thus, while fond Virtue wiſh'd in vain to ſave,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapleſs grave.
With genius' living flame his boſom glow'd,
And ſcience charm'd him to her ſweet abode:
In worth's fair path his feet adventur'd far;
The pride of peace, the riſing grace of war;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,
To friends unchanging, and ſincere to heaven.

75.) *While*, *amid*, and *among*, are uſed throughout this poem, *euph. grat.* inſtead of *whilſt*, *amidſt*, *and amongſt*.

76. *Hale bright)* The compariſons of this kind were all written in the early ſtages of the late war, and annexed to the poem to indulge the Author's own emotions of regard to the perſons named in them. As it was impoſſible to pay this little tribute of reſpect to all the deſerving characters, who have fallen in defence of American liberty, the Author determined to deſiſt, after the firſt attempt. The lines on Major Andre are an exception to the above remark, as are thoſe on General Mercer.

How ſhort his courſe, the prize how early won!
While weeping friendſhip mourns her favourite gone.
With ſoul too noble for ſo baſe a cauſe,
Thus Andre bow'd to war's barbarian laws.
In morn's fair light the opening bloſſom warm'd,
Its beauty ſmil'd, its growing fragrance charm'd;
Fierce roar'd th' untimely blaſt around its head;
The beauty vaniſh'd, and the fragrance fled;
Soon ſunk his graces in the wintry tomb,
And ſad Columbia wept his hapleſs doom.
As now o'er eaſtern hills the morning burn'd,
Alone brave Zimri to the camp return'd;
Pale in his front deſpair and anguiſh ſate,
And each kind boſom fear'd for Aram's fate,
When thus, the Leader---Say, exalted chief,
What dire misfortune clouds thy mind with grief?
O beſt of men, he cried, my tears deplore
The hero's fate, brave Aram is no more.
Weep, weep, my friends: his worthy life demands
This laſt, poor tribute from your grateful hands,
Nor weep for him alone: dread ſcenes of grief
Surround our ſteps, and Heaven denies relief.
Th' inſulting wretch, that ſeal'd the hero's fate,
In death proclaim'd what terrors round you wait.
I die, he cried, but know, thou culprit, know,
To the dark tomb thy harbinger I go.
O'er Iſrael's race aſcend, from realms afar,
The clouds of ruin, and the ſtorms of war.
The hoſts, that bow to Jabin's great controul
From Hazor's rocky hills, in thunder roll;
Hoſts, that ne'er knew the tender tear to ſhed,
Born in the field, beneath the ſtandard bred;
That raptur'd fly, where ſhrilling trumpets call,
Plunge on the pointed ſpear, and climb the kindled wall.
Theſe dauntleſs bands (to Ai the meſſage came)
Shall ſink in night thy nation's hated name;

Even now brave Oran, Jabin's martial boaſt,
Speeds his glad courſe and moves a countleſs hoſt:
Raptur'd I ſee thy camp in flames ariſe,
And Iſrael's aſhes cloud the angry ſkies.
He ſpoke. Aſtoniſh'd at th' impending doom,
Round the pale thouſands breath'd a ſolemn gloom;
Rent were their martial veſtments, torne their hair,
And every eye ſpoke pangs of keen deſpair.
Mid the ſad throng, in mournful robes array'd
Vile duſt beſprinkled o'er his down-caſt head,
Pale Hanniel roſe, and with diſſembled woe,
Clouded his front, and urg'd the tear to flow.
Of princely blood, his haughty ſire, of yore
Proud Pharaoh's favourite on th' Egyptian ſhore,
O'er Iſrael's race was ſcepter'd to preſide,
To rule their tributes and their toils to guide.
In the ſon's mind again the parent liv'd,
His pride rekindled, and his art reviv'd.
Where'er pride call'd, his changing ſoul would turn;
Grieve with the ſad, and with the envious burn;
Vaunt with the brave, be ſerious with the wiſe,
And cheat the pious with uplifted eyes;
In Youth's fond ſports with ſeeming zeal engage,
Or liſt, delighted, to the tales of Age.
When Joſhua's hand the ſacred rule adorn'd,
With pangs he ſaw, but ſtill in ſecret mourn'd:
His cloſe revenge the Hero's fate decreed,
And ſmooth, ſure ſlander taught his name to bleed.
With friendly graſp he ſqueez'd each warrior's hand;
With jeſts familiar pleas'd the vulgar band;
In ſly, ſhrewd hints the Leader's faults diſclos'd;
Prais'd his whole ſway, but ſingle acts oppos'd;
Admir'd how law ſo ſtern a face could wear;
Stil'd combat raſhneſs, and nam'd caution fear:
With angels then his fame and virtue join'd,
To tempt coarſe ſcandal from each envious mind:

Bleſt his own peaceful lot, and ſmil'd, that Heaven,
To minds, that priz'd them, empire's toils had given.
Yet baſe-born fear his vigorous ſoul diſdain'd;
Each danger ſhar'd and every toil ſuſtain'd;
Joy'd, in terrific fields, the foe to dare,
And claim'd the honours of the fierceſt war.
Now the bleſt period, long in vain deſir'd,
His fond hope flatter'd, and his boſom fir'd;
To end his rival's ſway, his own ſecure,
Reſolv'd, his fancy deem'd the triumph ſure.
In ſeeming anguiſh oft his hands he wrung,
And words imperfect murmur'd on his tongue;
At length, with feeble voice, he thus began,
While round the tribes a mute attention ran.
Friends! brethren! ſires! or by what tenderer name
Shall I addreſs the heirs of Jacob's fame?
Dear to my ſoul, as thoſe red drops, that flow,
Thro' my warm veins, and bid my boſom glow,
If chill'd by grief's cold hand, the vital flood
Still pours its warmth, nor yet forſakes the road!
Long has this heart with deep compaſſion view'd
Your generous tribes, by countleſs ills ſubdu'd;
Ills, theſe pain'd eyes foreboding, long beheld,
And this ſad warning voice in vain reveal'd.
Thoſe counſels, now by ſure experience prov'd,
That voice, alone by Iſrael's welfare mov'd,
Once more attend. Ye guardian powers, be near,
Enlarge their minds and give them hearts to hear!
Let baſe-born prejudice no more controul
The native candour of each generous ſoul;
Aſſert yourſelves; your future conduct ſcan;
Reaſon's the nobleſt privilege of man.
Long have our feet with reſtleſs error rov'd,
And the ſad waſte with all its miſeries prov'd;
That waſte, by Heaven's unerring ſentence curs'd
With ceaſeleſs hunger, and eternal thirſt,

The tyger's rage, the lion's fearful path,
Beſtrew'd with bones, and red with recent death,
The ſun's keen fury, midnight's gloomy dread,
And all the horrors of th' impoiſon'd ſhade.
How oft theſe eyes the hapleſs child have view'd,
By hunger famiſh'd and by pain ſubdu'd,
While the fond parent o'er his beauties hung,
And look'd diſtreſs, that froze his faltering tongue,
Diſtreſs, to hear the young, the piercing cry,
That claim'd relief, when no relief was nigh;
To ſee the babe, its face with death o'erſpread,
Stretch forth its little hands, and ſue for bread:
While friends, all impotent, roll'd down the tear,
Rocks learn'd to feel, and foreſts bent to hear.
When pale Diſeaſe aſſum'd her fatal reign,
Chas'd the warm glow, and rack'd the joints with pain,
Oft have theſe failing eyes the chief beheld,
In counſel fam'd, and glorious in the field,
Condemn'd the pangs of ſickneſs to endure,
Far from relief, and hopeleſs of a cure;
No downy couch to reſt his drooping head,
The ſkies his covering, and the earth his bed;
No ſoftening plant his ſtiffen'd wounds to heal,
Soothe his rack'd nerves, and learn them not to feel;
Nor ſweet, embowering ſhade to drive away
Night's baleful damps, and ſummer's ſcorching ray.
But who the various ills can number o'er,
Or tell the ſands that form the ſea-beat ſhore?
Even now by ſlow degrees our thouſands fall,
Till one wide, common grave involve us all.
For ſee what woes ſurround our daring courſe,
That tempts the terrors of unmeaſur'd force;
Safe in high walls, inſulting foes deride,
Our boaſtful impotence, and banner'd pride;
On boundleſs wealth, with careleſs eaſe, rely,
And hoſts unnumber'd never taught to fly;

Proud of the dreadful ſteed, the waſting car,
And all the ſtrength, and all the art, of war.
  Theſe foes to aid, what countleſs throngs will join!
What peopled realms againſt our arms combine!
From Gibeon's walls, and where tremendous powers
Surround imperial Hazor's hundred towers,
Or where proud ſhores the weſtern main behold,
Or orient Gihon's haughty tides are roll'd,
I ſee to fearful combat millions riſe,
Chiefs mount the car, and point the fated prize;
See in the van-guard haughty Conqueſt ride
Lo, murder'd thouſands pour the ruddy tide!
O'er Iſrael's camp the clouds of vengeance lower,
Fear wings our flight, and flames our race devour.
  At that dread ſeaſon, chain'd in bonds forlorn,
Of men the proverb, and of Heaven the ſcorn,
Hiſs'd by vile ſlaves, our tribes the rack ſhall feel,
Or gaſp, far happier, on the griding ſteel:
Slow round the form the fires of Molock burn;
Chiefs mount the pile, and babes to aſhes turn:
Impal'd with anguiſh, bleeding ſires behold,
Their wives polluted and their virgins ſold;
Their ſons, ſweet ſolace of declining age,
In ſport transfix'd, or cleft in cauſeleſs rage;
While threats, while inſults rend with ſore diſmay,
And hungry hounds ſtand gaping for their prey.
But ceaſe my faltering tongue; ere theſe befal,
Oh Heaven, let Hanniel's blood bedew yon impious wall.
  And will no happier hand direct the road,
And tell, where Quiet builds her ſweet abode?
Where is the ſage, on whoſe angelic tongue
Bright wiſdom dwelt, and ſoft perſuaſion hung?
Does no kind breaſt with patriot virtue glow,
And claim an intereſt in his country's woe?
Here then, ye heirs of Jacob's name, behold
A friend, whoſe boſom terror ne'er controul'd;

Whoſe voice, though envious thouſands dare oppoſe,
Shall pour the balm, and heal his country's woes.
How long, brave heroes, ſhall your feet purſue
Such keen diſtreſs, as nations never knew?
How long your hoſt the chains of ſlavery own,
And millions die, to ſwell the pride of one?
'Gainſt Heaven's decree let folly ceaſe to riſe,
And tempt no more the vengeance of the ſkies.
To other lords that firm decree ordains
Th' expected mountains, and the promis'd plains.
Our every path unnumber'd woes ſurround;
Our blood in ſtreams bedews polluted ground;
No glad ſucceſs arrays our ſteps in light,
And ſmiling Victory triumphs in our flight.
Search ancient years; thro' time's long courſe return,
When earth firſt wanton'd in the beams of morn;
Succeſs unchang'd attends, when GOD approves,
And Peace propitious ſmooths the path he loves.
Baſe flight, and dire amaze, and creeping ſhame,
Man loſt in guilt, and alien'd ſkies, proclaim.
If ſtill your fetter'd minds, by folly ſway'd,
Doubts wavering toſs, and leaden fears invade,
To yon bright dome your eyes convicted turn;
Say why forgets the guiding flame to burn?
Why round its point forgets the cloud to roll,
Sublime pavilion of th' all-moving ſoul?
The dreaded truth muſt Hanniel ſingly own?
Fled is the ſmile of Heaven, the Guardian gone.
But Virtue aſks, Why, led by GOD's command,
Rov'd this brave hoſt thro' many a weary land?
Each hour, with pains replete, each field replies,
And with dread language, loud as clarions, cries,
In Egypt's realms, where every pleaſure ſmil'd,
And, far from famine, labourers lightly toil'd,
Wanton with feaſts, our thankleſs hearts repin'd,
And tainted prayers provok'd th' all-ruling Mind;

Tir'd by long ſcenes of woe, th' ungrateful hoſt,
Learn'd humbler thoughts, and priz'd the good they loſt:
Reclaim'd, each ſpotleſs mind adores his ways,
And every bleſſing wakes the voice of praiſe.
The end thus gain'd, his terrors lifted high
Bid his warn'd ſons the unbleſs'd purpoſe fly.
See, ſwiftly borne, the ſtorm of vengeance riſe!
Cloud after cloud invades the angry ſkies;
Even now o'er earth, fierce peals commencing roar,
And round the concave flames vindictive pour;
Hark, with what din the diſtant whirlwinds roll!
How the floods threaten from the thundering pole!
Riſe, nimbly riſe, burſt every dead delay,
And fly, ere fury ſweep our race away.
But where, oh where ſhall hapleſs Iſrael fly?
Where find a covert, when the ruin's nigh?
Will no kind land the wiſh'd receſs diſcloſe!
No friendly refuge ſoothe our long, long woes?
Yes, the fair, fruitful land, with rapture crown'd,
Where once our ſires a ſweet retirement found,
That land, our refuge Heaven's high will ordains,
Pleas'd with our prayers, and piteous of our pains.
Hail favour'd realms, where no rude tempeſt blows!
Serene retreats, and ſhades of kind repoſe!
Ordain'd, the union'd bliſs of life to prove,
The wreaths of glory, and the bowers of love!
There the great prince, with awful ſplendor crown'd,
From foes ſhall guard us, and with peace ſurround,
In no rude combat fated to engage,
Nor fir'd by clarions to vindictive rage.
There cates divine ſhall yield the ſweet repaſt,
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taſte;
With die refulgent crimſon veſtures glow,
And robes of kings ſucceed this garb of woe:
Our tribes, in ſpicy groves, at eaſe recline,
Preſs the ſwell'd fig, and pluck the cluſter'd vine;

Her floods of boundleſs wealth the river roll, [the pole,
And ſpring, with autumn join'd, beam temperate round
For theſe bleſs'd joys, what mind, ſo left to ſhame,
Can grudge the tribute, regal glories claim?
Return, how due! Devoid of decent ſhow,
How ſoon would Power to trampled weakneſs grow?
How ſoon baſe minds the feeble judge deride,
And beggar'd rulers quake at wealthy pride?
Nor the juſt doom can Avarice' ſelf deny,
Who ſhare the bleſſing muſt the tax ſupply.
No danger now even timid minds can fear,
Leſt ſtern Oppreſſion lift her rod ſevere:
Unlike our ſires, who rais'd impatient cries,
A fairer doom awaits us from the ſkies.
Taught by our hated flight, the nation knows
How, join'd with ours, their vaſt dominion grows;
Diſjoin'd, how ſwift the weaken'd tribes decay,
To foes a triumph, and to ſchiſms a prey.
Even now with friendly joy their boſoms burn,
And with fond preſcience hail our wiſh'd return;
Bid our own hands the grateful covenant frame,
Prepar'd to give, what avarice ſcarce can claim;
Our ſons invite their boundleſs wealth to ſhare,
Garlands of fame, and ſweet repoſe of care.
Here, warriors, here the dreaded miſeries flow,
Scenes of dire ſcorn, and ſeats of thickening woe.
For bleſs'd as hope can paint, o'er all our toil
Let conqueſt flouriſh, and let glory ſmile;
Still in long train, what ceaſeleſs ills await!
The waſte of war, and frowns of adverſe fate!
While ſheath'd in arms, the conquer'd realms we guard,
End of long pains, and patience' wiſh'd reward,
Thoſe realms what culturing hand ſhall teach to bloom?
Or bid bright veſture purple o'er the loom?
Unfed, uncloath'd, our tribes ſhall waſte away,
Our lands grow wild, and every art decay.

Whoſe wiſdom then ſhall equal lots divine,
And round each province lead the bordering line?
Will none, for fancied wrongs, the falchion draw,
His arm the umpire, and his will the law,
O'er his friend's prize with rude irruption pour,
Burſt nature's bonds, and bathe in kindred gore?
Whoſe choſen hand the ſceptre then ſhall ſway?
What ſyſtem'd rule the union'd tribes obey?
To my pain'd eyes what hideous proſpects ſpread,
When impious Faction rears her ſnaky head!
Array'd in ſavage pomp, Deſtruction reigns
O'er flaming cities, and o'er crimſon plains;
Friends, againſt friends, that knew but one fond heart,
Aim the dark knife, and lift the ſecret dart;
In brother's blood unfeeling brothers wade,
And parent's boſoms ſheath the filial blade.
Let Pity round the ſcene extend her veil,
And thrilling virtue ſhun the dreadful tale!
Or ſhall one arm the ſtate forever ſway?
And, ſunk to ſtocks, our torpid race obey?
One voice, thro' ages, Jacob's pride controul,
Ourſelves the clay, and he th' all-moving ſoul?
Periſh the thought! t' oppoſe a tyrant's reign,
One patriot life ſhall flow from every vein;
In Iſrael's cauſe ſhall burſt this fearleſs voice,
And this bold arm avenge the free-born choice.
Riſe, warriors, riſe! deſert this dreary plain,
Theſe fields of ſlaughter, and theſe haunts of pain!
To ſcenes of brighter name, to happier ſkies,
To other Edens lift your raptur'd eyes!
The world's fair Empreſs chides our dull delay,
Spreads her fond arms, and bids us haſte away,
To bliſs, to glory; ſeize th' auſpicious road,
And claim your intereſt in the bleſs'd abode!
The hero ſpoke. As when, in diſtant ſkies,
Slow-roll'd, the darkening ſtorm begins to riſe,

Thro' the deep grove, and thro' the ſounding vale,
Roar the long murmurs of the ſweeping gale:
So round the throng a hoarſe applauſe was heard,
And growing joy in every face appear'd.
On a tall rock, whoſe top o'erlook'd the plain,
The Leader roſe, and huſh'd the reverent train.
By Hanniel warm'd, with airy viſions fir'd,
He ſaw gay hope their glowing minds inſpir'd,
In proſpect bright, at hand fair Egypt lay,
Divine the pleaſure, and ſecure the way;
With calm, frank aſpect, that ſerenely ſmil'd,
His port all-winning, and his accent mild;
Too wiſe, to thwart at once the general choice,
Or hope to ſway alone by reaſon's voice,
He thus began. Ye heirs of Jacob's name,
Let Joſhua's voice your generous candor claim.
In Iſrael's ſacred cauſe my toils ye know,
My midnight watchings, and my morning woe.
Your long, lone path my wakeful eye ſurvey'd,
Charm'd the ſad wild, and cheer'd the languid head;
Sooth'd drooping ſickneſs, baniſh'd fear's alarms
And claſp'd the orphan with delighted arms;
'Gainſt fierce invaſions rais'd a guardian ſhield,
The firſt to ſeek, the laſt to leave, the field;
For all your tribes a parent's fondneſs prov'd,
Fulfill'd each wiſh, and even your wanderings lov'd.
In thoſe ſad ſcenes, when pity owns applauſe,
Not Hanniel's tears adorn a fairer cauſe.
For Iſrael's woe does Hanniel ſingly feel?
Are theſe eyes blind? or is this boſom ſteel?
When ceas'd theſe hands from toil? or what ſtrange ſun
Saw Joſhua's feet the haunts of danger ſhun?
Your eyes have ſeen, theſe honeſt ſcars proclaim
How oft this breaſt has pour'd the vital ſtream:
Still be it pour'd. A nation's cauſe to ſave,
Life's a poor price; the field an envied grave.

Whatever voice your welfare ſhall divine,
My heart ſhall welcome and my hand ſhall join:
But, calmly weigh'd, let Truth our counſels guide,
And Reaſon's choice the deſtin'd courſe decide.
So prone the mind in error's path to rove,
T' explore is wiſdom, and 'tis bliſs to prove.
Charm'd, at firſt ſight, when pleaſures riſe to view,
Each painted ſcene our ventrous thoughts purſue;
In airy viſions far-ſeen Edens riſe,
And iſles of pleaſure tempt enamour'd eyes.
On the calm tide, to aromatic gales,
Our fearleſs hands exalt impatient ſails;
Thro' ſapphire floods the bark foreſees its way,
While wanton billows ſmoothly round it play,
Nor heeds the angry ſtorm, that with dread power,
Climbs dark behind the hill, and hopes th' avenging hour,
Warn'd by my voice, ſuch hidden dangers fly,
And each gay proſpect ſcan with ſearching eye.
In realms far diſtant ſpreads th' expected ſhore,
Hills riſe between, and boiling oceans roar:
Two tireſome ways invite our wearied bands,
Thro' trackleſs deſerts, or through hoſtile lands.
Say, ſhall our ſteps again the waſte pervade,
Dare the fierce heat, and tempt th' impoiſon'd ſhade?
Conſult yon chief; his voice again ſhall tell
Thoſe dreary ſcenes, he painted now ſo well.
Or ſhall our feet, its dangers hid from view,
Thro' peopled realms, a nearer path purſue?
I bluſh, when falſehood leads the choſen tribes,
Where folly dictates, and where fear preſcribes.
One foe to ſhun, ſhall fiercer foes be tried?
Death their delight, and war their earlieſt pride.
Lo the fierce wrath, at Taberah's plain that burn'd,
And Korah's hoſt to inſtant corſes turn'd,
Rous'd to more dreadful flames, our guilt to ſpy,
And ſee our feet to hated Egypt fly,

Shall wing Philiſtia's hoſt to death and war,
And bid fierce Midian whirl the thundering car;
Full on her prey avenging Amalek fall,
And guilt and terror every heart appall;
Our wives, our ſons, to ſavage wrath be given,
Feaſt famiſh'd wolves, and glut the hawks of heaven.
No fancied doom my boding words declare:
Truth, fix'd as mountains, fills your ſtartled ear.
To every beaſt the lamb preſents a prey,
And coward bands invite the world to ſlay.
But will ye tremble for one ſhameful fall?
Shall one loſt combat Abraham's race appall?
Is Aram dead! to rapid vengeance fly;
By me his orphan babes for vengeance cry;
Fir'd by his fate, your nerves let ardour ſtring,
Exalt the ſtandard, and to combat ſpring.
Even Zimri fears, by ſtrong affections led,
While his fond boſom mourns his Aram dead.
Of all the ſympathy, that woes impart
To the ſoft-texture of the good man's heart,
Departed friendſhip claims the largeſt ſhare,
And ſorrow in exceſs is virtue there.
But, timid paſſion! Grief, with ſtartled eye
Spies fancied ills, and quakes, ere danger's nigh.
Yon chief demands, why fled the guardian fire?
What unknown folly bade the cloud retire?
That baſe diſtruſt, which glorious fight delays,
That ſmooth, cloſe fraud which tempts to dangerous ways,
Theſe claim the ſcourge of Heaven: be theſe aton'd,
Each fear ſhall vaniſh, and each hope be crown'd.
While thus the Chief their boſoms warm'd anew,
And every ear, and heart, to virtue drew;
Their kindling zeal impatient Hanniel eyed,
Shook for his cauſe, and frown'd with ſtartled pride:
When thoſe, he cried, whoſe choice our warriors loſt,
Of truth expatiate, and of wiſdom boaſt,

With juſt diſdain my riſing ſpirits burn,
And my pain'd heart, at times, forgets to mourn;
To ſhame, to flight, does ſacred Wiſdom lead?
Does ſacred Truth command our ſons to bleed?
Rouſe then to arms; lo Ai impatient ſtands,
And yields the doom, our eager wiſh demands;
In wiſdom's cauſe with active zeal engage,
And fall, a ſplendid triumph to their rage.
Far happier lot, to meet the falchion's ſway!
Than, one by one, thus lingering, waſte away.
Far other end yon Chief ambitious eyes;
Conceal'd by virtue's maſk the danger lies.
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, the honeſt taſk I claim,
To burſt the veil, and ward th' impending ſhame.
Long vers'd in wiles, the luſt of power his guide,
He lulls our caution, and inflates our pride;
With ſenſe, that darts through man a ſearching view,
With pride, that reſt, or limits never knew,
To deep deſigns miſtruſtleſs hearts he draws,
With freedom ſoothes, and cheats with flatter'd laws;
A crown to ſeize, the patriot's fire can claim,
And mock with ſeeming zeal the fearful Name.
Full well he knows that, worne by ſlow delay,
Our generous tribes ſhall fall an eaſy prey;
That long-felt influence, great by habit grown,
Climbs to firm ſway, and ſwells into a throne.
Be warn'd, be warn'd; the threatening evils fly,
And ſeek repoſe beneath a kinder ſky.
Short is the toil, the well-known path ſecure,
The pleaſure endleſs, and the triumph ſure.
Rejoic'd, each land will ope the deſtin'd road,
And ſmiling guide us to the wiſh'd abode.
Freed from the fearful ſtorm that round them ſpread,
Their hearts ſhall hail us, and their hands ſhall aid.
No giant chief in terror there ſhall riſe;
No dreadful Jabin ſpring to ſeize the prize:

From Madon's hills, to fierce vindictive war
No frowning Jobab roll his iron car:
From death's alarms the potent king ſhall guard,
And bowers of tranſport yield the bright reward.
He ſpoke. Like Angels dreſs'd in glory's prime,
With conſcious worth, and dignity ſublime,
While the ſtill thouſands gaz'd with glad ſurprize,
His great ſoul living in his piercing eyes,
The Chief return'd. By wild ambition toſs'd,
To ſhame impervious, and to virtue loſt,
Here bend thine eye, thy front unblufhing rear;
Let frozen Conſcience point no ſting ſevere;
Then tell, if falſehood lends thee power to tell,
Thy mind believes one ſcene, thy lips reveal;
One black aſperſion, form'd to blot my name;
Or one vain proſpect, rais'd for Iſrael's ſhame.
Diſcloſe what dreaded toil this arm has fled;
On what dire plain this boſom fail'd to bleed:
Tell, if thou canſt, when, lur'd by intereſt's call,
One nerve, one wiſh forgot the bliſs of all.
In virtue arm'd, while Conſcience gayly ſmiles,
I mock thy fraud, and triumph o'er thy wiles:
Thy darts impoiſon'd peace and glory bring;
'Tis guilt alone gives ſlander ſtrength to ſting.
Bluſh, Hanniel, bluſh; to yonder tent depart;
Let humbler wiſhes rule thy envious heart;
Calm the wide luſt of power; contract thy pride;
Repent thoſe black deſigns, thou canſt not hide;
Once more to Heaven thy long-loſt prayers revive,
And know, the mind that counſels can forgive.
Can I, as God, unfailing bliſs aſſure,
Foil with a wiſh, and peace at choice ſecure?
What nature can, this arm unbroke ſhall bear,
Whate'er man dar'd, this breaſt unſhaken dare
Canäan's hoſt, thoſe eyes with pain ſhall view
My falchion vanquiſh, and my feet purſue;

On Iſrael's faithful ſons this hand beſtow
The bliſs of quiet, and the balm of woe.
Should then theſe thoughts, to baſe ambition grown;
With impious madneſs build the envied throne,
To wing my doom let rapid lightnings fly,
And pamper'd hounds the peaceful grave deny.
Mine be the bliſs, the bliſs ſupreme to ſee
My long-lov'd nation bleſs'd, and bleſs'd by me:
Let others rule; compar'd with this pure joy,
A throne's a bubble, and the world a toy.
In reaſon's face let all thy wiſhes ſpeed;
Let foes befriend thee, and let Heaven ſucceed:
Then count thy gains; the mighty prize ſurvey;
And ſtraws, and bubbles, ſhall thoſe gains outweigh.
Wrought in gay looms, thy golden robes ſhall glare;
Rich banquets tempt, and luſcious wines enſnare:
But to vile ſhow ſhall Men their bliſs confine?
Or ſink to brutes, and only live to dine?
On theſe poor joys what dreadful ills attend?
Fears ever riſing! miſeries ne'er to end!
Tho' whelm'd in floods one impious tyrant lies,
In the thron'd ſon ſhall all the father riſe;
The ſame black heart; the ſame beclouded mind;
To pity marbled, and to reaſon blind.
Search ancient times: the annal'd page run o'er;
With curious eye the ſun's long courſe explore;
Scarce can each age a ſingle king confeſs,
Who knew to govern, or who wiſh'd to bleſs:
The reſt, of earth the terror, or the ſcorn,
By knaves exalted, and by cowards borne.
To lords like theſe ſhall Iſrael's millions bow?
Bend the falſe knee, and force the perjur'd vow?
A few ſhort years, our wealth content to ſhare,
The reſt their greedy hands to toil may ſpare:
But ſoon, full ſoon, their envious minds ſhall know
Our growth their ruin, and our peace their woe.

Then all the plagues, from jealous power that ſpring,
And death, the tender mercy of a king,
Your breaſts ſhall feel; and, rack'd with anguiſh, mourn
The day, when madneſs counſell'd to return.
Can I forget, how, from the dunghill rais'd,
Villains who bow'd, and ſycophants who prais'd,
O'er Jacob's heirs were ſcepter'd to preſide,
Their tributes gather, and their labors guide?
From them, each cruel pang your heart ſhall rive,
That coward minds, or offic'd ſlaves, can give:
Their daring hands prophane the ſpotleſs charms,
That yield ſoft tranſport to your melting arms;
Each generous thought the brandiſh'd ſcourge controul
And Inſult rend the agonizing ſoul.
Then too ſhall Egypt, fir'd with wrath, recal
The plagues they felt, their king's, their nation's fall;
Againſt your race, while Vengeance ſpreads the wing,
With fury arm them, and to torture ſpring;
Your ſacred dome ſhall burn; your altars rend;
Your prieſts deſtroy; your hated worſhip end.
In that dread period, what auſpicious ſhore
Shall baniſh'd Virtue's lifted wings explore?
In what new realm, when, cruſh'd, her votaries fail,
Build the bright dome, and ſpread the hallow'd veil;
Her prieſts inſpire; her altars teach to riſe,
And waft her morning incenſe to the ſkies?
Her final flight your hearts in vain ſhall mourn;
In vain, with anguiſh, call her wiſh'd return;
In vain the hour extatic ſigh to find,
And the ſweet ſabbath of a guiltleſs mind.
To Egypt's crimes our ſons ſhall fall a prey,
And learn her manners, while they own her ſway:
From many a bower obſcene the poiſon glide,
Taint the young ſoul, and freeze the vital tide;
The ſacred Law our riſing hope forſake,
And liſp out curſes, ere they know to ſpeak:

Sad Conſcience bow beneath an iron rod,
And torpid Reaſon own a reptile God.
Then, rous'd to wrath, ſhall Heaven refuſe to hear;
Mock all your pangs, and hiſs your bitter prayer:
In poiſon'd gales, its waſting curſes riſe;
The plague empurpled taint the ſickly ſkies:
The fields all wither, famine rend the breaſt,
And babes, ſad victims! yield the dire repaſt.
Then from Sabean climes, with hideous ſound,
Swift cars ſhall roll, and ſavage war reſound;
To blood, to vengeance, chiefs their hoſts inſpire,
Spread boundleſs death, and wrap the world in fire:
Our ſons, bleſs'd refuge of the waning year!
Charm of ſad toil, and ſweet repoſe of care!
'Gainſt their own hapleſs ſires with foes combine,
And with new anguiſh point the dart divine.
Thus o'er our race ſhall matchleſs miſery roll,
And death, and bondage blaſt the riſing ſoul;
Till the laſt dregs of vengeance Heaven expend,
Blot out our race, and Iſrael's glory end;
In final darkneſs ſet our ſun's pale beam,
And black oblivion ſhroud our hapleſs name.
For this dire end, were ſuch bright ſcenes beſtow'd?
For this, th' eternal covenant ſeal'd by God?
For this did ocean's trembling waves divide,
And o'er pale Egypt roll their whelming tide?
For this, the ſeraph lead our ſacred bands?
For this loud thunder ſpeak the dread commands?
From the hard rock refreſhing waters riſe?
The food of angels ſhower from balmy ſkies?
The ſun-bright waſte its flaming heats allay,
And Jordan's parting billows yield our way?
But Hanniel cries, Theſe wondrous ſigns were given,
To ſcourge our guilt, and bend our hearts to Heaven.
Were this the end, fierce famine had annoy'd;
The plague had waſted, or the ſword deſtroy'd.

To fairer bliſs he led the choſen train
Thro' the dark wave, and o'er the howling plain,
Ordain'd, when yon proud towers in duſt are hurl'd,
To found an empire, and to rule a world;
O'er earth's far realms bid truth and virtue ſhine,
And ſpread to nature's bounds the Name divine.
What tho' a few baſe minds the courſe oppoſe,
Slaves of poor pride, and Iſrael's bitter foes;
For pomp, for banquets would their race deſtroy,
And ſmile, to ſell a nation for a toy;
What tho' of lifeleſs mold, a feeble race
With ſouls of maids the ſhape of men diſgrace;
Think life no life, unbleſs'd with torpid eaſe,
Shrink from a ſhield, and ſhiver at a breeze:
'Gainſt thoſe let Juſtice' angry falchion flame,
And hiſſing Vengeance blaſt their impious name:
Theſe dreſs th' inglorious loom; in ſleep decay,
And to their kindred nothing fleet away,
Far other mind our true-born race inſpires;
Keen bravery prompts, and Abraham's virtue fires:
I ſee to combat ardent heroes riſe;
I ſee bright glory flaſh from ſparkling eyes;
Hark a glad cry! that every danger braves,
"Periſh the day, ere Iſrael's ſons be ſlaves;"
Swift pour new tranſports thro' my thrilling veins;
Heaven's voice in thunder calls to hoſtile plains:
Mark, mark the ſound divine! ceaſe every care;
Gird on your arms, and wake to manly war:
To bright poſſeſſions glory points the way,
And calls her ſons, her heroes, to the prey.
By friendſhip's ties, religion's bands combin'd,
By birth united, and by intereſt join'd,
In the ſame view our every wiſh conſpires,
One ſpirit actuates, and one genius fires;
Plain, generous manners vigorous limbs confeſs,
And vigorous minds to freedom ardent preſs;

In danger's path our eyes ſerenely ſmile,
And well-ſtrung ſinews hail accuſtom'd toil.
'Gainſt hoſts like theſe what foe with hope can arm?
What numbers daunt them? or what fears alarm?
To reeds before them deadly ſpears ſhall turn,
Swords blunt their edge, and flames forget to burn;
To the ſlight mound deſcend the heaven-topp'd wall,
The floods grow dry, and hills and mountains fall.
Riſe then to war; awake to bright alarms;
Hail the glad trump, and ſeize your eager arms!
Behold, my ſons, behold with raptur'd eyes,
How ſlight the toil, how vaſt the glorious prize!
Theſe golden robes the fate of Sihon tell,
How Midian yielded, and how Amalek fell;
How ſunk proud Jericho's invaded wall,
And wide Canäan trembled at her fall;
How through each region rings the dreadful cry,
And their wild eye-balls ſee deſtruction nigh.
That faith, that arm of ſteel, that dauntleſs ſoul
That bade o'er Baſhan's walls deſtruction roll,
O'er fields, o'er towers, ſhall Iſrael's ſtandard bear,
Turn realms to flight, and wreſt the prize of war;
Fill life with glory; Heaven's complacence gain,
And call fair Peace to cheer the crimſon plain.
Then o'er wide lands, as bliſsful Eden bright,
Type of the ſkies, and ſeats of pure delight,
Our ſons, with proſperous courſe, ſhall ſtretch their ſway,
And claim an empire, ſpread from ſea to ſea:
In one great whole th' harmonious tribes combine;
Trace Juſtice' path, and chooſe their chiefs divine;
On Freedom's baſe erect the heavenly plan;
Teach laws to reign, and ſave the rights of man.
Then ſmiling Art ſhall wrap the fields in bloom,
Fine the rich ore, and guide the uſeful loom;
Then lofty towers in golden pomp ariſe;
Then ſpiry cities meet auſpicious ſkies:

The ſoul on Wiſdom's wing ſublimely ſoar,
New virtues cheriſh, and new truths explore:
Thro' time's long tract our name celeſtial run,
Climb in the eaſt, and circle with the ſun;
And ſmiling Glory ſtretch triumphant wings
O'er hoſts of heroes, and o'er tribes of kings.
The Leader ſpoke; and deep in every breaſt
A thrilling joy his cheerful voice impreſs'd.
Round the wide train, late drown'd in ſad diſmay,
His eyes refulgent caſt a living ray:
Soul caught from ſoul the quick, enlivening charm;
Each parent's viſage bade his children arm;
In every heart th' undaunted wiſh began;
O'er the glad field a pleaſing murmur ran;
On Ai's high walls they caſt a longing eye,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or prepar'd to die.
So, when the northeaſt pours a deepening ſtorm,
Night ſhades the world, and clouds the heaven deform;
Loud on ſome ſhip deſcends the driving rain,
And winds imperious toſs the ſurging main;
Diſſolv'd in terror, ſailors eye the wave,
Lift ardent prayers, and wait the gaping grave:
If chance in beauty's bloom the morn ariſe,
Still the rough roar, and charm the troubled ſkies,
Serenely opening, far the billows o'er,
The blue-ſeen mountains, and the native ſhore;
Raptur'd the new-born day with ſhouts they hail,
And ſtretch their canvas to the joyous gale.
When ſickening Hanniel ſaw their boſoms glow,
Their fierce eyes burn, and tears of tranſport flow,
The lov'd, the fond deſign, his changeful mind,
With ſecret pangs, to happier hours conſign'd.
High o'er the reſt his ſhouts diſtinguiſh'd roſe;
With well feign'd ſmiles his artful viſage glows,
And thus his voice---When pierc'd with Iſrael's grief
I ſtrove in vain to lend the wiſh'd relief,

Perhaps this heart, by nature prone to know
The good man's intereſt in his country's woe,
Of peace, and proſperous arms too ſoon deſpair'd,
Unreal ills foreſaw, and fancied dangers fear'd.
Yet ſtill thoſe views a kind indulgence claim,
Your fame their glory, and your bliſs their aim.
Should this bold courſe be doom'd to woe ſevere,
Pure is my warning voice, my conſcience clear;
On deſtin'd fight ſhould friendly Conqueſt ſmile,
With joy, my ſoul ſhall welcome every toil;
In Iſrael's cauſe, to ſcenes of danger driven,
To war is tranſport, and to die is heaven.
  The hero ceas'd: a faint applauſe was heard,
And half-form'd ſmiles around the plain appear'd,
With ſtartling ſound the trump's deep voice began;
To ſeize their arms the raptur'd thouſands ran;
When Caleb, reverend chief, all white with age,
Serenely roſe, and huſh'd the tumult's rage.
Deep thought ſate muſing on his furrow'd face;
Calm wiſdom round him caſt an awful grace;
With ſmiles juſt Heaven ſurvey'd his conſtant truth,
Innerv'd his limbs, and lengthen'd out his youth:
Even now his arm rejoic'd the ſword to wield,
To lead the conteſt, and to ſweep the field.
Near the great Chief, in purple robes he ſtood;
Senſe, from his tongue, and ſweet perſuaſion flow'd;
Round the wide plain attentive ſilence hung,
And thus ſage counſels ſway'd the liſtening throng.
  My voice impels to arms; but let the ſky
Lead on our hoſt, and bid the heathen fly.
Were Iſrael ſpotleſs in the ETERNAL's ſight,
Ai had not boaſted a victorious fight.
When Virtue dreſs'd us in divine array,
Joy cheer'd each hour, and ſmooth'd the rugged way:
To ſcenes of fame each warrior ardent ran,
And claim'd the glories of the dreadful van.

But when black Vice our breaſts with poiſon ſtain'd,
We ſhook for dangers timorous Fancy feign'd;
Each ſhameful field beheld our ſquadrons fly,
And heroes arm'd for battle but to die.
And now ſome ſin, ſome folly, not bemoan'd,
Rebellion bold, or injury unaton'd,
Pours on our heads their flood of grief and care,
Bids Ai exult, and all our ſons deſpair.
Elſe round the heavenly dome the cloud had ſpread,
And ſacred fires illum'd the nightly ſhade.
Let the whole race to GOD ſubmiſſive bend;
Let ceaſeleſs prayer to Mercy's throne aſcend;
'Till the third morn, the pious faſt endure;
Each deed be holy, and each boſom pure;
Then o'er our path with joy ſhall HEAVEN preſide,
Our guilt diſcover, and our counſels guide.
Then, nor 'till then, to war let trumpets call;
Lead forth theſe bands, and mount the yielding wall.
But ſhould our courſe, this day, to fight be driven,
Should arms be brandiſh'd in the face of HEAVEN,
Look round your ſteps; ſurvey the dreadful road;
Think if the ſword and ſhield can war with GOD.
Thus ſpoke the ſage. Bleſt man! the Chief replied,
The war's firſt honour, and the council's pride!
Thine is the voice of GOD: th' inſpiring ray
Shines thro' thy breaſt, and gives the brighteſt day.
Two days ſhall combat ceaſe. The camp around,
Let the ſad faſt in every tent be found:
Two days to HEAVEN be rais'd by pious fear
The grateful tribute of a humble prayer.
So ſhall we wipe away the crimſon ſtain,
And Iſrael's glory gild the conquering plain.
He ſpoke. Each warrior with delight obey'd;
Each cheerful face th' obſequious mind diſplay'd.
The hoſt diſpers'd; and prayers, and reverent ſighs
Roſe in ſoft incenſe to th' approving ſkies.

THE

CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Morning. Gibeonites assemble for the worship of the Sun. Mina refuses to join them in this worship; the king enquires the reason. She mentions her adoration of the true GOD. *The king being anxious to know more of the matter, after an apology for speaking in such an assembly, she gives a general account of the Deity, and his dispensations. As he is still further inquisitive, she gives him a more minute account of the Divine works, in a history of the creation---our first parents---the fall---general succeeding apostacy---deluge---second apostacy---calling of Abraham ---Israelites journeying into Egypt---oppression and plagues of Egypt---Israelites' deliverance---journey through the wilderness---promulgation of the divine law --destruction of Sihon, and Og---last prophecy, death, and burial of Moses, and the commission of Joshua. The Gibeonites being much afflicted at the prospect of their destruction, Mina proposes an embassy to Joshua, to solicit peace. The king approves the proposal. Conclusion.*

THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK II.

BEYOND thoſe weſtern hills, whoſe haughty brow,
To heaven exalted, ſcorn'd the world below,
A plain outſpread, with growing verdure bright,
And ſtole, extenſive, from the aching ſight.
Here, in proud pomp, adorn'd with countleſs ſpires,
That mock'd the glories of the ſolar fires,
Gibeon's imperial towers ſublimely roſe,
And ſpurn'd the terrors of ſurrounding foes.
Now o'er the hills red ſtreams began to burn,
And burſting ſplendors uſher'd in the morn;
With living dies the flowers all-beauteous glow'd;
O'er the glad fields etherial odours flow'd;
The foreſt echoed with a boundleſs ſong,
And riſing breezes pour'd the ſtrains along.
Adorn'd with green, before the palace lay
A ſpacious ſquare, and ſmil'd upon the day.
Here, ere the dawn the kindling ſkies illum'd,
Or opening flowers the fragrant gales perfum'd,
Of every age, a vaſt, aſſembled train
Pour'd from the lofty domes, and fill'd the plain.
High in the midſt two ſacred altars ſhone,
Adorn'd with honours to their God, the Sun.
This, deck'd with art, and bright in royal pride,
With ſable gore the quivering victim died:

On that gay flowers in rich profuſion lay,
And gales of Eden bore their ſweets away.
Here, white with age, in ſnowy veſture dreſs'd,
Aradon ſtood, their monarch, and their prieſt;
Red in his hand a torch refulgent ſhone,
And his fix'd countenance watch'd the riſing ſun.
When firſt the flaming Orb, with glorious rays,
Roll'd o'er the hills, and pour'd a boundleſs blaze;
Charm'd at the ſight, the monarch ſtretch'd his hand,
And touch'd the tributes with the ſacred brand;
Through freſhen'd air perfumes began to riſe,
And curling volumes mounted to the ſkies.
Thrice to the earth the raptur'd ſuppliants bow'd,
Then ſtruck the lyre, and hymn'd the riſing God.
O thou, whoſe burſting beams in glory riſe,
And ſail, and brighten, thro' unbounded ſkies!
The world's great Parent! heaven's exalted King!
Sole Source of good! and life's eternal Spring!
All hail, while cloath'd in beauty's endleſs ray,
Thy face unclouded gives the new-born day!
Above all ſcenes is plac'd thy heavenly throne;
Ere time began, thy ſpotleſs ſplendor ſhone;
Sublime from eaſt to weſt thy chariot rolls,
Chears the wide earth, and warms the diſtant poles;
Commands the vegetable race to grow,
The fruit to redden, and the flower to blow.
This world was born to change: the hand of Time
Makes, and unmakes the ſcenes of every clime.
The inſect millions ſcarce the morn ſurvive;
One tranſient day the flowery nations live:
A few ſhort years complete the human doom;
Then pale Death ſummons to the narrow tomb.

Line 28. *Aradon ſtood, their monarch,*) Gibeon is generally ſuppoſed to have been a commonwealth. But as moſt nations, in that early age, had a chief magiſtrate, veſted with more or leſs civil and religious powers, I have ſuppoſed ſuch a magiſtrate, and given him the uſual epithets.

Lash'd by the flood, the hard rocks wear away;
Worne by the storm, the lessening hills decay;
Unchang'd alone is thine exalted flame,
From endless years to endless years the same;
Thy splendors with immortal beauty shine,
Roll round th' eternal heavens, and speak thy name divine.
When thy bright throne, beyond old ocean's bound,
Thro' nether skies pursues its destin'd round,
Lost in th' ascending darkness, beauty fades;
Thro' the blank field, and thro' the woodland, spreads
A melancholy silence. O'er the plain
Dread lions roam, and savage terrors reign.
And when sad Autumn sees thy face retire,
And happier regions hail thy orient fire,
High in the storm imperious Winter flies,
And desolation saddens all the skies.
But when once more thy beam the north ascends,
Thy light invigorates, and thy warmth extends;
The fields rejoice, the groves with transport ring,
And boundless nature hails the sky-born spring.
Nor even in winter's gloom, or night's sad reign,
Darts the warm influence of thy beams in vain.
Beyond the main some fairer region lies,
Some brighter isles beneath the southern skies,
Where crimson War ne'er bade the clarion roar,
Nor sanguine billows died the vernal shore:
No thundering storm the day's bright face conceals,
No summer scorches, and no frost congeals;
No sickness wastes, no grief provokes the tear,
Nor tainted vapours blast the clement year.
Round the glad day-star endless beauties burn,
And crown'd with rainbows, opes th' imperial morn;
A clear unbounded light the skies display,
And purple lustre leads the changing day.
O'er conscious shades, and bowers of soft repose,
Young breezes spring, and balmy fragrance blows;

The fields all wanton in ſereneſt beams,
Wake fairer flowers, and roll diviner ſtreams;
Thro' the long vales aerial muſic roves,
And nobler fruitage dies the bending groves.
Thro' ſpotleſs nations as the realm refin'd,
Thine influence there ſublimes th' immortal mind;
Its active pinions ſwift thro' nature roam,
Loſe the low world, and claim a nobler home.
Their limbs, of endleſs life, with glory crown'd,
New youth improves, and growing charms ſurround:
On the bleſs'd ſhore thy ſplendors love to ſhine,
And raiſe thy ſons each hour, to raptures more divine.
Thus ceas'd the ſound: the harp's melodious ſtrain
Join'd the glad hymn, and charm'd the liſtening train;
A ſparkling joy each ſpeaking face diſplay'd,
While light expanding leſſen'd every ſhade.
Fair as the lucid ſtar, that up the ſky
Leads the gay morn, and bids the darkneſs fly,
Beſide the king a lovely Virgin ſtood,
Nor join'd the ſong, nor with th' aſſembly bow'd.
A ſweet diſpleaſure ting'd her melting eye,
And her ſad boſom heav'd th' oppreſſive ſigh.
Her ſoft diſtreſs the watchful king ſurvey'd,
And thus, with friendly ſmile, addreſs'd the maid.
Say, loveliеſt fair one, whence the meaning gloom,
That damps our joys, and clouds thy roſy bloom!
Why does thy ſoul the reverence due deny
To yon bright orb, that gilds the orient ſky?
Far other God, replied the fair, demands
My vocal tranſports, and my ſuppliant hands;
A God, whoſe power rais'd high yon azure round,
Form'd the wide earth, and fix'd the ocean's bound;
Who more the ſun tranſcends, than his gay glare
The tranſient glimmerings of ſome half-ſeen ſtar.
Strange ſcenes, the monarch cries, thy voice declares,
And breathes ſweet muſic thro' our raptur'd ears.

But canſt thou, unconvinc'd, yon orb behold,
O'er earth, o'er heaven, in endleſs triumph roll'd?
What boundleſs joy his gladſome courſe attends!
What glory brightens! and what good deſcends!
Round the blue void his beams unchanging ſhine,
And ſpeak his nature, and his name, divine.
Yet ſtill my curious thoughts the tale demand,
And aſk improvement at thy lovely hand.
Say then, O fair, what all-exalted Power
Thy wiſhes reverence, and thy hands adore.
With down-caſt eye, and cheek of crimſon bright
That ſweetly mingled with the ſpotleſs white,
Replied the virtuous maid. To bolder tongues
Of man's bold ſex, the arduous taſk belongs.
But thy fond cares, that ſav'd my life, demand
Toils far ſuperior from my grateful hand.
Thy bliſs, thy endleſs bliſs, my voice ſhall bribe
To paſs the bounds, the maiden's laws preſcribe.
Far, very far beyond this lower ſky,
Beyond the ſun, beyond the flames on high,
Dwells in pure light, in heaven's ſerene abode,
The Source of life, the Spring of endleſs good;
All ſcenes, all heights above, ſublimely reigns;
All worlds created, and all worlds ſuſtains.
Yon orb, whoſe brightneſs wakes thy raptur'd praiſe,
Is but a beam of his unbounded blaze.
His breath illum'd, his hand exalted high,
And roll'd him flaming thro' th' expanded ſky.
His bounteous influence, thro' all nature driven,
Warms the wide earth, and cheers the wider heaven.
All ſcenes, all beings his pure ſight ſurveys,
Where morn begins, and where pale eve decays;
Where hell's dark ſhores the glooms of night diſplay;
Or heaven's broad palace glows in laſting day;
Thro' worlds of endleſs youth, where angels ſhine,
And unknown nations rove in light divine.

He moves, informs, directs, and rules the whole;
Their cauſe, their end, their guardian, and their ſoul.
He wakes the beauties of the vernal morn;
He bids the flames of ſultry ſummer burn;
He ſhowers th' autumnal wealth; and his dread power
Sounds in the wintry ſtorm, and bids the wild waves roar.
In theſe vaſt regions countleſs beings move,
Live in his ſmiles, and wanton in his love:
In all, his power, and boundleſs wiſdom, ſhine,
The works, the glories of a hand divine.
Thron'd in high heaven, in ſtarry manſions reign,
Of pureſt intellect, th' angelic train
All ſenſe, all ſoul, all love, eternal power
Their thoughts contemplate, and their ſongs adore.
Thro' earth's wide realms unnumber'd tribes we find,
Of different ranks, for different ends deſign'd.
On every leaf the inſect millions ſwarm,
Hum round the flower, or in the ſun-beam warm;
The birds, on painted pinions, gayly fly
Thro' the wide regions of the ſapphire ſky;
Beaſts climb the cliff, or walk the ſavage wood;
And fiſhes ſport around the foamy flood.
Theſe, with the reptile race, to time a prey,
Of duſt were faſhion'd, and to duſt decay.
To man of nobler rank, two parts were given,
This form'd of earth, and that inſpir'd by heaven.
Such as the texture, ſuch th' allotted doom;
His body moulders in the narrow tomb:
But the wing'd ſoul, when earth in duſt is hurl'd,
Shall ſpring, immortal, from the ſinking world;
Ordain'd, if crimes its earthly courſe diſtain,
To bathe in fire, and waſte with endleſs pain;
If cleans'd from guilt, with active joy to riſe
To the pure tranſports of angelic ſkies;
But man, unmindful of his nobler birth,
In vain ſeeks pleaſure from ſurrounding earth.

Far different, far, the ſcenes by Heaven deſign'd
To fill the wiſhes of the active mind.
This bounded point is but our being's morn;
To endleſs life th' etherial Soul was born.
Upward with nimble flight her thoughts ſhould ſoar,
And, wing'd by virtue, brighter worlds explore;
Earth's groveling joys diſdain with conſcious pride,
Like angels faſhion'd, and to heaven allied.
For this fair train our nature to prepare,
And the pure fragrance of immortal air,
To raiſe the downward heart from earthly toys,
And mould our wiſhes to ſublimer joys,
Thro' earth's wide realms, afflictions firſt began,
The nobleſt bleſſings HEAVEN beſtows on man.
Toil, diſappointment, hunger, thirſt, and pain,
A long, long, diſmal, melancholy train,
Cleanſe the dim eye, diſſolve the powerful luſt,
And looſe the chains, that bind our hearts to duſt.
From ſorrow's fire, like ſilver well refin'd,
Freed from vile earth, ſhall riſe th' undroſſy mind,
Each hour, with beams of clearer beauty ſhine,
And ceaſeleſs claim an image more divine.
At length, when ſickneſs brings th' expected doom,
Its powers ſhall riſe triumphant o'er the tomb,
Forward to nobler ſcenes with rapture ſpring,
And hail the meſſage of th' undreaded king;
While life's long ſtream its fartheſt ſhore ſhall lave,
And ſeek the boſom of th' eternal wave.
Then ſhall we ſee diviner winds ariſe,
The main grow calm, and ſmiles inveſt the ſkies:
Then ſhall our happy hands exalt the ſail,
Launch on the deep, and call th' etherial gale;
With joy, our ſpirits leave the fading ſhore,
And hear the leſſening ſtorms at diſtance roar.
Inwrapp'd in beams of uncreated light,
All heaven, diſclos'd, ſhall burſt upon the ſight;

Streams of immortal bliſs in viſion roll,
And hoſts of angels hail the kindred ſoul.
With roſy ſmiles, thus ſpoke the lovely maid,
While o'er the plain a boundleſs ſilence ſpread.
Like the tun'd lyre, the muſic of her tongue
Pour'd ſoft perſuaſion on the truths ſhe ſung:
Pleas'd, her ſweet grace, and ſparkling eye, they view,
And the frank mein, that Falſehood never knew.
To all, Aradon bent a yielding ear;
For Heaven inſpir'd his honeſt heart to hear.
Mid ſavage realms, fair Gibeon's ſons inclin'd
To manners gentler, worſhip more refin'd:
Each ſocial art adorn'd the generous door;
The ſtranger welcom'd, and reliev'd the poor;
And hence they liv'd. From nature's bounteous Lord,
Even virtue's ſemblance finds a ſure reward.
A calm delight exulting in his eyes,
With gentleſt voice, the monarch thus replies.
O brighteſt of thy ſex, an angel's tongue
Alone can boaſt the ſweetneſs of thy ſong.
Led by thy voice, my raptur'd mind would know
The mighty Power, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Would learn what holy ſeers his will explain,
What prayers delight him, and what offerings gain;
Safe in his ſmiles, beyond the grave reſpire;
Exult o'er death, and flee from endleſs fire;
To thoſe immortal regions ſpeed my flight,
And prove ſome humble ſeat, amid the ſons of light.
But ſay, O fair, when form'd the Power divine
The lamps that round yon ſky forever ſhine?
Know'ſt thou the day when earth's wide realms were made,
The hills exalted, and the ocean ſpread?
Whoſe hand thine infant mind to reaſon wrought,
In virtue nurs'd thee, and in wiſdom taught?
Tho' age my trembling brow has whiten'd o'er,
Strange unknown ſcenes thy curious thoughts explore.

Return'd the lovely maid, Thy glad requeſt
Wakes my fond hope, and warms my grateful breaſt---
Know, mighty prince, when Elam's deathful ſpear
Pierc'd the fell foe, and loos'd my ſoul from fear,
From Iſrael's camp, thro' unknown paths, I ſtray'd,
My lone ſteps wandering round the woodland ſhade.
'Twas there, the ſacred truths the prophet ſung,
And thus ſweet muſic tun'd his heavenly tongue.
From realms divine high-rais'd beyond all height,
Th' almighty Parent caſt his piercing ſight;
With boundleſs view, he ſaw the etherial vaſt
A clouded gloom, an undelightſome waſte:
Around the extended wild, no ſun's broad ray
Mark'd the clear ſplendor of immortal day;
No varying moon, ordain'd at eve to riſe,
Led the full pomp of conſtellated ſkies;
No day in circling beauty learn'd to roll;
No fair ſpring ſmil'd, nor froſt congeal'd the pole;
Subſtantial darkneſs ſpace unmeaſur'd fill'd,
And nature's realms lay deſolate and wild.
He ſpoke: at once, o'er earth's far diſtant bounds
The heavens wide-arching ſtretch'd their ſapphire rounds
With hoary cliffs the far-ſeen hills aſcend;
Down ſink the vales, and wide the plains extend;
Headlong from ſteep to ſteep the billows roar,
Fill the broad main, and toſs againſt the ſhore.
He ſpoke; and beauty thro' all nature flow'd;
With ſpringing verdure earth's wide regions glow'd;
Forth ruſh the flowery tribes, and trees on high
Shroud their tall ſummits in the ambient ſky.
He ſpoke; the heavens with ſudden glory ſhone;
In godlike pomp burſt forth the golden ſun;
Far thro' immenſity his kindling ray
Shot life and joy, and pour'd the new-born day;
With milder luſtre roſe the charms of even,
The moon's broad beam, and all the pride of heaven.

He ſpoke; and fiſhes fill'd the watry rounds,
Swarm'd in the ſtreams, and ſwam the Ocean's bounds;
The green ſea ſparkled with unnumber'd dies,
And varying beauty wav'd upon the ſkies;
Whales through the foaming billows proudly rode,
And unknown monſters gambol'd o'er the flood.
From the deep wave, adorn'd with nobler grace,
In countleſs millions ſprang the feather'd race;
Thro' the far clouds the eagle cleft his way,
And ſoar'd and wanton'd in the flames of day;
Full on the morn the peacock op'd his beams,
And ſwans majeſtic row'd th' expanded ſtreams.
He ſpoke; and, wondering, from diſparted plains
In throngs unnumber'd roſe the beſtial trains:
Their ſnowy robes the harmleſs flocks reveal'd;
Gay ſteeds exulting pranc'd the vernal field;
The lion glar'd, and mid the gazing throng
Shook his rough main, and grimly ſtalk'd along.
The wide earth finiſh'd, from his weſtern throne,
In ſplendid beauty look'd the gladſome ſun;
Calm were the ſkies, the fields with luſtre crown'd,
And nature's incenſe fill'd th' etherial round.
Enſhrin'd in ſacred light, the Maker ſtood,
Complacent ſmil'd, and own'd the work was good.
Then from his hand in ſilent glory came
A nobler form, and Man his deſtin'd name;
Erect, and tall, in ſolemn pomp he ſtood,
And living virtue in his viſage glow'd.
Then too a fairer being ſhew'd her charms;
Young Beauty wanton'd in her ſnowy arms;
The heavens around her bade their graces fly,
And Love ſate blooming in her gentle eye.
O pair divine! ſuperior to your kind;
To virtue faſhion'd, and for bliſs deſign'd!
He, born to rule, with calm, uplifted brow,
Look'd down majeſtic on the world below;

To heaven, his manſion, turn'd his thought ſublime;
Or rov'd far onward thro' the ſcenes of time;
O'er nature's kingdom caſt a ſearching eye,
And dar'd to trace the ſecrets of the ſky;
On fancy's pinions ſcann'd the bright abode,
And claim'd his friend, an Angel, or a GOD.
  Her he indu'd with nature more refin'd,
A lovelier image, and a ſofter mind.
To her he gave to kindle ſweet deſire,
To rouſe great thoughts, and fan th' heroic fire:
At pity's gentle call to bend his ear;
To prompt for woe the unaffected tear;
In ſcenes refin'd his ſoftening ſoul improve,
And tune his wiſhes with the hand of love.
To her he gave with ſweetneſs to obey,
Inſpire the friend, and charm the lord away;
Each bleeding grief with balmy hand to heal,
And learn his rending ſinews not to feel;
Each joy t' improve, the pious wiſh to raiſe,
And add new raptures to his languid praiſe.
  To this lov'd pair a bleſs'd retreat was given,
A ſeat for angels, and a humbler heaven;
Fair Eden nam'd: in ſwift ſucceſſion, there
Glad ſcenes of rapture led the vernal year;
Round the green garden living beauty play'd;
In gay profuſion earth her treaſures ſpread;
The air breath'd fragrance; ſtreams harmonious rung,
And love, and tranſport, tun'd th' aerial ſong.
  With tranquil beams the ſeventh bright morn appear'd
And thus, from firey clouds, a voice was heard.
This day, O Man, to ſacred tranſports riſe,
And paſs the hours in converſe with the ſkies:
To prayer, to praiſe, be all thy wiſhes given;
Soar from the world, and here begin thy heaven!
So ſhall thy ſons purſue the virtuous road,
And, each returning ſabbath, wake to GOD.

He ſpoke; and fiſhes fill'd the watry rounds,
Swarm'd in the ſtreams, and ſwam the Ocean's bounds;
The green ſea ſparkled with unnumber'd dies,
And varying beauty wav'd upon the ſkies;
Whales through the foaming billows proudly rode,
And unknown monſters gambol'd o'er the flood.
From the deep wave, adorn'd with nobler grace,
In countleſs millions ſprang the feather'd race;
Thro' the far clouds the eagle cleft his way,
And ſoar'd and wanton'd in the flames of day;
Full on the morn the peacock op'd his beams,
And ſwans majeſtic row'd th' expanded ſtreams.
He ſpoke; and, wondering, from diſparted plains
In throngs unnumber'd roſe the beſtial trains:
Their ſnowy robes the harmleſs flocks reveal'd;
Gay ſteeds exulting pranc'd the vernal field;
The lion glar'd, and mid the gazing throng
Shook his rough main, and grimly ſtalk'd along.
The wide earth finiſh'd, from his weſtern throne,
In ſplendid beauty look'd the gladſome ſun;
Calm were the ſkies, the fields with luſtre crown'd,
And nature's incenſe fill'd th' etherial round.
Enſhrin'd in ſacred light, the Maker ſtood,
Complacent ſmil'd, and own'd the work was good.
Then from his hand in ſilent glory came
A nobler form, and Man his deſtin'd name;
Erect, and tall, in ſolemn pomp he ſtood,
And living virtue in his viſage glow'd.
Then too a fairer being ſhew'd her charms;
Young Beauty wanton'd in her ſnowy arms;
The heavens around her bade their graces fly,
And Love ſate blooming in her gentle eye.
O pair divine! ſuperior to your kind;
To virtue faſhion'd, and for bliſs deſign'd!
He, born to rule, with calm, uplifted brow,
Look'd down majeſtic on the world below;

To heaven, his manſion, turn'd his thought ſublime;
Or rov'd far onward thro' the ſcenes of time;
O'er nature's kingdom caſt a ſearching eye,
And dar'd to trace the ſecrets of the ſky;
On fancy's pinions ſcann'd the bright abode,
And claim'd his friend, an Angel, or a GOD.
Her he indu'd with nature more refin'd,
A lovelier image, and a ſofter mind.
To her he gave to kindle ſweet deſire,
To rouſe great thoughts, and fan th' heroic fire:
At pity's gentle call to bend his ear;
To prompt for woe the unaffected tear;
In ſcenes refin'd his ſoftening ſoul improve,
And tune his wiſhes with the hand of love.
To her he gave with ſweetneſs to obey,
Inſpire the friend, and charm the lord away;
Each bleeding grief with balmy hand to heal,
And learn his rending ſinews not to feel;
Each joy t' improve, the pious wiſh to raiſe,
And add new raptures to his languid praiſe.
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So ſhall thy ſons purſue the virtuous road,
And, each returning ſabbath, wake to GOD.

The ſovereign voice the reverent pair obey'd;
A ſolemn beauty earth and heaven array'd:
With joy the pinion'd tribes, in every grove,
Hymn'd the bleſt influence of immortal love:
Man join'd the concert, and his raptur'd lays
Charm'd the gay fields, when angels ceas'd to praiſe.
Mid Eden's groves the tree of glory ſtood,
That taught the unalter'd bounds of ill, and good:
Its fruit, all beauteous to the raviſh'd eye,
Denied to man, and ſacred to the ſky:
Denied alone; a boundleſs ſtore was given,
Food for bright angels, tranſcript fair of heaven.
And thus the law---If vain deſire to taſte
Prompt thee, rebellious, to the dire repaſt;
Hear, hear, O man! on that tremendous day,
Thy life, thy bliſs, thy virtue, paſs away;
No more the heir of endleſs joys refin'd,
But guilty, wretched, to the duſt conſign'd;
Toil here thy lot, thine end the dreary tomb,
And hopeleſs anguiſh thine eternal doom.
The ſovereign voice the pair obſequious heard,
Th' injunction reverenc'd, and the danger fear'd:
'Till urg'd by impious luſt, by hell inſnar'd,
They pluck'd the fruit; the guilt, and ſentence ſhar'd,
For one poor banquet, one unreal joy,
Rebell'd, and yielded bliſs without alloy;
To howling deſerts were from angels driven,
And loſt the ſweet ſociety of heaven.
Then ills on ills unnumber'd roſe forlorn;
No more the orient beam'd th' angelic morn;
Fragrance and Beauty clos'd their bliſsful reign
Nor Spring perennial danc'd along the plain.
Cold Night her fearful clouds around them ſpread,
And gave new terrors to the howling ſhade.
Loſt in the boſom of th' aſcending ſtorm,
The ſun's faint beam in winter ceas'd to warm;

O'er plains, and hills, the chilling froſt congeal'd;
The ſnow tempeſtuous ſadden'd all the field;
On the wide wave the headlong whirlwind pour'd,
And all the thunders of the ocean roar'd.
Where late gay bloom'd the harveſt's waving pride,
And purpled fruits the bending branches died,
Impervious thorns, and clinging brambles ſpread,
And unbleſs'd famine gloom'd th' autumnal ſhade:
For blood, the raging wolf began to arm;
Fierce, hungry tygers rung the dread alarm;
The lion's ſovereign voice, with thrilling ſound,
Clear'd the wide grove, and ſhook the hills around.
The ſacred ſtamp the mind forever loſt,
The ſkies' perfection and the angel's boaſt:
Elſe had our life roll'd on, from ſorrow clear,
A ſemblance bright of heaven's eternal year.
Now ſtain'd with guilt, the ſoul to hatred turn'd;
With pride was lifted, and with envy burn'd.
Fierce bickerings roſe; with conqueſt noiſe was crown'd,
And Reaſon's ſtill, ſmall voice in curſes drown'd:
In vain ſweet Friendſhip charm'd the ſtubborn ear;
She ſung, and wondering found no heart to hear.
By hands, not wiſdom, next the cauſe was tried,
And blows obtain'd what argument denied.
Revenge ſoon taught to point the murdering knife,
And ſecret ambuſh hedg'd the hated life.
The villain's gloomy path black night conceal'd,
And virtuous blood bedew'd the lonely field.
Then rouſing banners War with tranſport rais'd;
Forth flaſh'd the ſteel; the far-ſeen ſignal blaz'd:
O'er the ſcar'd hills the warning clarion rang,
And ſwift to combat ſtartled nations ſprang;
In floods of ſtreaming gore the fields were drown'd,
And ſlaughter'd thouſands heap'd th' embattled ground.
The regal dome, the turret's golden gleam
Grac'd the ſad triumphs of th' imperious flame;

From wall to wall inſulting engines frown'd,
And all the pride of art fell crumbling to the ground.
To earth's wide realms, from ſcenes above the ſky,
Th' Almighty Ruler turn'd his ſearching eye:
Deep ſunk in boundleſs guilt the regions lay,
And vice exulting claim'd a ſingle ſway.
Her countleſs millions, lur'd by Pleaſure's charms,
Baſk'd in her ſmiles, and ſported in her arms;
The ſong, the feaſt, inſpir'd the jocund hours,
And Lewdneſs wanton'd in luxurious bowers.
In vain from door to door the beggar ſtray'd;
His portion hunger, and the froſt his bed:
In vain ſad Sickneſs rais'd her feeble cry;
No friendly hand appear'd, nor melting eye:
Virtue, fair pilgrim, caſt a wiſhful view,
And ſpread her wings, and ſigh'd a laſt adieu.
He ſaw, while terror veil'd his awful face,
And bade fierce ruin wrap the guilty race,
Borne by the vengeance of his lifted arm,
Far roll'd the black immenſity of ſtorm;
From eaſt to weſt were pour'd the glooms on high,
And cloudy curtains hung th' unmeaſur'd ſky.
Shook by the voice that rends th' immortal plain,
In one broad deluge ſunk th' etherial main;
Huge floods, impriſon'd in the vaulted ground,
With wild commotion burſt the crumbling bound;
O'er earth's broad climes the ſurging billows driven
Climb'd the tall mountains, and invaded heaven:
The pride of man, the pomp-emboſom'd tower,
Towns wrapp'd in gold, and realms of mighty power,
All plung'd at once beneath th' unfathom'd wave,
And nature periſh'd in the boundleſs grave.
From realms, where ſuns with milder glory ſhine,
His voice awak'd the weſtern wind divine.
At once the balmy wind obedient blew,
And ſpringing beauty cloth'd the world anew;

In rosy youth her climes emergent smil'd,
And flowery visitants rejoic'd the wild.
How, doom'd to pass beyond the liquid grave,
The ark's rich treasure triumph'd o'er the wave;
How the bless'd favorite, rising from the main,
Rul'd orient lands, and peopled earth again,
Thou know'st. The wonderous tale, thro' every clime,
Tradition wafts along the stream of time.
With circling splendor, and etherial die,
The covenant bow spread sudden round the sky,
From those gay heavens, that arch'd with pomp divine,
Fair o'er the angelic world forever shine,
To earth remov'd, and fix'd by God's decree,
An endless barrier 'gainst th' ambitious sea.
Safe in the sacred sigh, ungrateful man
New scenes of guilt with eager zeal began.
Again black Vice o'er nature stretch'd her sway,
And magic Pleasure charm'd the foot astray.
No sacred anthems climb'd the bright abode;
Nor Reason blush'd to hail a golden god:
With rage, and conflict, earth was cover'd o'er;
Towns sunk in flames, and fields were drench'd in gore.
With impious jests they mock'd a future doom;
Sung o'er the shroud, and danc'd into the tomb.
From land to land the clouds of death unfurl'd,
And one wide lethargy benumb'd th' oblivious world.
Then too, proud Athur, queen of realms, began
To forge her chains, and bind inglorious man.
Hence, tyrants sprang, and dar'd with impious claim,
Demand the honours of the sacred Name;
Hence stern Oppression rais'd his iron rod,
Hence crimson Slaughter wrapp'd the world in blood:
Thro' every clime the night of slavery spread,
And Heaven repenting griev'd that man was made.
From this black mass, this mingled host of foes,
One sainted friend th' Almighty Ruler chose;

For him, bleſs'd champion of his yielding cauſe!
He chang'd the ſtable courſe of nature's laws;
(An hundred ſummers ſaw the circling morn,
Ere his firſt hope, the promis'd heir was born)
To him, to his he gave Canäan's ſhore,
'Till the bright evening gild the weſt no more.
To Idol guilt the world beſide was given,
Their name, their memory blotted out of heaven.
When the dire famine o'er all nations ſpread,
His hand the favorite race to Egypt led.
As ſome fair tree, where fruitful ſtreams are roll'd,
Lifts ſpiry ſhoots, and bids its leaves unfold;
O'er the green bank ambitious branches riſe,
Enjoy the winds, and gain upon the ſkies;
While opening flowers around it gayly ſpring,
And birds with tranſport clap the painted wing:
So each fond ſun, and each ſucceſſive ſhade
Beheld with ſmiles the infant nation ſpread;
From field to field the riſing boughs expand,
Share the glad ſmiles of heaven, and fill the jealous land.
Their ſudden growth the envious tyrant view'd,
And impious hands in infant gore imbru'd,
With bold oppreſſion bath'd the ſtreaming eye,
Rack'd the ſad ſoul, and rous'd the ſuppliant cry.
Their bleeding wrongs the omniſcient Mind ſurvey'd,
And bade fierce Vengeance bare her flaming blade.
No more the limpid wave ſerenely flow'd;
But thro' ſad ſhores the river roll'd in blood;
Unnumber'd reptiles climb'd the ſtately dome,
Croak'd o'er the feaſt, and crawl'd the pillar'd room;
Inſects in countleſs millions earth o'erſpread;
The ſickening murrain gloom'd the paſtur'd ſhade;
From darken'd ſkies the ſtorm's red bolts were hurl'd,
And hail, and lightening ſwept the waſted world;
Like cloudy curtains, locuſts hung the day;
Pale death, and famine mark'd their baleful way:

Three days blank midnight wrapp'd the realm in gloom,
And all her firſt-born ſunk in one broad tomb.
Then, high in air his lucid banner ſpread,
To the bright ſign collected Iſrael fled,
With tranſport trac'd the finger of the ſky,
Wing'd their glad path, and hail'd redemption nigh.
In vain its countleſs ills the waſte diſclos'd;
In vain the ſea their ſacred path oppos'd;
Back roll'd th' inſtinctive main; and round their ſide
In cryſtal ſplendor ſtood the conſcious tide.
In the bright front, a cloud his dark abode,
Thron'd on the ruſhing winds, an angel rode,
The ſpreading volumes mark'd their path by day,
And guiding flames illum'd their nightly way.
Behind, the tyrant, urg'd by Heaven's decree,
Drove his pale hoſt, and trembled thro' the ſea.
On the tall ſhore ſublime the Prophet ſtood,
And ſtretch'd his hand above the eager flood;
Wide-circling all, far clos'd the billow'd womb,
And Egypt's glories found a watery tomb.
Thro' ſpacious climes of fierce and ſcorching day,
The cloud expanded led their lonely way,
'Till, white with cliffs, and crown'd with many a ſhade,
In cloudy pride fam'd Sinai rear'd its head.
On this lone mount, the all-diſcerning Mind
To teach his name, t' unfold his law, deſign'd;
On earth to witneſs truth and power divine,
And bid o'er Jacob's ſons his ſplendors ſhine:
Beneath its haughty brow the thouſands lay,
And hop'd the wonders of th' expected day.
Fair roſe the dawn: from heaven's ſublime abode,
Th' almighty Power in boundleſs glory rode;
Long duſky folds a cloud around him ſpread,
His throne ſurrounding with impervious ſhade.
Its flame-bright ſkirts with light exceſſive ſhone,
A noon-tide morn, that dimm'd the riſing ſun.

Forth from its womb unuſual lightnings fly,
And thunders, hurl'd on thunders, rock the ſky:
To Sinai's top the wonderous ſcene deſcends;
Down plunge his cliffs; his tottering ſummit rends;
O'er all the mountain burn devouring fires,
Wreath'd in dread ſmoke, and crown'd with lofty ſpires.
Loud as hoarſe whirlwinds earth and heaven deform,
Loud as the thouſand thunders of the ſtorm,
With clear, dread voice, in pomp tremendous, roll
The trump's long-ſounding terrors thro' the pole.
The Seer majeſtic climbs the towering height,
And, boſom'd deep in glory, leaves the ſight.
There, while the world was huſh'd in ſilent awe,
The Sovereign Mind diſclos'd th' eternal Law;
And thus the dread commands. O Iſrael, know,
I am the LORD, who ſnatch'd thy ſons from woe,
From Egypt's bondage trac'd thy various ways;
Nor ſhall baſe Idols ſhare my ſacred praiſe.
Let no vain words my fearful Name prophane;
Nor toil, nor ſports my holy ſabbaths ſtain.
Thy parent's voice with reverent mind obey:
Thy hand from dire revenge, and murther ſtay:
Let not a thought thy neighbour's couch aſcend;
And not a wiſh to others wealth extend:
Let truth thy converſe, truth thy oaths confine:
And every paſſion to thy lot reſign.
Unnumber'd ſtatutes then his voice ordain'd,
The poor protected, and the rich reſtrain'd;
And taught, what manners proſperous rule aſſure,
Their foes to vanquiſh, and their peace ſecure.
Then thro' long, weary climes their courſe was turn'd,
Still mov'd the cloud, and ſtill the glory burn'd.
With ceaſeleſs care he fill'd their hearts with good;
The ſkies diſſolving ſhower'd immortal food:
With wondering joy they ſaw the ſtreamy rain
Pour from the rock, and ſpread along the plain;

And clouds of quails, from every region driven,
Blacken'd the fields, and fill'd the bounds of heaven.
* 'Twas then, near Edom's realms the thousands lay,
And her proud prince denied th' expected way.
Whate'er their state, whate'er their God concern'd,
From their great Seer my curious parent learn'd;
Charm'd with the scene, he left his native soil,
Shar'd all their wants, and barter'd ease for toil.
Thro' long, lone paths we bent our circling course,
Untir'd by winter's rage, or summer's force;
Bright angels led the van; and round the road
Dread scenes of terror mark'd the present God.
Even now I see fierce Sihon's hostile train,
Sheath'd in dire arms, and frowning o'er the plain.
In childhood then, around my sire I clung,
Danc'd in his arms, and in his bosom hung.
With nimble steps the sacred warriors sped,
Blew the shrill trump, and fill'd the field with dread.
Like drifts of rushing dust, that sweep the skies,
On fear's light pinions swift the remnant flies;
From town to town we wing our rapid way,
And the wide region sinks an easy prey.
Then giant Og his heroes drove to arms,
Whirl'd his proud car, and thunder'd hoarse alarms:
In distant fields I saw the storm ascend,
Its shades all darken, and its clouds extend;
Down the grim hills I heard the volumes roll,
And bursting terrors rend the shuddering pole.
As snows, slight fabric, in warm suns decay,
The impious squadrons sudden melt away.
Now o'er the Seer had six-score summers run,
And hoary locks around his temples shone,
When sounds melodious, opening from the sky,
To the sad train declar'd his end was nigh.

* See Book IV, Line 239.

His mind inſpir'd with more than mortal ſight,
Saw future ſcenes and ages ruſh to light;
And thus his voice. On Iſrael's choſen train,
Like vernal ſhowers let endleſs bleſſings rain:
Each riſing age, aſcend thy glory higher,
With time roll on, and with the ſkies expire!
But oh, my ſons, this voice attentive hear;
Let theſe laſt ſtrains command the liſtening ear!
To unborn years I ſtretch my raptur'd eyes;
I ſee the promis'd ſeed in glory riſe!
The etherial ſtar triumphant mounts on high,
And fairer beams adorn the unmeaſur'd ſky:
All heaven impatient waits the ſacred morn;
Jeſus deſcends; the filial GOD is born:
Hoſts of bright angels round the favorite ſhine,
And earth is raviſh'd with their hymns divine.
'Tis he, whoſe offering guilt ſhall waſh away,
And raiſe Mankind to climes of ceaſeleſs day;
The bliſs of truth, and virtue, ſhall inſpire,
And warm the boſom with ſeraphic fire.
Haſte, haſte, ye days of heaven! with rapid wing,
To this ſad world the hope of nations bring!
Deſcend, O Prince of peace! thy love beſtow;
Cleanſe the dark ſoul from ſeeds of endleſs woe;
With all earth's myriads Jacob's ſons unite,
And bid immortal glory ſpring to light.
No more the gentile realms in duſt ſhall mourn;
Nor evening altars to th' infernals burn;
But wak'd, reviv'd, by thy celeſtial name,
One cloud of incenſe, one unbounded flame,
To heaven aſcend: the ſun ſhall brighter riſe,
And peace, and light, and glory gild the ſkies.
Thus the great Seer; and warm'd with heavenly grace,
Beſought all bleſſings for his darling race;
Then up fam'd Piſgah's ſide ſerenely drew,
Where all Canaan met his rapturous view;

Thence his glad ſoul explor'd her native day,
And left, for bliſs, the tenemental clay:
His ſoul, ſcarce lower than the angels made,
With glory mitred, and with truth array'd:
As the bold eagle, borne from humble vales,
Lifts his ſtrong wings, and up th' expanſion ſails;
O'er groves, o'er hills, o'er mountains, wins his way,
And climbs exulting in the noon-tide ray;
Now far beneath him ſees each birdling fly;
Now clouds light-floating ſkim the lower ſky;
In proſpect wide, with piercing ken, deſcries
Far, leſſening towns, and ſpacious empires riſe;
Here rivers wind, the lakes their borders ſpread;
And there the blue-ſeen ocean ſmooths his bed;
In pride ſublime, he holds his upward way,
And baſks, and triumphs, in the flame of day.
So, borne with angel-flight, his mighty mind,
Aſcending, left the common wing behind;
Full on the ſun's great Source ſuperior drew,
'Till truth's wide regions ſtretch'd in glorious view;
There fair Creation ſpread her boundleſs plan;
There op'd, myſterious, all the world of man:
With every ſplendor bright Redemption ſhone;
And, one immenſe of beauty, God the Son.
Still up the heavens he wing'd his ſolar flight,
And ſoar'd, and mingled with unborrow'd light.
Far in a wild vale's ſolitary gloom,
Jehovah form'd his favourite's lonely tomb;
For life diſtinguiſh'd, there his limbs refine,
'Till morn's laſt beams in purple glory ſhine;
Then, rob'd in beauty, ſhall the Prophet riſe,
And ſail, the peer of angels, thro' the ſkies.
But, ere his ſpirit fought celeſtial day,
To Joſhua's hand he gave the deſtin'd ſway,
A Chief divine! with every virtue crown'd,
In combat glorious, and in peace renown'd,

To him the Almighty voice---Thy choſen hand
Shall guide my ſons, and rule the promis'd land.
That land, where peace, and every pleaſure reigns,
O'er heaven-topp'd hills, and fair, extended plains;
Where countleſs nations build the lofty dome,
Nurſe purpling vines, and teach the vales to bloom;
That land is thine. Where'er thy foot ſhall tread,
From the parch'd climes where Midian's thouſands ſpread,
To realms, where Hazor, arm'd with potent ſway,
Bids kingdoms bow, and conquer'd chiefs obey:
Or where Euphrates winds his gentle flight;
Or the broad ocean rolls in evening light;
All, all is thine. Who dare thy courſe withſtand,
Shall feel the fury of th' Eternal hand.
Loſt in black crimes the torpid nations lie,
And claim fierce vengeance from an injur'd ſky.
Riſe, riſe to arms! o'er Jordan's yielding flood
My guardian hand ſhall point the deſtin'd road.
Thus ſpoke the fair: and while th' etherial ſtrain
Breath'd a ſoft muſic o'er the wondering train,
With anxious look th' impatient monarch cried---
O beſt of maids, thy ſex's nobleſt pride!
Far round the neighbouring realms by fame is rung
The wonderous race, thy lovely voice has ſung.
Oft have I heard, how, arm'd with dreadful rod,
Before his votaries march'd their mighty GOD;
How kings in vain their rapid courſe oppos'd,
Their hoſts all vanquiſh'd, and their empire clos'd.
But ſtill, miſled by Rumour's dubious tongue,
In ſad ſuſpenſe my mind all-anxious hung.
Now with clear truth the ſcenes tremendous ſhine;
Of force convinc'd, I own the Power divine.
And muſt our race with one wide doom expire?
Theſe turrets ſink? theſe walls be wrapt in fire?
Muſt yon bright maid, whoſe ſoft and lovely ſmile
Could murderers charm, and wolves of rage beguile;

These beauteous infants, scarce to reason born,
Sweeter than flowers perfume the vernal morn,
To war's unpitying fury yield their breath,
And helpless close their little eyes in death?
O thou great God, whose sway o'er heaven presides,
Whose searching eye the world's vast empire guides:
Stay, stay thine hand; this guilty nation spare;
Let these sweet babes thy boundless pity share!
Unform'd our infant prayer--but cries sincere
And honest hearts will find a bounteous ear.
He spoke; around, the melting voice of woe
Breath'd sad complaints, and tears began to flow;
When thus the Prince again--O lovelieſt maid!
Where, where shall Gibeon find the needed aid?
Can no kind hand the friendly refuge give?
No pitying saviour bid my children live?
Say, lovelieſt fair, canst thou no succour lend?
Our teacher thou--be thou our guardian friend.
Perchance thy bounteous Ruler, form'd to bless,
O'er suppliant realms may lift the branch of peace.
The maid return'd--perhaps a virgin's mind,
Though wisdom fail, the wish'd retreat may find.
To Israel's camp two trusty heroes send;
Let me, restor'd, their peaceful steps attend.
The maid, thou seest by blest adoption shares
Their mighty Leader's fond, parental cares.
Pleas'd with the offering, Joshua's hand may give
The palm of peace, and bid thy nation live.
Charm'd with the thought, joy sparkling in his eyes,
With voice exulting, strait the king replies.
O fair divine! thy mind, with wisdom bright,
Even age out-soars, and climbs an angel's flight.
Let peace thy life surround. The task be mine
Soon to prepare, and end the blest design.
Thy lovely voice must find a generous ear;
So sweet a strain even oaks would bow to hear.

The Monarch ſpoke; and o'er the circling throng
Bright ſmiles broke forth, and pleas'd applauſes rung;
A beauteous ſemblance of the fields around,
Starr'd with young flowers, and with gay verdure crown'd,
Where airy ſongs, ſoft proof of raptur'd love,
Wav'd on the gale, and echo'd thro' the grove;
While the clear ſun, rejoicing ſtill to riſe,
In pomp roll'd round immeaſurable ſkies.

23 SE60

THE

CONQUEST OF CANAAN:

BOOK III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MENT.

Characters of Hezron, Irad, and Selima. Morning. Irad and Selima walk out on the plain, northward of the camp, and hold a converſation on the juſtice of the War. As they are returning to the camp, they overhear two Iſraelites converſing on a deſign of returning into Egypt. Irad communicates the diſcovery to Joſhua. The alarm is given, and an army percieved, coming from Ai to attack the camp. Joſhua goes out to the place of rendezvous, marſhals a body of troops, and ſends them, under the command of Zimri, to meet the army of Ai. In the mean time the camp is in a general uproar, and a large body of the Iſraelites aſſembled, weſtward of the camp, for the purpoſe of returning into Egypt. After the confuſion is in a degree allayed, Tadmor harangues the inſurgents, with a liſt of grievances, and ſtimulates them to perſeverance. Caleb who, with Hezron, had been ſent by Joſhua, upon Irad's information, to watch the motions of the camp, replies to him. Ardan anſwers him, with impudence, and Hezron him, with ſeverity. Inſurgents march. As they are quitting the plain, Joſhua comes out, with a body of troops to attack them. The chieftains ſet their forces in array. Joſhua orders them to diſperſe. Ardan affronts him, and is killed. The inſurgents diſperſe, and the chiefs return to the camp. Irad goes out to view the battle. Armies engage with violence, and equal ſucceſs; until the chiefs of Ai, influenced by ſuperſtitious fears, excited by the appearance of a thunder ſtorm, order a retreat. Zimri alſo retires. Scene of the beauties of an evening after the ſtorm concludes the book.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK III.

OF Judah's thouſands Hezron held the ſway;
And love, and reverence, bade them all obey.
The chief, of ſimple manners, knew no art;
Truth was his language; honeſty his heart:
To bleſs mankind his life's unvaried end;
His gueſt the ſtranger, and the poor his friend.
So fair his ſtrong, and ſtubborn virtue ſhone,
Heaven crown'd his wiſhes with a lovely ſon.
To mould young Irad was his darling care;
To form for peace, to animate for war;
His limbs t' innerve; his vices to controul,
And lead to wiſdom's fount his thirſty ſoul.
In earlieſt years, the favourite Youth began
To ſhew thoſe charms, which rarely grace the man,
To raſhneſs brave, his boſom burn'd for fame;
Yet knew a milder, and a nobler flame:
Love's gentle fire his paſſions could controul,
And pure Religion warm'd his manly ſoul.
Not that, which broods upon the ſurly brow,
Or walks on frozen joints, demure, and ſlow;
At truth, and virtue, points the fatal wound,
Swells on the tongue, and vaniſhes in ſound:
But that, whoſe influence fires th' angelic band;
Smooths the rough boſom; opes the narrow hand;

Serenely brightens in the cheerful face;
Caſts round each act unutterable grace;
With riſing morning, bows the ſecret knee,
And wafts, great God! the humble ſoul to thee.
His raptur'd father wiſh'd no ſecond ſon;
But found both parents' charms combin'd in one;
His own ſtrong ſenſe, and daring thought, refin'd
By the ſoft graces of a mother's mind.
His lively duty cheer'd the waning year;
With hand all gentle wip'd the aged tear;
Explor'd each wiſh, prevented each requeſt,
And thought it heaven to make a parent bleſt.
Nature's politeneſs, unaffected eaſe,
Mov'd in his limbs, and fram'd his ſoul to pleaſe;
To worth complacent gave the juſt reward,
And notic'd humble life, with kind regard.
Nature can form the ſoul, or rough, or fine;
But all her clouded beauties faintly ſhine:
Religion bids a new creation riſe,
Fragrant as ſpring, and fair as ſpangled ſkies.
Thus, on the canvas, Weſt, with raptur'd view,
Sees new-born worlds his magic hand purſue;
Th' impaſſion'd forms diſſolve in ſoft deſire,
Or glow, and tremble, with ſeraphic fire;
They breathe, they ſpeak, they move, the field around,
And the ear liſtens for th' expected ſound:
But theſe muſt fade: while Virtue's ſtrokes ſhall live,
Tranſcend earth's ſky-built tomb, and with the heaven revive.
Beyond his peers, by nature, Irad ſhone;
By virtue, ripen'd to the duteous ſon;
By virtue, aim'd at life's ſublimeſt end,
Roſe to the ſaint, and ſoften'd to the friend:
Pleas'd his fond nation ſaw his glories riſe,
And a new Joſhua charm'd their raptur'd eyes.
The virgins view'd, how could they not approve?
Eſteem's the ſilent harbinger of love.

The kind eye, gliſtening with a frequent tear,
The conſcious bluſh, that ſaw diſcovery near,
Th' unbidden ſigh, that ſwell'd the beating breaſt,
And the fix'd gaze, that ſcarce could be repreſs'd,
The ſoft emotions to his eye reveal'd,
And new, ſtrange tremors through his boſom thrill'd.
But far o'er all Selima's charms prevail'd,
When his pleas'd heart her piercing eyes aſſail'd.
His youngeſt birth, bleſs'd Caleb own'd the fair,
His life's chief ſolace, and his favorite care.
Not nature's hand her beauty could improve;
Her voice was melody; her mind was love;
Her ſtature tall; her air intrancing eaſe;
Her ſkin the lilly, opening to the breeze;
Her cheek was health's inimitable die,
And the bright ſoul ſate ſparkling in her eye.
No vile coſmetic ſtain'd her lovely face;
No affectation murder'd real grace:
Her robes all neatneſs, told the world how fine,
How pure, th' angelic habitant within.
Sweetneſs etherial majeſty controul'd,
And form'd an Irad of a ſofter mould.
Such was her ſoul, as when, of darkneſs born,
O'er young creation roſe beginning morn,
Fair, in her front, a bluſhing Virtue ſtood;
Juſt ſprung to life, and ey'd the forming God;
From grace to grace with glowing wiſdom grew,
And ſmil'd, and triumph'd, in the rapturous view.
Now twice nine years had o'er the fair-one roll'd,
Illum'd her eyes, and bade her charms unfold;
When her quick fancy, ſelf-inſpir'd to rove,
Attun'd her feelings to romantic love.
Oft on the youth ſhe fix'd a ſecret gaze,
And oft, with tranſport, liſten'd to his praiſe.
The charms of face, the beauty of deſert,
Stole ſoft, and ſilent, through her yielding heart.

Eſteem, which hermits ſcarce could diſapprove,
Bloom'd in his ſmiles, and open'd into love.
Nor ſhone her glances on his breaſt in vain;
The gaze, that gave, return'd the pleaſing pain.
Judgment, in both, the ſpotleſs flame improv'd;
They lik'd from fancy, but from reaſon lov'd.
Oft would each ſire his tender wiſh declare,
To ſee one band unite the lovely pair.
Oft ſigh'd the youth t' unfold his anxious mind;
But ſtill a modeſt fear his lips confin'd:
In pleas'd attention on her charms he hung,
And half-heard wiſhes trembled o'er his tongue.
At length, kind Heaven, propitious to the pair,
Led his fond ſteps, where love had led the fair.
In a lone walk, far-diſtant on the plain,
Surpriz'd, his tongue unbidden told his pain.
The beauteous maid, of frank and gentle mind,
Smil'd in his hopes, and bleſs'd with love refin'd,
In truth's mild beam the ſpotleſs union grew,
And gave ſuch joy, as youthful angels knew.
Now wak'd the dim-ſeen dawn. O'er hills afar
Roſe in gay triumph morn's refulgent ſtar;
Up the gay ſkies fore-running beauty ſpread;
The grey miſt ſail'd along the mountain's head;
In clouds th' emboſom'd lark her matin ſings,
And from his couch impatient Irad ſprings,
To morn's unnumber'd ſweets invites the fair,
Gay proſpects, magic ſongs, and fragrant air.
Rapt with the charms, which nature gives to view
The great, the high, the beauteous, and the new,
To her ſoft power they bow'd the yielding mind,
Warm'd as they heard, and as they gaz'd refin'd;
In flowery tribes, where thouſand ſplendors play;
When magic proſpect holds the lingering day;
When brighten'd Evening ſpreads her gayeſt train,
And hails young Heſper to his native main;

In cloudy wilds, where gloomy thunder lies,
The pale moon mourns, and mountains prop the skies.
O'er northern plains serene the lovers stray,
And various converse charms their easy way---
How sweet, O fair---the Youth with rapture cries---
Earth's beauteous scenes, and wonders of the skies!
The folding clouds! the gates of morn unbarr'd!
The dewy plains, with flowery gems instarr'd!
The cliff-topp'd mountain! the deep-waving grove?
The air all odour! and the world all love!
Thrice fair are nature's works---the maid replied,
And her face bloom'd in beauty's living pride---
When round her fields my thoughts untroubled roll,
An easy joy steals softly on my soul:
Fir'd as I gaze, my breast with rapture warms,
Her glories ravish, and her music charms.
But oh the fate of Ai's unhappy field,
That every joy, and every hope, dispell'd!
Fled are the charms, that nature once attir'd
And lost the sweets, that ether once inspir'd.
As now through well-known paths, retir'd I stray,
And seek accustom'd beauties round my way;
At every turn, the seeming trump alarms,
Pale corses rise, and groans, and clashing arms;
From my pain'd bosom heaves th' unbidden sigh;
The still tear trembles in my labouring eye;
Lost, but to grief, my feet bewilder'd rove,
And my heart deadens to thyself, and love.
O fatal hapless combat! cause unjust!
That blends the noblest heroes with the dust;
From sad Canäan's sons their wealth demands,
The flocks they tended, and their cultur'd lands;
Bids o'er their peaceful domes destruction flame,
And blots with deep dishonour Israel's name.
The Prince rejoin'd, By all-creating Heaven,
To Abraham's sons these fruitful fields were given.

Whate'er he made, the Maker claims his own;
Gives, and reſumes, adviſ'd and rul'd by none.
By him beſtow'd, a righteous ſword demands
Theſe flocks, theſe cities, and theſe promiſ'd lands,
Yet not 'till crimes, beyond long-ſuffering great,
Had fill'd their cup, and fix'd their changeleſs ſtate,
Would Heaven permit our race its gift to claim,
Or ſeal the glory of th' almighty Name.
In vain mild Mercy hop'd their hearts to gain,
And Patience look'd for Penitence, in vain.
As rolling ſtreams one courſe eternal keep,
All ruſh impetuous down the guilty ſteep.
The maid return'd, The nations' foul diſgrace,
Stain'd with black guilt, I grant Canäan's race.
But not alike are all from virtue driven;
Some, more than others, claim the ſword of Heaven:
Yet undiſtinguiſh'd falls the general doom,
The beſt, the worſt, we deſtine to the tomb.
Where Hazor's hundred towers majeſtic riſe,
Frown o'er her plains, and dare avenging ſkies;
In all that elegance of artleſs charms,
Which prompts mild love, and rival hate alarms;
In that ſweet union of ſerene deſires,
Which blows with fragrant breath unmingled fires;
Young, beauteous fair-ones, through her regions known,
Outvie the maid, thou lov'ſt to call thy own.
To theſe bright virgins choſen Irads bow;
Leſs wiſe, leſs virtuous, and leſs fair than thou;
But crown'd with many a grace; of thoughts refin'd,
Of pleaſing perſon, and of dauntleſs mind.
Shall this bleſs'd train, ſo young, ſo fair, ſo brave,
Fall, with black wretches, in a firey grave?
Or round wild regions muſt they hapleſs roam,
Exil'd from joy, and forc'd from cheerful home?
To hunger, thirſt, and ſorrow, ſink and pray,
And breathe, with lingering death, their lives away.

Should'ſt thou, when war to Salem drives her courſe,
Seize the keen ſteel, and join the conquering force,
While thy bold breaſt with glory's warmth beats high,
And wreaths well-twin'd approach thy raviſh'd eye,
To ſome lone hamlet looſely wandering come,
Where ſimple ſwains had built their peaceful home,
Where care in ſilence ſmoothly paſs'd away,
And home-bred happineſs deceiv'd the day;
Should there ſweet, helpleſs children meet thy view,
Fair as young roſebuds look thro' early dew,
With infant wonder, on thine armour gaze,
And point, with artleſs hands, the ſteely blaze:
Say could thy heart one angry purpoſe know,
Or doom ſuch cherubs to a ſingle woe?
Charm'd by ſoft ſmiles, I ſee thy heart retire,
And mild compaſſion breathe a gentler fire;
Thy love parental o'er them kindly yearn,
Prompt pleaſing hope, and all their wiſhes learn;
Thy bounteous hand each needed bliſs beſtow,
And in the angel loſe th' intended foe.
Yet ſhould dread war o'er theſe fair regions fly,
Unnumber'd virgins, bright as thoſe muſt die;
To flames unnumber'd babes reſign their breath,
And ere life bloſſoms, meet untimely death.
To thee, O prince! without a bluſh, I own
Such woes tremendous freeze my heart to ſtone.
Ere Irad's arm ſuch precious lives deſtroy,
Let me, far guiltier, ceaſe from every joy;
Quick to the dreary grave my form deſcend,
Our love all vaniſh, and our union end.
The Prince replied, Bleſs'd gentleneſs of mind!
The grace, the glory of a heart refin'd!
When new-born, helpleſs beings meet our eyes,
In noble minds, ſuch thoughts reſiſtleſs riſe:
Even brutes, when young, our tender wiſhes try,
And love forbids the infant whelp to die

Yet oft this kindeſt impulſe of the ſoul
Bids wild deſire in murmuring tumults roll,
And blames the Power, whoſe love alone, to earth,
And all earth's drear and dark events, gave birth.
In thy pure boſom, angels muſt approve.
For ſad Canäan's youth, this generous love.
But once as fair, as young, as ſoft as they,
As white with innocence, with ſmiles as gay,
Were thoſe black throngs, whoſe crimes as mountains riſe,
And wipe out pity from th' all bounteous ſkies.
As eggs innoxious, oft in meadows ſtrew'd,
Break into aſps, and pour the viper's brood;
Nurs'd in rank ſoils, to ſtrength the reptiles grow,
Reſound the hiſs, the ſting of vengeance throw,
Uprear the creſt, inroll the ſnaky ſpire,
Light the keen eye-ball with terrific fire;
From fields, and foreſts, death, and poiſon gain,
And ſcatter wide deſtruction round the plain:
So, harmleſs once, by vile affections lur'd,
In guilt, and years, thoſe babes alike matur'd;
Athirſt for ſin, all patterns left behind,
The form all putrid, poiſon'd all the mind,
To every crime, to every madneſs, driven,
Curs'd the ſad world, and hiſs'd the name of Heaven.
There the ſot reels, the murderer prowls for blood;
There the ſtarv'd orphan ſues in vain for food;
For man man burns, with Sodom's tainted flame,
And the world ſickens with inceſtuous ſhame.
Even nature's ties their boſoms bind no more,
Wives wade in nuptial, ſires in filial gore;
To howling Molock blooming babes expire,
And mothers round them dance, and light the funeral fire,
Should then theſe infants to dread manhood riſe,
What unheard crimes would ſmoke thro' earth and ſkies!
What hoſts of demons ſin's dark realm would gain!
How hell gape hideous round Canäan's plain!

This ſea of guilt unmeaſur'd to prevent,
Our choſen race eternal Juſtice ſent,
At once the bright poſſeſſion to reclaim,
And 'gainſt its victims point the vengeful flame,
Thus crimes their due and dire reward ſhall know;
Thus God be witneſs'd ſin's unchanging foe;
From land to land Jehovah's glory ſhine,
And fear, and homage, wait the Name divine.
But, O unrivall'd maid! the kindeſt doom
Theſe babes may deſtine to an early tomb.
To manhood riſen their guilt, beyond controul,
Would blot their names from life's celeſtial roll.
Now, in fair climes, their ſouls, forever bleſs'd,
May bloom in youth, and ſhare immortal reſt;
And hail the boundleſs grace, that ſnatch'd its foes
From ſins unnumber'd, and from laſting woes.
And, O bright maid! whate'er high Heaven deſign'd
Is juſt, is glorious to th' omniſcient Mind.
When Heaven commands, the virtuous aſk no more:
His will is juſtice, as his arm is power:
Led by his voice, our cauſe divine we know;
We tempt no evil, and we fear no foe.
All gentle Youth! Selima ſoft replied---
How well thy words from falſehood truth divide!
With what ſweet tenderneſs, thy voice diſplays
The truth, the luſtre, of th' Eternal ways.
But ſay, bleſs'd Prince! will Heaven our race ſucceed?
Shall we victorious gain the darling meed?
So oft our hoſt rebellion blackens o'er,
I fear, leſt triumph crown our arms no more.
When will the friendly cloud again return?
When o'er yon dome the nightly glory burn?
Rejoin'd the ſmiling Prince; too anxious maid,
Let faithleſs terror ne'er thy heart invade,
To Abraham ſeal'd the ſacred covenant ſtands---
Thy countleſs ſons ſhall rule Canäan's lands.---

Guilt's impious train theſe tumults ſhall deſtroy;
Too vile, too baſe, to ſhare the promis'd joy.
And he, whoſe ſoul, a plant for earth too fair,
Has grown, and ripen'd for a kinder air,
Full ſoon may feel the hand of blaſting time,
By Heaven tranſplanted to a nobler clime,
Paſs the cold winter of the frozen tomb,
And riſe, and flouriſh in eternal bloom.
But to glad fields, beyond thoſe hills that lie,
And drink mild influence from the weſtern ſky,
The reſt triumphant ſoon ſhall wing their way,
Seize their vaſt towns, and reign from ſea to ſea.
Then join'd in love, in bands connubial join'd,
Each paſſion calm'd, and every taſte refin'd,
Our fears ſhall end, unclouded hope begin,
Peace' gentle morning o'er Canäan ſhine;
In ſoft beatitude the ſeaſons roll,
And growing union mix the kindred ſoul.
The maid return'd---O day ſupremely fair!
Not blooming Eden own'd a happier pair.
But, Youth belov'd! my boſom, rack'd with pain,
Tells me, ſad tale! the darling wiſh is vain.
Tells me that choſen morn will never come,
Nor bliſs be finiſh'd, but beyond the tomb.
For earth too bright were theſe love-lighted fires!
Too bleſs'd th' indulgence of ſuch pure deſires!
Here unallay'd, no lot, no joy appears;
Grief poiſons hope, and pleaſures mix with tears.
Ah faireſt, wiſeſt, loveliеſt of thy kind!
Of form all finiſh'd' and of matchleſs mind!
Sweet-ſmiling viſitant from yonder ſky!
Too bright to live, and O too dear to die!
Why, hapleſs Mina! why from friends, and home,
Didſt thou, unguided, in the wild wood roam?
Perhaps the hungry wolf around thy way
Lurk'd with grim rage, and ſeiz'd his helpleſs prey.

Perhaps, O lot of anguiſh! brutal men
Thy path unguarded, with fell eyes, have ſeen.
Or doſt thou pale, unſeen, unburied, lie,
Sad ſorrow's victim, in th' inclement ſky?
How ſoon is thy fair courſe of glory run!
Thy hopes all ended! all thy duties done!
Sleep, lovely maid! in hollow'd ſilence reſt,
Let fragrant gales thy form with leaves inveſt;
There with new ſweets, the lovely wild-roſe bloom,
And pitying ſtrangers raiſe thy verdant tomb.
Ah hapleſs maid! the tender prince rejoin'd---
How thy rich graces charm'd each generous mind!
Even Joſhua's love how nobly didſt thou claim,
Thy wiſhes virtue, and thy actions fame!
When his toils roſe, when dangers dire oppreſs'd,
And Iſrael's griefs hung heavy on his breaſt,
Thy gentle mind, a ſoul-ſupporting ſtay,
Seren'd thoſe toils, and charm'd thoſe griefs away;
A calm retreat from fear, and doubt, and ſtriſe,
And all the hidden pangs of ſcepter'd life.
Reſt in mild ſlumbers, lovely maiden! reſt;
Thy life be copied, and thy memory bleſs'd!
Each ſoft-eyed virgin bid thy fame revive,
Attune her lyre, and in her actions live;
So, join'd with thee, in beauty's diſtant clime,
Her praiſe ſhall triumph o'er the death of time.
As thus the converſe paſs'd, with many a tear,
To the ſtill camp approach'd the ſadden'd pair.
In th' utmoſt ſkirt, a tent at diſtance ſtood;
Whence mingling voices, ſcarce-diſtinguiſh'd, flow'd.
Heard'ſt thou--a warrior low his zeal expreſs'd--
When generous Hanniel Jacob's ſons addreſs'd?
How on his words the thouſands liſtening hung!
How ſweet perſuaſion charm'd us from his tongue!
From pride, from pomp, from love of titles free,
He loves the poor; he feels for thee and me.

Oh, could our tribes by ſad experience learn
What children tell, and what the blind diſcern,
Him for their leader would they raptur'd claim,
And fly from endleſs toil, and endleſs ſhame.
From hideous war my wearied ſoul recoils;
I aſk no treaſures rais'd from battle's ſpoils.
To painful arms let ſons of ſlaughter run;
By them be glory's painted bubble won:
To peace, of aims far different, would I fly,
In peace inglorious live, inglorious die:
While peace, while plenty, much-lov'd Egypt knows,
Hears no ſhrill trump, and dreads no banded foes,
Theſe boaſted flocks, and towns, and promis'd fields,
To them my firſt, laſt wiſh delighted yields.
With earneſt voice, his fellow pleas'd replies---
Since toil and pain have taught thee to be wiſe,
Know, my brave friend, a ſecret, faithful band
Soon point their courſe to Egypt's darling land.
When firſt to combat Joſhua bends his way,
To guard the camp theſe bold aſſociates ſtay;
With one firm heart, our path we then begin,
And noble Hanniel leads the bleſs'd deſign.
But huſh'd in ſilence muſt theſe counſels reſt,
Scarce even to tried, and faithful friends confeſs'd;
Leſt the dread Chief's all-watchful, piercing eye,
With ſun-like ken, the hated plot deſcry.
Thou know'ſt what ills a plot diſclos'd attend;
Our names muſt periſh, and our lives muſt end.
His friend return'd---The lov'd, the bold deſign
My glad ſoul welcomes, and my hand ſhall join.
Hail happy tidings! hail auſpicious fields!
Where genial nature every pleaſure yields---
Too bleſs'd, to that ſweet native land I fly,
That cot, that heritage, that friendly ſky---
Dear ſcenes of youth! where peace and pleaſure mild,
With cheerful health, and ceaſeleſs plenty ſmil'd---

Might theſe, O envied lot! again be given,
'Twere bliſs too great: I claim no higher heaven.
This heard, Selima to her tent withdrew;
While ſtrait to Joſhua ardent Irad flew,
To him, apart, the dangerous plot diſclos'd,
And what the tribe, and where the tent, expos'd.
As ſome fond parent eyes his darling child,
Pleas'd, the great Hero on the favourite ſmil'd,
His zeal, his prudence prais'd, and on his head
Beſought the Heavens their choiceſt bliſs to ſhed.
Mean time from diſtant guards a cry aſcends,
And round the camp the dinning voice extends;
Th' alarming trump reſounds; the martial train
Pour from the tents, and crowd th' accuſtom'd plain;
In mazy wanderings, thickening, darkening, roll,
Fill all the field, and ſhade the boundleſs pole.
As where proud Erie winds her narrowing ſhores,
And o'er huge hills a boiling ocean pours,
The long white-ſheeted foam, with fury hurl'd,
Down the cliffs thundering, ſhakes the ſtable world,
In ſolemn grandeur clouds of miſt ariſe,
Top the tall pines, and heavy, ſeek the ſkies:
So ſpread the volumes of the duſt afar;
So roar the clamors of commencing war.
Anxious, and active, there the Leader ſtrode,
Nerv'd every heart, and ſteel'd for death and blood;
From rank to rank, he huſh'd the tumult's ſound,
And ſpread deep ſilence o'er th' attentive ground:
Then while the chiefs combin'd the dread array,
Tow'rd a high rock he bent his rapid way;
From the tall height, to Ai he caſt his eyes,
And ſaw, in ſouthern fields, her ſquadrons riſe:
A cloud, far-ſpreading, o'er the plain impell'd,
Roll'd up th' expanſe, and wrapp'd the gloomy field;
Approaching, widening, ſlow the darkneſs came,
Emblaz'd with gleams of intermitted flame.

So, long and black, like ſkirts of riſing even,
Thick clouds, now gathering, fill'd the northern heaven;
Borne on ſlow winds, that ceaſeleſs chang'd its form,
O'er the dark mountains ſail'd th' expanding ſtorm;
In riſing grandeur far-off thunders roll,
Dim lightnings flaſh, and gild the clouded pole;
More wide, more vaſt, the ſolemn gloom aſcends,
And frowning, deepening, round th' horizon bends.
At once the Hero gave the loud command;
In awful ſilence mov'd the choſen band;
Compact, to Ai they cours'd their dreadful way,
And generous Zimri rul'd the long array.
Mean time new ſcenes around the camp began,
The tribes all motion, man confus'd with man;
From tent to tent ſwift-haſtening feet appear'd;
Low-murmuring voices, mingling ſounds were heard;
Loud, and more loud, the earneſt clamors grow,
Hum through the tents, and all the camp o'erflow.
To Egypt's realms---reſounds the general cry---
From theſe ſad ſcenes, with proſperous feet, we fly,
Theſe hoſts of foes, theſe fields of ceaſeleſs fight,
This ſway of bondage, and this war of flight.
Haſte, freedom's ſons, and ſeize her happy ſhores,
For all her peace, and wealth, and joy, are yours.
Thus round the hoſt the mingled clamor flew,
And loud, and fierce, debates tumultuous grew;
They urg'd, perſuaded, threaten'd, flatter'd, cried,
With love conjur'd, with ſtubborn breaſt denied;
Friends left their friends, with anſwering look ſevere,
Sigh'd ſad departure, dropp'd th' expreſſive tear;
From parents children headlong burſt away,
While groans recall'd them from the dire affray;
To brothers brothers gave the parting hand,
And Virtue eyed, with tears, the ſwerving band.
All dreſs'd in arms, and cloth'd in rich array,
Forth from the camp the warriors bent their way:

Their hands their gold, and favourite treaſures bore,
And each fond boſom hail'd th' Egyptian ſhore.
O'er the broad circuit of the weſtern plain,
From all ſides gathering, mov'd the numerous train,
This way, and that, in thouſand paths impell'd,
Immingling, ruſhing, darkening, hid the field,
To one great central phalanx ſwiftly driven,
Gloom'd the ſad ground, and caſt a ſhade on heaven,
Frowning, and fierce, expanded o'er the plain,
And, proud of numbers, deem'd reſiſtance vain.
Of name obſcure, before th' increaſing throng
Two haughty chieftains proudly ſtalk'd along;
Felt all the joys, which little minds o'errun,
From ſway firſt tried, and influence ſcarce begun;
Look'd wiſe, inportant hurried o'er the field;
Commanded, queſtion'd, with loud threats compell'd;
Spoke with ſtern voice; adviſing, wavering ſtood,
And ſcarce the ground was printed, where they trode.
Far round the plain the mingled tumult ran,
Chief anſwer'd chief, and man rehears'd to man.
Thro' each ſmall circle loud the murmur ſpread,
Of ſpoils ungiven, virtues unrepaid,
Woes unextinguiſh'd, labours ne'er to end,
The ſtarving houſhold, and the naked friend---
Where now's the heart, that bleſs'd the prophet's ſway,
That ſooth'd the tribes, and bade the ſoul obey,
Swept Baſhan's fields, o'erthrew proud Sihon's throne,
And to poor warriors left the ſpoils they won?
But now new chiefs, in wiles and learning train'd,
Wield a dread ſceptre, with an iron hand;
All, all but Hanniel; Hanniel ſingly glows
With Iſrael's good, and weeps for Iſrael's woes.
Hail then, oh hail the bleſs'd, auſpicious day,
That opes to brighter realms our happy way!
The chiefs, we choſe, the glorious path ſhall guide,
Uncurs'd with learning, and unſtain'd with pride.

Thus round the plain the tumult ſhrill reſounds;
Of different note, immix unnumber'd ſounds;
High toſs'd in ether helms confus'dly fly,
And claſhing ſhields to claſhing ſhields reply:
Loud, hoarſe, and rough, wide jars diſcordant noiſe,
And raging paſſions ſwell the clamorous voice.
So, where on ocean's brim the long beach winds,
Breaks his proud waves, and all his fury binds,
Unnumber'd fowls, of various wing, ariſe,
And toſs in wild gyrations to the ſkies;
From each harſh throat hard ſtrains of diſcord roar,
Break with dire din, and grate along the ſhore;
Loud, and more loud, the nations heaven deform,
Or gloom the ſtrand, and croak the coming ſtorm.
As round the plain the mingled tumult ran,
Tadmor, the elder chieftain, thus began---
Hail, ſons of freedom! Jacob's faireſt boaſt!
Heirs of the ſky, and virtue's genuine hoſt!
Well did brave Hanniel teach, in words divine,
How faſt our tribes, with toils, and griefs, decline;
Full well he mark'd what deep deſigns are laid
By chiefs, of man, nor truth, nor Heaven, afraid;
That, ſwell'd with pride, and train'd in artful lore,
O'erleap all right, and cruſh the hapleſs poor.
To us no leader tells the deep deſign,
What hoſts oppoſe us, and what lands combine;
What towns are next beſieg'd; what dangers tried;
What ſpoils are won, and who thoſe ſpoils divide.
In Egypt's realm the long-wiſh'd rule to gain,
They found each art, and each bold effort, vain:
Thence thro' the waſte they urg'd our fatal way,
And hop'd, in this dire land, untroubled ſway;
Yet there the poor a lot far happier found,
With faſts unburden'd, and with rites unbound:
Our tributes paid, at plenteous feaſts we ſate,
Stretch'd in ſoft eaſe, and every dainty ate.

Oh, why from thoſe fair regions did we come?
Why, blind and headlong, leave our darling home?
Here our own leaders Egypt's kings outdo,
And change of lords is all the good we know.
Haſte then, from theſe dread fields of miſery fly;
With chiefs you choſe again to Egypt hie;
Where eaſe, and wines, and feaſts, and ſoft delight,
Earth ever fruitful, ſkies forever bright,
Awake ſweet pleaſure, raptur'd love revive,
And teach poor mortals what it is to live:
Now ſeize the hour, by Joſhua's folly given,
Or op'd for Iſrael by a pitying Heaven.
Ai's gallant ſons will ſweep his hoſt away,
Worne by long labours, and to faſts a prey;
Or, ſcap'd the field, their weary feet muſt fail;
Or, join'd in fight, our arms will ſoon prevail;
This day beyond purſuit our courſe removes,
And leaves the tyrant to the ſlaves he loves.
He ſpoke; at once, from all th' impatient train,
A buſt of triumph ſhook the ſounding plain;
Thence roſe the ſhout; as oft the heavens replied;
And, borne thro' fields, and woods, the far-off murmur died.
Thus, when the vernal ſtorm forbears to rave,
And the wild river ſwells his torrent wave,
Huge iſles of ice, along the clifted ſhore.
Float ſlow, and cumbrous; ſolemn thunders roar;
In deep gradations, riſe, and burſt, and roll,
Wave o'er the ſounding hills, and leſſen to the pole.
When firſt from Joſhua faithful Irad went,
He ſummon'd Judah's heroes to his tent,
Bade them the tribes with prudent caution eye,
Purſue their motions, and their views deſcry,
Their tumults huſh, or ſhould their efforts fail,
With ſpeed to him convey th' unpleaſing tale.
When round the camp diſorder'd ſcenes began,
Strait to the ſound th' attentive heroes ran;

Watch'd all the murmurs of the gathering train,
And follow'd anxious to the troubled plain;
But first the tidings to the Leader sped,
What bands assembled, and what chieftains led,
Urg'd him with haste to arm a numerous force,
And 'gainst th' insurgents bend his rapid course.
And now, when Tadmor ceas'd, the shouts decay'd,
With sweet, mild accent, thus grave Caleb said---
How slight the toil, mistaking cheif, to prove
'Tis wisdom's voice directs the path, we love!
Though thorns, though serpents hedge the fatal way,
The fond heart bids, and answering feet obey.
Each truth, each argument, thy voice runs o'er,
Forbids our host to seek th' Egyptian shore.
The waste's dire ills thy plaintive words resound,
Yet through that waste the darling realm is found;
Again those countless woes our race must try;
Again with toil, and thirst, and famine, die.
Or shall we flee, by Hazor's bands compell'd,
To meet fierce Amalek, in the hostile field.
Will hosts that tremble, where Ai's sons appear,
Abide the conflict, when Philistia's near.
But to what end, against unnumber'd foes,
Shall Israel war to gain Egyptian woes;
Shame, vice, idolatry, and bondage, join'd,
The wrath of Heaven, and hissing of mankind?
If war is destin'd Israel's fearful doom,
With war, let freedom, wealth, and glory come:
Let peace, let realms, let empire crown the toil;
The world applaud us, and th' Eternal smile
In this fair land, shall each poor warrior reign
Lord of himself, and monarch of the plain.
His house, his herd, his harvest all his own,
And changeless law transmit them to his son.
But Egypt's wealth her king alone commands,
Her sons, her gold, her products, and her lands.

For him our hands, in ſlaviſh woe, muſt toil,
And pamper ſplendor on the beggar's ſpoil,
Poor beyond thought, ſuſpended on a breath,
Our life a ſufferance, and a nod our death.
But Iſrael's chiefs are train'd in dangerous lore,
And hence regardleſs of the humble poor.
Say, Tadmor, ſay, the wiles of art to ſhun,
To Egypt's realms impatient doſt thou run?
To courts, to lords, with ſmooth deceit o'erhung,
Where art firſt budded, and where learning ſprung?
Truth, conſcience, Heaven, thine idle dreams deny;
Repent, return; nor, ſnar'd by treaſons, die.
The hero ſpoke. From all the angry train
A riſing murmur wav'd along the plain:
As 'twixt tall hills, where ruſhing torrents roll,
A ſlow, and lingering groan aſcends the pole;
Thro' gloomy caverns hums the ſolemn ſound,
Fills all the hollow realm, and ſhakes the ſhady ground.
Ardan, the younger chieftain, quick return'd,
And from his eye-balls kindling fury burn'd---
Imperious prince, I know thy heart of ſteel
Ne'er lov'd the poor, and never knew to feel.
But that proud voice, which aw'd my breaſt before,
Now fails to rule, and guides the hoſt no more.
I mock thy threats, thy utmoſt power defy,
Thy reaſons trample, and thy words deny.
Chang'd is the ſcene. Thy pride muſt now obey
In worth thy betters, and thy lords in ſway.
Go tell yon ſlaves, that baſe, and beſtial train,
Thy arts, thy arguments, and threats are vain;
Bid them their friends, their gallant brethren ſee,
A hoſt of heroes, daring to be free,
Of numbers countleſs, bravery never aw'd,
Dup'd by no laws, and blinded by no God,
Their courſe now bending to the bliſsful ſhore,
Where peace and plenty bid the cup run o'er:

While they, poor reptiles! in dread bondage lie,
Drag life in misery, and unburied die.
Haste, haste, ere vengeance on thy helmet light,
And plunge thee swift to everlasting night.
Base, reptile miscreant!---Hezron fierce replied---
Go dream of Egypt; swell thine insect pride;
Thy wings expand; around thy dunghill fly;
Buzz thy small moment, and forgotten die.
For know, vain wretch! the voice of peace is o'er;
The hand of Mercy lifts her branch no more;
To speed thy doom impatient Justice flies,
And wings the vengeance of affronted skies.
The hero spoke. A rising hiss began,
And round the plain contemptuous murmurs ran:
Quick tow'rd the camp the princes bent their course,
And, turn'd to Egypt, mov'd the rebel force.
Their standard rose: a shout to heaven ascends,
And wide, and deep, the gloomy host extends.
Far round the files each casts exulting eyes;
Each feels the prowess of his arm arise:
By pride their force, their numbers doubled o'er,
All foes despis'd, and Joshua fear'd, no more;
From voice to voice the haughty tale rebounds,
And air re-echoes with the mingling sounds.
As near the distant groves the warriors drew,
And homeward cast a lingering, parting view;
Behold! in eastern fields, a numerous train
Pour'd from the camp, and hasten'd o'er the plain.
There trembled Ephraim's ensign in the skies;
There the bull's vengeance blaz'd from wrathful eyes;
In act to wound, with threatening horns, he stood,
Felt his vast strength, and snuff'd his rival's blood.
Behind the mighty Chief, in pomp, impell'd,
The darkening phalanx widen'd o'er the field;
Sublime, the Hero wing'd his dreadful way,
And round the rebels shed a dire dismay.

Amaz'd, the chieftains ſaw his haſtening courſe,
And rang'd, with active ſpeed, their numerous force;
In wild, diſorder'd ranks, confus'd they ſtood,
Spoke ſounding boaſts, and thirſted loud for blood.
As near the noiſy ſquadrons Joſhua drew,
Round the rude files he caſt a ſearching view;
For Hanniel's ſteps he gaz'd; but gaz'd in vain,
Nor found the hero on the troubled plain.
For well his mind, by ſad experience, knew
What fearful ills defeated plots purſue,
How ſway accuſtom'd, faction wild o'erthrows,
And ſudden tumults end in certain woes.
Thence, to his tent by cautious thoughts confin'd,
Disjointed counſels throng'd his reſtleſs mind;
He view'd, he wiſh'd; but knew the wiſh was vain,
And boded ruin to his favorite train.
Too wiſe the Chief, too fix'd the hoſt, he ſaw;
Too firm th' obedience to the ſacred law;
In ſullen ſilence mourn'd his lot ſevere,
And wail'd devoted treaſon, with a tear.
High in the van, the Leader rais'd his voice,
The hoſts all trembling at the dreadful noiſe---
Haſte to your tents, with ſwift obedience haſte,
That Mercy's veil may hide the follies paſt;
Haſte, ere this hand, by injur'd juſtice driven,
Plunge in your breaſts, th' avenging ſword of Heaven:
Your Maker's voice, with conſcious ſpeed, obey,
And let deep ſorrow waſh your guilt away.
Thus he. Bold Ardan with ſhrill voice replied---
Let no vain hope inflate thy ſwelling pride---
Know, proud, miſ-deeming leader! Heaven deſign'd
Jacob's brave ſons to bow with willing mind;
The chiefs; we freely choſe, our hearts obey,
And crouch no more, obſequious to thy ſway.
To happier realms, with proſperous feet, we go,
And leave thy bondmen here to every woe;

Leave them to toil, to groan, to mourn their doom,
Languiſh out life, and die without a tomb:
While we, fair freedom's ſons, ſuperior fly
To peace, and tranſport, in a kinder ſky.
The Chief diſdain'd return. With wrathful look,
His eyes ſtream'd terror, as the culprit ſpoke;
Forth from the van, with awful port, he ſtrode;
O'er his bright arms reflected lightnings glow'd;
With lifted hand, he drove th' avenging blade,
And plung'd proud Ardan ſwift to endleſs ſhade.
Th' aſtoniſh'd train, like hunted harts impell'd,
Scatter'd in headlong terror, o'er the field.
So, on heaven's plain when war and tumult ſprung,
By Britain's pride, and earth's bright Phœnix, ſung,
When Satan, madden'd with Tartarean rage,
Dar'd Michael's ſword, and Michael's might engage;
In pomp divine the great Archangel ſtood;
A ſun's broad ſplendors round his forehead glow'd;
Down his long wings thick, branching lightnings fell;
Dire as ten thunders, ruſh'd his flaming ſteel;
Th' Apoſtate ſunk; fear wing'd the rebel train,
Swift as the rapid whirlwind, o'er th' empyreal plain.
Pleas'd, the great chief, and Judah's heroes view'd
The flying train, by guilt and fear ſubdued;
While to high heaven their grateful praiſes roſe,
Whoſe guardian hand had ſav'd from countleſs woes.
Then loud the cries proclaim---to Egypt's land
Whatever wretch ſhall lure a guilty band,
By ſtones oppreſs'd, his life ſhall fall a prey,
And dread oblivion ſweep his name away.
While thus the rod of vengeance Joſhua ſway'd,
And the dread tumults of the plain decay'd,
Th' approaching hoſts, at diſtance, Irad view'd,
And Zimri's thouſands, with glad feet purſued,
Trac'd all the pomp of war, with wild delight,
And wiſh'd, unarm'd, to ſhare th' impending fight.

Like ocean's waves, the ſons of Ai were driven,
And lowering Iſrael caſt a gloom on heaven;
Proud chiefs, in golden ſplendor, trod the plain,
And tower'd majeſtic o'er the vulgar train.
So, ſtraight and tall, beyond the foreſt fair,
The pine, ambitious, ſtands without a peer;
O'er every grove beholds his boughs aſcend,
Oaks climb beneath, and humble cedars bend;
Shares the mild winds, the ſullen ſtorm defies,
And towers, and waves, and wantons, in the ſkies;
In pride ſublime, demands the ſylvan reign,
And glows, and triumphs, in immortal green.
As now the tempeſt hid the orb of day,
The threatening fronts approach'd, in dark array;
Swift through th' expanſion clouds of arrows fly;
Stones ſhower on ſtones, and whizz along the ſky;
Sing the ſhrill ſtrings; the hiſſing darts reſound;
From clanging bucklers rattling pebbles bound;
Now here, now there, the warriors fall; amain
Groans murmur; armour ſounds; and ſhouts convulſe the plain.
With deep amaze, the ſons of Ai beheld
Their foes, with ardour, tempt the deathful field.
For now, elate, they ſought the early fight,
To certain victory march'd with fierce delight;
And fondly hop'd, ere Oran's hoſts ſhould come,
To ſeal devoted Iſrael's hapleſs doom.
But vain their hopes; for with firm duty ſtrong,
Undaunted Zimri fir'd the martial throng---
Now, warriors, now--the glowing leader cried---
Shall Iſrael's arms regain their raviſh'd pride;
Ai now ſhall learn, untaught our force to ſlight,
What virtue warms us to the generous fight:
That one loſt field ſhall ne'er our race diſmay,
Nor ſhame, nor terror, ſtain the glorious day.
While thus untroubled thoughts his words confeſs'd,
All-anxious fears diſturb'd his boding breaſt.

The hoſt he knew diſtruſtful of the ſky,
Propenſe to terror, and prepar'd to fly;
He ſaw them ſad move lingering o'er the plain,
New arm their foes, and double all their train:
And the great Chief a ſtrong injunction gave,
Each poſt with care to guard, each band to ſave,
Each opening fair for wiſe retreat t' imbrace
To tempt no loſs, and hazard no diſgrace.
But far beyond his thoughts, the ſound of war,
The claſh of arms, the ſhouts that rend the air,
Th' inſpiring tumults of the dreadful plain,
New ſtrung their nerves, and rous'd their hopes again.
In quick oblivion, flight and fear were loſt;
Increaſing ardours every boſom toſs'd;
Firm-wedg'd, unſhaken, ruſh'd the darkening train;
Spears flew; air murmur'd; corſes heap'd the plain;
One flight of twinkling arms, all ether ſhone;
Earth roar'd one ſhout confus'd, one mingled groan;
Each hoſt preſs'd eager; each diſdain'd to fly;
And wide confuſion blended earth and ſky.
Mean time the ſtorm, along dark mountains driven,
Hung o'er the plain, and wrapp'd the mid-day heaven;
More frequent lightnings blaz'd the ſkies around,
And peals more dreadful ſhook the ſolid ground.
From the black clouds the whirlwinds burſt amain,
Scour'd all the groves, and rag'd along the plain:
Beneath, huge ſhouts the murmuring concave rend,
And drifts of duſt in gloomy pomp aſcend.
With boding hearts, the chiefs of Ai ſurvey'd
The ſun's pure ſplendor loſt in cloudy ſhade;
The ſun, their god, his ſmiling face withdrew,
And round the world a fearful darkneſs flew:
Hence unapprov'd they doom'd the doubtful day,
And ſcann'd, with careful looks, their homeward way:
As thus they backward gaz'd, the driving rain
Ruſh'd, with impetuous fury, o'er the plain;

Fierce down th' expanſion ſtreaming torrents ſhower'd,
And blood-ſtain'd brooks along the champain pour'd.
The claſh of arms, the long-reſounding cries
Wav'd o'er the world a hoarſe, tumultuous noiſe;
From heaven's huge vault loud-rolling thunders came,
And lightnings blaz'd unſufferable flame.
Then ſad, diſhearten'd, from the dreadful fire
Ai's generous leaders bade their hoſt retire.
Reluctant, ſlow, diſdaining baſe defeat,
From Iſrael's ſons the griſly ranks retreat;
Surpriz'd, fierce Iſrael ſee their backward courſe,
Hang o'er their rear, and preſs with gathering force;
Intenſer ſhouts aſcend; the lightning's flame
Caſts o'er the ſhields a ſtrong alternate gleam;
Loud thunders roll; the fields all quake around:
And the rain ruſhing roars along the ground.
Then Zimri's piercing voice, with ſtern commands,
Reſtrains the fury of his eager bands.
So fierce the thouſands burn for raging war,
Even ſingle wairriors urge their foes afar;
'Till near the chief, they ſee the ſtandard riſe,
While yet the tempeſt fills the midway ſkies,
Then deep-emboſom'd in th' obſcuring rain,
Their foes untroubled croſs the homeward plain.
Mean time the winds were paſs'd, the ſtorm was o'er,
And ſtreaming torrents ceas'd from heaven to pour;
Strait to the camp, by Zimri's voice compell'd,
The bands ſlow-moving croſs'd the ſpacious field.
With joy, the chief revolv'd the troubled day,
The fate, and influence of the fierce affray;
Ai, in fierce conflict, fail'd the wreath to gain,
And Iſrael, dauntleſs, trod the ſkirmiſh'd plain;
He ſaw the hoſt again to combat won
Their hopes new-kindled, and their terror gone;
Thence his own boſom boding fear diſpell'd,
And promis'd triumph on the future field.

And now the Youth they paſs'd, as, with fond eyes,
He ſaw the varying fate of combat riſe;
To him, deep-pondering, blew the ſtorm in vain,
Scarce heard the peals, or mark'd the battering rain:
'Till Ai, retir'd, the doubtful ſtrife reſign'd,
And calm'd the tumults of his anxious mind.
Then gentler ſcenes his rapt attention gain'd,
Where GOD's great hand in clear effulgence reign'd,
The growing beauties of the ſolemn even,
And all the bright ſublimities of heaven.
Above tall weſtern hills, the light of day
Shot far the ſplendors of his golden ray;
Bright from the ſtorm, with tenfold grace he ſmil'd,
The tumult ſoften'd, and the world grew mild.
With pomp tranſcendant, rob'd in heavenly dies,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient ſkies;
Its changeleſs form, its hues of beam divine,
Fair type of truth, and beauty; endleſs ſhine,
Around th' expanſe, with thouſand ſplendors rare,
Gay clouds ſail'd wanton through the kindling air;
From ſhade to ſhade, unnumber'd tinctures blend;
Unnumber'd forms of wonderous light extend;
In pride ſtupendous, glittering walls aſpire,
Grac'd with bright domes, and crown'd with towers of fire,
On cliffs cliffs burn; o'er mountains mountains roll:
A burſt of glory ſpreads from pole to pole:
Rapt with the ſplendor, every ſongſter ſings,
Tops the high bough, and claps his gliſtening wings:
With new-born green, reviving nature blooms,
And ſweeter fragrance freſhening air perfumes.
Far ſouth the ſtorm withdrew its troubled reign;
Deſcending twilight dimm'd the duſky plain;
Black night aroſe; her curtains hid the ground;
Leſs roar'd, and leſs, the thunders ſolemn ſound;
The bended lightning ſhot a brighter ſtream,
Or wrapp'd all heaven in one wide, mantling flame;

By turns, o'er plains, and woods, and mountains, ſpread
Faint, yellow glimmerings, and a deeper ſhade.
From parting clouds, the moon out-breaking ſhone,
And ſate, ſole empreſs, on her ſilver throne;
In clear, full beauty, round all nature ſmil'd,
And claim'd o'er heaven, and earth, dominion mild;
With humbler glory, ſtars her court attend,
And bleſs'd, and union'd, ſilent luſtre blend.
All theſe bright ſcenes revolv'd, his raptur'd mind,
With ſweet tranſition, heaven in all divin'd;
Where, round the proſpect, grandeur, beauty, glow'd,
They ſhone, the grandeur, beauty, of a God;
God look'd through all, as, with reſplendence gay,
They rais'd, and bore him from himſelf away.

28 SE60

THE

CONQUEST of CANÄAN:

BOOK IV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Morning. Tribes assemble. Story of Achan. Embassy from Gibeon. Story of Mina. Joshua gives her to Elam, prince of Gibeon, in marriage, and makes peace with the Gibeonites. Feast. Joshua's prayer. Cloud descends on the tabernacle. Elam sollicits leave to return to Gibeon. Joshua consents. Sports of the Israelites. Conduct of Hanniel. Walls built around the camp. Story of Helon.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK IV.

NOW the third ſun illum'd the azure main,
And Iſrael anxious gather'd on the plain.
In every face ſuſpenſe and grief appear'd,
Each ſon was doubted, and each parent fear'd:
Brothers on brothers caſt a ſide-long eye,
And trembling fair-ones preſs'd the riſing ſigh.
Mid the wide concourſe great Eleazar ſhone,
The ſacred miniſter of Heaven's high throne.
White were his aged locks, and round his face
Calm contemplation caſt a ſolemn grace;
O'er his pure veſture ſhining unguent ſpread,
And breath'd the fragrance of th' Arabian ſhade:
Full on his breaſt the ſtar-bright Urim glow'd,
And o'er his brow beam'd HOLINESS TO GOD.
The ſacred rites perform'd, he bent his way
To the bright dome that mock'd the riſing day.
The train with reverence bow'd. Around his head
Red ſpires of lambent flame ſerenely play'd;
On the clear ſplendors gaz'd the crowd around,
And deep attention huſh'd the ſhady ground.
Now in the ſacred place the Prieſt ador'd,
And thus his voice Jehovah's ſmiles implor'd.
O thou, whoſe wiſdom built the bright abodes,
Great KING of KINGS, and ſovereign GOD of GODS,

Almighty Father hear! Let grace divine
Shower on our hoſt, and cleanſe from every ſin!
Thou ſeeſt, Omniſcient Mind! what guilt unknown
Pollutes our race, and dares inſult thy throne:
Thou ſeeſt; and oh may thy all-gracious voice
That guilt declare, and bid thy ſons rejoice!
He ſpoke. A ruſhing ſound of winds began,
Sung in the vail, and thro' the temple ran;
A ſapphire flame, unutterably bright,
Shot from the gloom, and wrapp'd the walls in light;
The dome all trembled; earth beneath it ſhook;
And o'er the ark a voice in thunder ſpoke---
To Iſrael's thouſands, from th' Eternal throne,
This mighty mandate by thy voice be known.
Of Judah's race, a wretch, by madneſs driven,
With impious hand, hath dar'd the wrath of Heaven:
Stones ſhall his houſe deſtroy, and flames devour;
I AM commands; let all my ſons adore.---
Nor more; an awful darkneſs round him ſpread,
Still as the gloomy manſions of the dead.
All ſad, all ſlow, return'd the mournful prieſt,
And ſtrong impatience every eye expreſs'd---
What the decree of Heaven! the Leader cried---
With ſolemn voice, the ſacred Seer replied---
Of Judah's race, a wretch, by madneſs driven,
With impious hand, hath dar'd the wrath of Heaven:
Stones ſhall his houſe deſtroy, and flames devour;
I AM commands; let all his ſons adore.
He ſpoke; and ſorrow gloom'd the plain: in haſte,
So Joſhua's voice decreed, the lots were caſt;
The wretch, ſo long conceal'd, aroſe to view,
And *Achan*'s name to fearful vengeance drew.
Forth from the crowd, with languid ſteps, and ſlow,
The victim ſtrode, and look'd unutter'd woe:
His uſeleſs hands hung feebly by his ſide;
His tottering knees their wonted aid denied;

His front was clouded with a wild dismay;
For hastening ruin darken'd o'er his way.
And thus the youth forlorn---My hated name
Sinks in the misery of undying shame.
Pass'd is the day of grace: my dimmed light
Fades in the skirt of everlasting night.
From the rich spoils my hand a store convey'd,
Help'd by the night, and safe in covert laid.
Beneath my tent the mischief may be found,
Where spreads the flooring o'er the secret ground.
Why did my heart resist that lovely fair,
Who sweetly warn'd me of the tempting snare?
Hear, all ye warriors! fly the fatal road,
And learn, that vengeance waits the foes of GOD!
Great Joshua heard; and tho' his feeling mind
To crimes was gentle, and to misery kind;
Fierce on the youth he cast a dreadful eye,
That wither'd all his strength, and bade him die.
And could no honour, and no law, controul
The groveling wishes of thy gloomy soul?
How durst thou, impious, face th' Almighty rod,
Put forth rebellious hands and steal from GOD?
Didst thou not know, weak man! th' avenging Sky
Trac'd thy dark footsteps with all-searching eye?
Didst thou not fear, amidst the gloomy deed,
Its vengeance bursting on thy guilty head?
Didst thou not fear the stings of conscious shame?
The thunder's terror; or the lightning's flame?
Go, raise to Heaven the sad, repenting eye,
A Heaven that hears, when Misery lifts her cry!
Perhaps soft Mercy yet may lend an ear,
While thy sun glimmers in his last career.
Not pity's wish, but folly's, hides from view
The wretch, whom Justice' awful feet pursue.
Go then, unpardon'd, sink in shame forlorn,
Of Heaven the victim, and of earth the scorn;

A warning lamp, o'er guilt's benighted way,
To light bewilder'd error back to day.
He ſpoke. The victim, with dread horror pale,
Walk'd trembling onward to a diſtant vale;
His look of anguiſh aſk'd a hand to ſave,
And Pity's eye purſued him to the grave.
Mean time around their Chief the princes ſtood,
And kind compaſſion in their boſoms glow'd:
When rob'd in fair attire, two ſtrangers came,
And bow'd reſpectful, at the Hero's name.
One, paſs'd his ſtrength, was grac'd with manly ſcars,
Crown of the brave, and palm of glorious wars;
Tall was his frame, his countenance roughly kind,
And his calm front with honeſt boldneſs ſhin'd.
Dreſs'd in light robes, as flowers adorn the wild,
In nature's prime his young companion ſmil'd
Sweetneſs ineffable. Devoid of art,
His eye, ſoft-glowing, look'd the friendly heart.
Hail ſtrangers, hail! the mighty Hero cried,
Whoſe port beſpeaks a nation's faireſt pride.
Bring your kind hands the peaceful branch from far?
Or pant your boſoms for the fate of war?
The elder chief replied---From Gibeon's king
Our friendly hands no hoſtile meſſage bring.
Tho' once in fight renown'd, now ſilver age
Serenes his brow, and cools ambition's rage.
'Tis his firſt glory, Gibeon's weal t' encreaſe,
To ſoothe ſad woe, and widen human bliſs.
Paſs'd are five morns, ſince round th' extended plain,
With fond impatience, ruſh'd a choſen train,
O'er rocks, and ſtreams, the nimble deer purſued,
Trac'd the wild marſh, and ſcour'd the devious wood.
From the lone manſions of the unpierc'd ſhade,
At once deep cries our wondering ears invade.
Led by the unknown voice, we nimbly hied
Thro' the thick grove, and ſtrait the ſcene deſcried.

'Twixt two rough ſavages, whoſe hungry eyes
Lower'd death, and ruin, o'er their helpleſs prize,
Fair as the ſtar of morn, a lovely maid,
In pangs of terror, call'd in vain for aid.
Her robes embroider'd looſely met the view;
Her hair, unbound, in wild diſorder flew;
All pale ſhe ſtood, and to the pitying ſky
Stretch'd her white hands, and rais'd a piercing cry.
In vain, on terror's wings, the caitiffs flew;
His eager ſword this generous hero drew;
Their heads in twain the ſteely vengeance clave,
And hungry vultures yield the horrid grave.
To Gibeon's domes we led the beauteous fair,
Repos'd on down, and nurs'd with tendereſt care.
Pleas'd with our pains, her ſweet, angelic tongue
Strange truths divine, with heavenly muſic, ſung.
Of nature's Sovereign Lord, the tale began,
How earth was form'd, and how created man;
How the tall mountains heav'd their cloud-wrapp'd ſpires,
And heaven was ſtarr'd with thouſand thouſand fires.
Then too ſhe told how, rous'd to fearful ire,
JEHOVAH bade the delug'd world expire;
Thy nation's riſe; the rod of Sovereign power,
That ſhook proud Egypt's realms from ſhore to ſhore,
The cleaving main; the wonders of the wild,
Where hard rocks flow'd, and ſands with verdure ſmil'd;
Food, ſhower'd from heaven, perfum'd the morning blaſt,
And quails in millions peopled all the waſte.
In theſe dread ſcenes, Aradon's mighty mind
The clear diſplays of boundleſs power divin'd;
Scenes nobler far than ancient ſages knew,
Than age e'er taught, or airy fancy drew.
At once, inſpir'd with eager zeal to learn
What wondrous truths the glorious ſcheme concern,
This prince, his only hope, the monarch choſe,
And join'd with me, his pleaſure to diſcloſe.

Sweet peace by us his friendly heart demands;
His gold he proffers, and his warlike bands;
At thy requeſt, to arms the thouſands fly,
With thee we conquer, or with thee we die.
Shouldſt thou conſent, ſome bright, and generous Sage,
Fam'd for pure manners, and grown wiſe with age,
Skill'd with unſeen, yet all-perſuaſive art,
T' inform the mind, and ſoftly win the heart,
Whoſe tenets, nobly rais'd o'er pride, and ſtrife,
Grace the fair conduct of a virtuous life,
He aſks, to ſpread Religion's ſacred ſway,
To lure his ſons to heaven, and point the way.
And O what price immenſe canſt thou demand!
What golden hoards? or boundleſs breadth of land?
One precious prize our grateful hands reſtore,
Unbought by gems, or loads of ſhining ore,
In thy own tent, behold thy favorite fair,
Child of thy choice, and darling of thy care!
Thus ſpoke Hareſhah. While glad ſmiles expreſs'd
The Leader's joy, he thus his chiefs addreſs'd.
Even now, propitious, on our lengthen'd toils
Behold th' all-watchful Eye complacent ſmiles!
In other realms our growing fame is heard,
Our triumphs number'd and our Guardian fear'd.
But ſay, brave princes, ſhall theſe bands be tied?
And Gibeon's ſons to Jacob's heirs allied?
Shall ſome bleſs'd ſage her thouſands teach to riſe
To peace, to truth, to virtue, and the ſkies?
Your choice I wait---he ſaid. Quick Hanniel roſe,
Whoſe life was conteſt, and whoſe joy t' oppoſe.
To ſave the ſuppliant race his wiſh inclin'd,
For Heaven had form'd him with a feeling mind:
But well he knew how fair his matchleſs art
Could gild the latent miſchiefs of his heart;
How thouſands on his words inchanted hung,
Touch'd by the magic of his wily tongue.

All paths with him were ſmooth, that ſhew'd a name,
Tho' ſlaughter'd nations pav'd the road to fame.
Thrice roſe the chief to thwart the Leader's choice,
And thrice ſtrange faltering ſeiz'd his opening voice;
Far round he caſts his keen, experienc'd view,
And peace, the wiſh of every boſom, knew;
With ſhame his dauntleſs front was cover'd o'er,
And the cheek bluſh'd, that never bluſh'd before.
Pleas'd the great Leader ſaw his failing eye,
And voice, in vain, attempt a baſe reply,
Then ſmiling thus---Untaught the wiles of art
I ſee mild aſpects ſpeak the friendly heart.
Yes let fair Peace, o'er Gibeon's happy land,
Raiſe her ſweet voice, and lift her ſacred wand.
'Gainſt hoſtile realms alone our falchions riſe,
Foes to high Heaven, and victims of the Skies.
But far remov'd from Iſrael, very far,
Be every wiſh t' extend the waſte of war:
To ſooth vain pride with conqueſt's dreadful name;
To pamper avarice with the ſpoils of ſhame;
To take one hour from man's too haſty doom,
Or force one widow to a huſband's tomb.
From death's ſad ſcenes, and battle's horrid toils,
The real hero's generous mind recoils:
When ſwords alone can plead the righteous cauſe,
The crimſon ſteel his hand reluctant draws;
Grief walks his partner to the dreadful plain,
And glory's manſions prove the haunts of pain.
'Tis Iſrael's boaſt, the human weal t' increaſe;
To ſtretch the reign, and nurſe the arts, of peace;
The fierce, the wild, to tame; the weak defend;
Late to begin, and ſoon the ſtrife to end;
To teach vain man the bliſs to virtue given,
And with new ſaints t' enlarge the bounds of heaven.
But now, brave chiefs, to Joſhua's tent repair---
My fond heart pants to find the lovely fair---

Her ſire, in Edom's realm, our nation join'd,
Urg'd by the dictates of a virtuous mind:
Her, a ſweet babe, his hand indulgent bore,
To virtue form'd, and nurs'd in ſacred lore.
As ſome bright lilly, daughter of the morn,
Swells its young leaves, and bids its ſplendors burn;
Fair, and more fair, th' expanding beauties glow,
Dance in the ſun, and ſhame the driving ſnow;
So, born for heaven, ſtill brightening to the view,
From truth to truth, from charm to charm, ſhe grew;
Soft was her temper; all her thoughts refin'd;
Beauty her form, and virtue was her mind.
Now at the tent arriv'd, the fair they found;
With many a lovely maid incompaſs'd round;
With ſmiles of joy, their friend the virgins hail'd,
And gentle tears on every cheek prevail'd.
When firſt her Sire appear'd, around his form
She caſt, with ſweeteſt grace, each ſnowy arm;
Pleas'd the great Hero eyed his lovely child,
And gave the fond embrace, and o'er the charmer ſmil'd.
Sweet maid! he cried, where rov'dſt thou from the plain?
With tears we ſought thee, but we ſought in vain.
Far in the wood, replied the fair, I ſtray'd,
No care diſturb'd me, and no fear diſmay'd;
Charm'd with the flowers, that, undiſtinguiſh'd, ſmil'd
With ſolitary beauty round the wild.
A plum'd muſician, on her verdant throne,
Hymn'd, with ſoft tranſport, to the falling ſun.
Slow I approach'd; the bird before me flew;
I heard the ſound; how could I not purſue?
So long I wander'd, day forſook the ſky;
I gaz'd, and gaz'd; but found not where to fly.
In different paths, I roam'd the woody plain;
But faint, and trembling, ſtill return'd again.

Line 243, *Her, a ſweet babe,*] This epithet is given merely from tenderneſs.

The wolf began to howl; and all around,
The hungry panther ſhook the ſhuddering ground;
Loud roar'd the approaching lion's dread alarms,
And death ruſh'd by me, in a thouſand forms.
The long, long, diſmal night at length was gone;
And cheerful day with pleaſing beauty ſhone.
Huſh'd was the world, ſave where, along the wood,
Rung the ſoft current of a ſilver flood.
Down verdant banks, with trembling ſteps I ſtray'd;
Each breeze alarm'd me, and each leaf diſmay'd;
Till, near the confines of the lonely ſtream,
Ro ſe two barbarians, as the tyger grim.
My hated garb diſpleas'd their ſavage eyes,
And female weakneſs bade their luſt ariſe.
O why was ſtrength to miſcreant villains given?
Why lovely virtue left unarm'd by heaven?
Why muſt the helpleſs fair-one's glory ſtand
A prey, for every monſter's brutal hand?
Thus mourn'd my heart; when Elam ruſh'd to fight,
Clave the dire foes, and calm'd my wild affright;
At once low-whiſper'd Virtue's heavenly friend---
Weak are the fair, that heroes may defend.
She ſpoke. The bluſh that gives the brighteſt charm,
Glow'd in her face, and told her heart's alarm.
Skill'd in the ſcience of the human ſoul,
Th' experienc'd Chief beheld her paſſions roll,
Smil'd at th' expreſſive language of her eye,
The dancing boſom, and the deep drawn ſigh.
On Elam's face he turn'd a ſearching view,
Trac'd his young flame, and all his wiſhes knew.
Oft on the virgin glanc'd his earneſt gaze;
She glance for glance, and bluſh for bluſh, repays;
Their eyes prove faithful to the melting heart,
Waft the fond wiſh, and all the ſoul impart.

Line 287. *My hated garb,*) She wore the Iſraelitiſh dreſs.

No pride of beauty wak'd his young deſires;
Nor eye that ſparkles, fraught with lambent fires;
Nor cheek, that gaily ſhines with morning glow;
Nor downy boſom, dipp'd in ſpotleſs ſnow.
He ſigh'd for charms of nature more refin'd,
The Maker's image, in the fair one's mind;
Such charms, as found in heaven, delight improve,
And plac'd in angels prompt an angel's love.
Thus while they paus'd; with ſweet, and modeſt grace,
Fear in his eye, and bluſhes o'er his face,
The trembling youth began---O Chief divine!
My parent's voice thou heard'ſt, diſdain not mine.
To this bright maid my wiſhes would aſpire---
O blame not! frown not on the ſpotleſs fire!---
Thou know'ſt the joy her virtues yield to thee;
Then think her hand were paradiſe to me.
Pleas'd the Chief ſaw his eyes with fondneſs ſhine,
And mien all modeſt, merit's faithful ſign,
And thus---O fair! 'tis thine alone to chooſe.
Say, muſt this heart ſo ſoon its darling loſe?
Canſt thou to Elam yield a willing hand,
And ſeek a guardian in a diſtant land?
With voice ſincere, unus'd her thoughts to hide,
And boſom frank, the virgin's laſting pride,
The guiſe, low-creeping Cunning muſt approve,
Fair mark of worth, and friend to virtuous love,
The maid replied---O ſire! 'tis bliſs to me,
To be by him belov'd, approv'd by thee.
The Chief return'd; Bleſs'd heir of ſpotleſs fame!
Thy choice and wiſdom ever aſk the ſame.
Receive, brave Elam! Joſhua's favourite care,
As angels virtuous, and as Eden fair.
Her hand, her heart ſhall heal thy bleeding mind,
Warm'd with pure love, and grac'd with truth refin'd,
Thy fainting ſtrength, thy languid eye inſpire,
Improve thy joys, and wake the Hero's fire,

Charm, with ſoft tenderneſs, thy griefs away,
And gild alike the darkneſs and the day.
And thou, brave Elam! ſtill, as morn returns,
While early tranſport in thy boſom burns,
On firm foundations let thy fondneſs reſt,
Nor cold indifference canker in thy breaſt.
Know, all the vows by heedleſs lovers given,
Though oft on earth forgot, are ſeal'd in heaven:
Then let thy fond connubial actions ſhow
Truth was the language of the lover's vow.
And thou, my child, to Heaven thyſelf approve;
Act all the ſoft commands of duteous love:
So ſhall your lives ſerenely dance away,
And bliſs unclouded light the ſetting day.
But now, brave friends, let pleaſure round us roll;
Enjoy the genial feaſt, and ſhare the bowl;
Three days, with me, and every pleaſure, ſtay;
The fourth glad morn ſhall gild your homeward way.
Thus he. The feelings of each grateful breaſt
With manly dignity the chiefs confeſs'd.
In converſe mild they ſate. With buſy care,
Th' attendant train the cheerful feaſt prepare;
With kindly warmth the ſmoaking cauldrons glow,
And ſweet thro' ether riſing odours flow.
So vaſt, ſo various, was the Leader's mind,
It rov'd through every region, unconfin'd;
From ſcenes ſublime, with ſoft tranſition, ran
Thro' all the duties, all the weal, of man;
At once his friends, his race, his Maker, ſerv'd;
At once his own domeſtic bliſs preſerv'd;
In nice dependence rang'd the ſervant train,
And o'er his houſe bade beauteous order reign.
Thro' all their minds Religion's influence ran---
Men, true to Heaven, he knew were true to man---
Her ſons he choſe; and with all-bounteous ſway,
Rewarded, rul'd, and led in virtue's way:

Hence, rich return of all his watchful toil,
No murmur pain'd him, and no houſhold broil.
Peace round his manſion ſhed her influence mild,
And cheerful, friendly, each domeſtic ſmil'd.
Now the lov'd maid had 'ſcap'd from ſavage bands,
With twofold pleaſure, wrought their active hands.
So juſt, ſo gentle was her angel mind,
To want ſo bounteous, and to all ſo kind,
Her, as the Leader, each alert obey'd,
And thought it bliſs to pleaſe the heavenly maid.
Mean time, ſelected for the genial feaſt,
To Joſhua's tent came many a princely gueſt;
Their courteous hearts the noble ſtrangers greet,
And hail the fair with gratulation ſweet.
O'er a vaſt board a wide pavilion ſpread,
With grandeur ſhin'd, and caſt a pleaſing ſhade.
There ſate the gueſts; there cates delight the ſoul;
There wines inſpiring tinge the ſpacious bowl:
They taſte, enjoy, and, with light converſe gay,
In calm oblivion roll their cares away.
O'er all great Joſhua ſhone, with aſpect mild,
Cheer'd every gueſt, and with ſoft ſplendor ſmil'd:
Touch'd by his eyes, each heart with rapture glow'd,
And ſweet complacence every face o'erflow'd.
So round th' immenſe the ſun's broad glories ſtream,
Spread boundleſs life, and pour the etherial flame;
Warm'd with pure light, the golden planets roll,
And ſmile ſoft-beaming joy from pole to pole,
In endleſs pride, at beauteous diſtance, riſe,
Swell the great pomp, and glad the earth, and ſkies.
There, like the day-ſtar, beauteous Irad ſhone,
His ſplendors leſſening in the nearer ſun;
Full on the Chief a ſparkling eye he turn'd,
And as he gaz'd, with bright ambition burn'd,
Mark'd all the glories of his awful face,
His ſolemn grandeur, and his matchleſs grace;

While hoary Hezron watch'd with boding eyes,
And ſaw, well-pleas'd, the future hero riſe.
There too, in tranſport brighten'd Caleb's pride,
With tears, embracing Elam's lovely bride;
Yet felt ſoft pain, to ſee her favourite's charms,
The deſtin'd treaſure of a ſtranger's arms,
To ſee her days at diſtance doom'd to roll,
And mingling friendſhip ſoothe no more the ſoul.
In eaſy converſe paſs'd the hours away;
Each face ſhone cheerful, and each heart was gay;
In glad ſucceſſion went the goblets round,
And blended voices gave a jocund ſound.
Mean time throng'd numerous round the Leader's door;
The ſtranger, orphan, widow, and the poor;
Call'd from each tribe, by Joſhua's kind command,
A rare-felt joy inſpir'd the friendleſs band;
They feaſted, ſang, and in the dance combin'd,
Pour'd forth the raptures of th' oblivious mind:
Then, moving various, o'er the camp they ſpread,
Each bliſs imploring on the Leader's head.
When now the feaſt was o'er, the ſun drew nigh
The gilded borders of the weſtern ſky:
Forth to the temple march'd th' illuſtrious train,
The thouſands gathering o'er th' extended plain.
From a tall rock, amid the ſilent crowd,
The ſuppliant Hero rais'd his voice aloud---
O thou, whoſe hand illum'd yon rolling fire,
Stretch'd the wide plains, and bade the hills aſpire,
Rul'd by whoſe power, the ſtars unnumber'd riſe,
And ſwift-wing'd lightnings flame athwart the ſkies,
Storms ride majeſtic o'er th' etherial plain,
And wake the ſleeping thunders of the main!
Empires, at thy command, ariſe, and fall;
And flight and triumph haſten at thy call!
Diſcloſe, O Power Divine! thy ſovereign voice---
Does combat pleaſe thee? combat is our choice---

Does peace delight thee? peace alone we prize,
Led by thy will, and guided by thine eyes.
By thee this land to Abraham's race was given,
'Till ſuns withdraw, and ſtars are loſt in heaven:
If now the bright poſſeſſion GOD ordain,
And crowns await us, on the crimſon plain,
By ſome great ſign th' eternal ſmiles diſplay,
And point our footſteps to the fierce affray!
  At once a hollow wind began to roll,
As diſtant thunders rumble round the pole;
The fields grew black, the foreſts felt th' alarm,
And ſwift through ether ruſh'd a cloudy ſtorm,
High heaven all trembled with the dreadful ſound,
And peals on peals, convulſive, ſhook the ground.
Far round the ſacred dome the darkneſs ſpread;
The ſun's clear ſplendor vaniſh'd in the ſhade:
Red flames burſt forth; the conſcious mountains nod,
And the world ſmokes beneath th' approaching GOD.
  In ſilent awe, the camp aſtoniſh'd ſtood;
And each burn'd fiercely for the day of blood.
Fix'd in ſtill wonder, gaz'd the ſtranger pair,
And mark'd, with anxious mind, the darkening air,
The dome, invelop'd in the ſable ſhroud,
And peals deep-murmuring in the hollow cloud:
With ſolemn look, each freqnent eyed his friend,
And felt, inſtinctive, half-form'd prayers aſcend.
  Mean time the Leader every chief commands---
Two days, let peace refreſh the fainting bands;
The third glad ſun, awak'd by trumpet's ſound,
Shall light our falchions to the deathful ground.
Sleep, hapleſs Ai! thy laſt returning day
Soon gilds thy turrets with a pitying ray.
And let the chief, th' important charge who owns,
Of all our wealth, our wives, and blooming ſons,
Bid a long trench wind through the tented ground,
And guardian walls the ſpacious camp ſurround.

He ſpoke. With joy th' attendant chiefs obey'd,
And round the camp the glad commands convey'd.
The ſquadrons ardent wait th' appointed morn,
Cleanſe their blue ſhields, and poliſh'd coats adorn.
So Joſhua will'd; for well the Hero knew
How glittering ſteel allur'd the raviſh'd view;
Thence prais'd the chief, in ſhining neatneſs arm'd,
Averſe from toys, but with true beauty charm'd;
And thence in glorious panoply he blaz'd,
A great example, acting all he prais'd.
Now round the world pale Eve her ſadneſs threw;
Still, ſolemn darkneſs cloudy curtains drew:
Through the wide camp the Leader trac'd his way,
To learn what wiſhes mark'd the buſy day.
Ai, full in view, each heart to combat fir'd,
And with gay proſpects every breaſt inſpir'd.
No thought of Egypt boding minds embrac'd;
No childiſh fear even vulgar ſouls diſgrac'd:
In deep oblivion ſunk the painful wound,
And fierce impatience hop'd th' embattled ground.
Pleas'd the great Hero heard th' exulting ſtrain,
And wandering, liſtening, ſought his tent again.
When now the morn look'd mildly from the eaſt,
To Joſhua Elam thus his voice addreſs'd---
O Chief of Iſrael, crown'd with grace divine!
Let health's green garland round thy temples twine.
To bleſs mankind be ſtill thy lov'd employ;
To ſerve thy Maker ſtill thy ſacred joy;
No hour of thine to waſting grief be given;
Let each more brightly roll, and antedate thy heaven!
But now, his years impatient of delay,
My hoary father hopes our homeward way.
Indulge, great prince, our eager wiſh to bear
The rapturous tidings to his longing ear.
His ſoul rejoic'd will ſmile at nature's pains,
And life flow ſwifter through his icy veins.

Bid us with ſpeed our deſtin'd path reſume,
And bleſs a parent, ſinking in the tomb.
He ſpoke. Hareſhah join'd the youth's requeſt:
Even Mina's eyes a ſecret wiſh confeſs'd.
In love's kind heat, like ice in ſummer's ray,
All former ties, diſſolving, paſs away;
To new-found friends the ſoul oblivious flies,
New objects charm us, and new paſſions riſe.
The Hero ſaw, and kindly bade depart
The lov'd, the long-loſt favourite of his heart;
With arms impaſſion'd claſp'd the bright-eyed fair,
Kiſs'd with fond look, and dropp'd a tender tear.
On gay-dreſs'd camels, toward the ſetting day,
With converſe ſweet, the lovers bent their way;
Like two fair ſtars, that ſhed a lonely light,
And ſink in clouds, above the mountain's height.
Two ſeers their ſteps attend, to point the way,
That ends in manſions of unchanging day.
And now, o'er all the camp, the raptur'd throng
Crowd the wide plain, and wake th' enlivening ſong.
Here cheerful thouſands bid the walls aſcend;
And broad, and deep, the lengthening trenches bend.
Here the ſtrong arm the falchion learns to wield,
Or hurls the javelin o'er the meaſur'd field.
With ſhouts of praiſe the conquerors oft are crown'd,
And clanging bucklers ſwell th' applauding ſound.
Part, join'd in crowds, in mimic fight engage,
Range their ſmall hoſts, and ſport with ſeeming rage;
From force unequal here the vanquiſh'd fly;
There, with deep groans, diſſembling victims die.
Mean time all-watchful Hanniel, round the plain,
From crowd to crowd, inſpir'd the buſy train.
He knew the plot, the generous Youth diſclos'd,
To dark ſuſpicion ſaw his name expos'd;
To wipe diſgrace, his influence to recall,
And, with light, ſecret ſnares, to gather all,

From tent to tent he urg'd his active way,
And blam'd with words severe, the wild affray.
Me, cried the hero, Israel's thousands know
A fair unchanging friend, or open foe.
To generous war since Israel's voice is given,
To war I fly, and hope the smiles of Heaven.
Rouse then to arms; for glorious fight prepare;
Each thought of peace, each terror vile forbear:
Let glory's fire each warrior's breast inflame,
And deathless deeds shall brighten Jacob's name.
Thus he. The wile the thoughtless thousands drew,
Snar'd by soft words, and caught by gilding shew;
For war, invigor'd, glow'd th' undaunted mind,
And kindling eye-balls with new lustre shin'd.
No walls they need, to stay th' impending foe;
Yet, with light labour, swift the barriers grow:
Hope high in view display'd unmeasur'd spoil,
Sooth'd every pain, and lessen'd every toil.
As thus serenely pass'd the cheerful day,
And care, and grief, oblivious roll'd away,
At once shrill rang, from eastern woods afar,
The cry of foes, and growing sound of war.
The sporting warriors, prompt at dread alarms,
Ceas'd from each game, and brac'd for fight their arms;
O'er eastern fields, with rapid steps they hied.
And bands conjoining swell'd th' embattled pride.
From the wood hastening, flew, with wild surprize,
Two timorous youths, and rais'd lamenting cries,
With trembling voice, they said---Of nought afraid,
Through yonder grove, with easy course, we stray'd;
A savage band, by twining shrubs conceal'd,
Burst on our path, and half enclos'd the field.
Amaz'd we flew. Snar'd by the tangling vine,
Our heedless Partner fell; of Simeon's line;
Helon his name: they seiz'd him fallen; in vain
Uplifting cries, and bore him o'er the plain.

Quick, at the ſound, a warrior rais'd his voice---
'Tis my own ſon; the ſpring of all my joys---
Haſte, haſte, brave friends, my darling Helon ſave;
Nor yield your faithful Shallum childleſs to the grave.
The train, inſpir'd, with nimbler footſteps flew;
Each preſs'd his ſhield, and each his falchion drew;
The youths, before them, ſhew'd the ſadden'd way,
Where the fell heathens bore their hapleſs prey;
Where the cloſe thicket wrapp'd the ambuſh'd force,
And bending ſhrubs, and footſteps mark'd their courſe.
Thence the glad train, with eaſe, the foe purſued,
And hoping, haſtening, ſcower'd the devious wood.
Now, where all-anxious through the favouring ſhade,
Their hapleſs prize the heathens ſwift convey'd;
Weening, ere morn, through Oran's camp to bear
The youth, with tidings of th' expected war,
The heroes ruſh'd: his friends glad Helon knew;
Loud roſe his voice; the warriors eager flew;
While the bold heathens ſtay'd their uſeleſs flight,
New-brac'd their ſhields, and ſtrung their nerves for fight.
Shrill through the woods the claſh of arms aroſe;
Theſe, fix'd to hold, and fierce to reſcue, thoſe;
The foreſt ſhook. In front, confeſs'd to view,
Full on the heathens raging Shallum flew.
One with his lance, and one with griding ſteel,
He ſlew: the victims gave a hideous yell.
To his ſon's voice he wing'd his furious courſe;
Nought ſtay'd his ſpeed, and nought withſtood his force.
Where two huge heathens ſtruggling Helon led,
He wildly ſprang; one flew; the other bled:
With frantic joy he ſeiz'd his raptur'd hand,
And urg'd him trembling toward the friendly band.
There ſcarce arriv'd, a javelin pierc'd his ſide;
He groan'd, he ſunk, grew pale, and fainting died.
Aghaſt, his darling's fate the ſire beheld,
Then ruſh'd delirious round the woody field;

On the fled heathens ſtretch'd his raging courſe,
O'ertook, and ſingly drove the gather'd force:
Three fierce he flew; the reſt, in devious ways,
Fled o'er the field, and 'ſcap'd the hero's chace.
At length return'd, with a deep, burſting groan,
In ſtrong embrace he claſp'd his hapleſs ſon,
Preſs'd to his boſom, bore him o'er the plain,
And, mid the weeping warriors, ſought the camp again.

THE CONQUEST of CANÄAN.

BOOK V.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MENT.

Evening. Irad and Selima walk out on the plain southward of the camp, and begin a conversation concerning the nature and designation of the visible heavens. Original state of Man, and of Creation. Reflections on the fall of Man. Wisdom and benevolence of the present system asserted. Threefold state of man, emblematized in the butterfly. Fanciful ideas of Heaven. An old man, in the habit of a beggar, solicits alms of Irad, and is directed to repair to Hezron. The old man informs him that his request was but a pretence, and he came out of the Camp to stimulate him to the war, and uses a variety of arguments to accomplish the design. He retires, and Irad and Selima, terrified by the appearance of a meteor, return to the Camp. Morning. Irad goes to his father, and with earnest sollicitations, obtains leave to go out to the next battle. He communicates the intelligence to Selima. A thousand young volunteers choose him their leader. Evening. Joshua sends Zimri with a body of troops to lie in ambush on the western side of Ai.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK V.

NOW ſunk the ſun beneath the weſtern main,
And deepening twilight ſhaded every plain:
To the known tent untroubled Irad ſped,
And forth, with proffer'd hand, Selima led.
Through ſouthern fields they trac'd their eaſy way,
And love, and rapture, chang'd the night to day.
The weſtern beam decay'd: th' expanding ſky
Spread clear, and boundleſs, to th' attentive eye:
Scarce fill'd, the moon aſcends the vaulted even,
And ſlow behind rolls on the pride of heaven;
With joy, th' unenvious planets round her play,
Join their glad beams, and ſwell the mimic day;
From ſtar to ſtar the mingling luſtre flies;
Unmeaſur'd beauty clothes the lucid ſkies;
Huſh'd in calm ſilence ſleeps the world ſerene,
And floating ſplendor gilds the ſhadowy ſcene.
Round the mix'd glories of the ſpacious ſky
The pair inſtinctive turn'd a raptur'd eye,
From ſcene to ſcene with riſing wonder ran,
And mild, with accent ſweet, the maid began---
In yon broad field what ſcenes of glory ſhine!
The bright effuſions of a ſource divine!
Great as the hand, that form'd yon lucid way!
Fair as the morn, that op'd immortal day!

In earlieſt youth, when firſt my feeble mind
In nature's works celeſtial power divin'd,
To thoſe gay regions fancy ſtretch'd her flight,
And rov'd, and ſported, mid the gems of light.
For whom, I cried, aſcend yon glowing fires?
What favourite firſt-born of th' angelic choirs?
Thoſe azure curtains? that ſublime abode?
A tent of glory for ſome darling God!
Say, lovelieſt Prince! for thy ſuperior mind
Walks, with ſure ſtep, in wiſdom's path refin'd,
Why rove ſo far th' unnumber'd flames on high?
Why caſt their endleſs beauty through the ſky?
Is yon blue frame, that limits morn and even,
The ſapphire pavement of ſome nobler heaven?
Are ſtars but gems of unborn light, that ſpread
With duſt of gold the ſtreets where angels tread?
Or if for man theſe works of glory ſhine,
For earth-born reptiles furniture divine;
Say why ſo ſtrange the acts of Heaven appear,
There ſuch bright pomp, ſuch wondrous meanneſs here.
The Youth return'd---Fair as thoſe lucid eyes,
All lovely maid! thy bright ideas riſe.
In vain proud man, with ſelf-applauſe runs o'er
His arts of Egypt, and his Eaſtern lore,
Thy ſoul, on nature's pinions, takes her flight,
And, ſelf-inſtructed, gains a nobler height.
When from the deep, aſcended earth, and heaven,
To man, ſole heir, the mighty boon was given.
Unlike his ſons, no guilt his mind deform'd;
His life, his limbs, no fierce diſeaſes ſtorm'd;
Nor death's cold poiſon pal'd his growing bloom,
Nor knew his feet the journey to the tomb.
Young beauty's purple ſplendor round him play'd;
Immortal Health his vigorous limbs array'd;
Life, eldeſt heireſs of th' empyreal ſky,
Smil'd on his cheek, and bloſſom'd in his eye.

Array'd in endleſs light, his infant mind
Shone with fair truth, and glow'd with grace refin'd;
Her robe ſky-tinctur'd, Virtue round him threw;
Unchanging jubilee his paſſions knew;
Heaven's living lamp, with clear, and conſtant ſhine,
Sunn'd the pure regions of the world within.
Far other glories then aroſe to view;
Parts anſwering parts, and beauties ever new.
With ſtrong, bright charms the heaven angelic ſhin'd;
The varying proſpect charm'd th' inchanted mind;
Soft ſtrains of rapture bade all ether ring;
The gales, all fragrance, ſhed the light of ſpring;
From ſtars, from moonbeams, life's ſweet influence flew,
Inſpir'd the ſtreams, and glow'd in foſtering dew;
Bade with ſtrong life the purpling fruits refine,
And warm'd the boſom with a youth divine.
Then reign'd fair Love, th' immortal bliſs of heaven;
Then ſocial angels came on clouds of even;
Here trac'd new wonders of th' omniſcient Mind,
Strange to their world, and firſt on earth deſign'd;
In countleſs forms, where love and beauty glow'd,
And ſtamp'd a rival of the bright abode.
His hand ſuch nature to the man aſſign'd,
His form ſo temper'd, and ſo wrought his mind,
All gave delight; where ſpring diſplay'd her prime;
Or where blank winter froze the deſert clime;
The vale's ſoft pride; the flower's etherial form;
The mountain's grandeur, and the ſolemn ſtorm.
But when foul guilt debas'd the beauteous mind,
The ſkies grew dim, and ſickening nature pin'd.
With converſe ſweet, no more kind angels came:
No bliſsful morning ſhed th' eternal beam;
No more from ſtarry realms life's influence fell,
And peace, and Eden bade the world farewell.
Yet ſtill with clear, though faded luſtre, glow'd
The love, the greatneſs, of a bountcous GOD.

What though cold eaſt winds wither'd all the plain;
Though blaſts, and mildews ſhrunk the golden grain;
Pale evening's, ſkirts the froſt, and damp o'erhung;
Air bred diſeaſe, and worms the fruitage ſtung:
Still o'er the mountains ſtars ſerenely riſe;
Still the ſoft moonbeam trembles from the ſkies;
The ſun, fair image of unborrow'd day,
Lights heaven, and earth, and cheers the boundleſs ſea;
Reviving ſeaſons, crown'd with luſtre, roll,
And plains of plenty glad th' expecting ſoul.
  Theſe ſplendid ſcenes ſurprize thy curious mind;
For worms too noble, and for foes too kind.
But not too noble, or too kind, they ſhine,
The works of wiſdom, power, and love, divine.
From morn's gay bounds, to ſkirts of diſtant even,
They teach the hand, and ſpread the name, of Heaven;
In beauty, grandeur, make JEHOVAH known,
But mark, with faded charms, a world undone.
Yet theſe, could man the common bliſs purſue,
Would gentle peace, and ſmiling joy, renew,
Light, with ſoft-beaming hope, the cheerful day,
And drive grim war, and cankering hate, away.
  Thus ſpoke the Prince. The tender maid replies,
While her ſad boſom heaves unbidden ſighs.
Fair ſcenes of bliſs thy living words diſcloſe,
Realms of gay youth, and times of ſweet repoſe.
Oh had our ſire! but hence, ye wiſhes vain!
No fancied joy ſhall edge returning pain---
Yet too, too bliſsful is the fond employ,
To nurſe gay hope, and dream unreal joy;
Abroad in fields of airy light to roam,
And fly th' envenom'd grief, that lurks at home.
Ah, had the fatal fruit, untaſted hung,
What bliſs had brighten'd! and what glory ſprung!
In gentleſt union theſe bleſs'd hands had join'd,
One wiſh inform'd us, and one ſoul intwin'd;

On ſome lone hill our envied manſion ſtood,
There rich perfumes in morning breezes flow'd;
Sweet Peace around it wav'd her balmy wing,
And Youth unchanging dreſs'd eternal ſpring.
There, O bleſs'd lot! each innocent employ
Had form'd, and cheriſh'd mild, domeſtic joy:
The walk all-pleaſing, virtuous love refin'd;
Our flocks, our proſpects, ſooth'd th' improving mind;
For me, the garden op'd its ſpicy bloom;
For thee, ſoft veſture whiten'd o'er the loom:
Our growing bliſs the ſun delay'd to ſee,
And the poor heathen been as bleſs'd as we.
Ah dire reverſe! while round this field of gore,
War's hoarſe rough-grating clangors ceaſeleſs roar;
While ſons, and fathers, in one hour are ſlain,
And each bright youth muſt tempt the fatal plain;
While the ſad virgin ſees, with wearied eye,
No hope remains her, but to weep, and die;
While pain, and grief, and half-form'd joy invade,
And ſuns gay-riſing ſet in mournful ſhade.
Kind, tender maid! the ſmiling Prince return'd---
The hapleſs fall how ſweetly haſt thou mourn'd!
Thy voice, all muſic, wins the raptur'd ear;
Yet more perſuaſive drops that melting tear.
But, O bright maid! by ſtrong affections driven,
Let no fond wiſh oppoſe the choice of Heaven.
To man's firſt guilt ten thouſand ills adjoin'd,
Writhe the torn limbs, and agonize the mind:
Pain, famine, toil, the ſword, the ruthleſs wave,
Care, envy, broken faith, ſad ſorrow, and the grave.
Yet GOD's high acts unerring wiſdom guides,
And boundleſs love his every choice decides.
Hence all events, and hence all beings right,
Beſt in their places, to beſt ends unite.
Hence from ſmall ills unmeaſur'd good ſhall flow;
Hence joys unnumber'd ſpring from every woe:

Through the vaſt whole th' eternal glories ſhine,
One great I AM, all-beauteous, all divine.
Thus the great Prophet ſung; and oft my ſire
With theſe bleſs'd truths my tender heart would fire,
When, won to virtue, on his lips I hung,
And learn'd pure wiſdom from his friendly tongue.
Heaven's high behеſt, had faithleſs man obey'd,
A peaceful earth his eye had ſtill ſurvey'd;
Mild hours and ſeaſons ſoft o'er nature run;
His ſons, in millions, ſpread to lands unknown;
To Eden's bowers the filial nations come,
Hail'd their great ſire, and own'd their happier home.
While from his throne, ſupreme of all below,
He ſaw well-pleas'd, his mighty kingdom grow;
His ſubjects children, love his potent ſway,
And one vaſt houſhold ſpread to every ſea.
But, ſprung from earth, and ſtill to earth confin'd,
No fairer bliſs had flow'd for poor mankind:
No law had given the high, ſtupendous claim,
To ſoar, and brighten in th' immortal flame.
Now to thoſe climes where, 'twixt delight and pain,
Expands, untravers'd, night's eternal main,
Worms, born of duſt, may point their lofty way,
And ſeize the bliſs of ever-riſing day.
Oft on the flower, emboſom'd in perfume,
Thou ſeeſt gay butterflies in beauty bloom;
With curious eye, the wondrous inſect ſcan,
By Heaven ordain'd a threefold type of man.
Firſt from the dung-hill ſprang the ſhining form,
And crawl'd to view, a hideous, loathſome worm;
To creep, with toil, his inch-long journeys, curs'd;
The ground his manſion, and his food the duſt:
To the next plant, his moment o'er, he drew,
And built his tomb, and turn'd to earth anew.
Oft, from the leaf depending, haſt thou ſeen
Their tombs, with gold bedropp'd, and cloth'd in green;

There ſlept th' expectant, 'till the plaſtic beam
Purg'd his vile droſs, and bade his ſplendors flame.
Then burſt the bonds: at once in glory riſe
His form etherial, and his changing dies,
Full on the lucid morn his wings unfold,
Starr'd with ſtrong light, and gay in living gold;
Through fields of air at large the wonder flies,
Wafts on the beams, and mounts th' expanded ſkies,
O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph waves;
Imbibes their fragrance, and their charms out-braves;
The birds his kindred, heaven his manſion, claims,
And ſhines, and wantons, in the noon-day flames.
  So man, poor worm! the nurſling of a day!
Springs from the duſt, and dwells in humble clay;
Around his little mole-hill doom'd to creep,
To drag life's load, and end his toil with ſleep.
In ſilence to the grave his form deſcends,
And waits the trump, that time and nature ends,
There ſtrength imbibes, the beam of heaven to bear;
There learns, refin'd, to breathe its fragrant air;
Of life the bloom, of youth the ſplendor, gains,
And, cloth'd in beauty, hopes empyreal plains.
Then, wing'd with light, the deathleſs man ſhall riſe,
Sail through yon ſtars, and ſoar from ſkies to ſkies;
See heavens, o'er heavens, beneath him leſſening roll,
And feel the Godhead warm his changing ſoul;
From beauty's fount inhale th' immortal ray,
And grow from light to light, in cloudleſs day;
Mid morn's fair legions, crown'd with grace, be known,
The peer of angels, and of GOD the ſon.
  But O what ſcenes in that far region glow!
What crowns of patience! what rewards of woe!
  From yon tall hill, when morn's inviting air
To woodland wandering lur'd thy choſen fair,
Thou know'ſt how ſweet gay proſpects to deſcry,
And catch new Edens with the raviſh'd eye.

In living green, the lawns at diſtance lay,
Where ſnowy flocks mov'd round in vernal play;
High tower'd the nodding groves; the cliffs ſublime
Left the low world, and dar'd th' aſſaults of time;
Huge domes heav'd haughty to the morning fires,
And the ſun trembled round a thouſand ſpires:
All heaven was mild; and borne from ſubject vales,
A cloud of fragrance cheer'd th' inchanting gales.
Such pleaſing ſcenes if this drear earth ſupply,
What ſcenes, what glories bloom beyond the ſky!
There with ſtrong life the plains immortal glow;
There Beauty bids her ſtreams of rapture flow:
There changing, brightening, reigns th' extatic power;
Smiles in each fruit, and burns in every flower;
In ſolemn domes, with growing pride, aſpires;
Gems with fair ſtars, and robes in living fires;
Round the trees wantons; on the mountains blooms;
Charms in new ſongs, and melts in ſtrange perfumes.
And O, of liquid light what ſeas extend!
What ſkies impurple! and what ſtars aſcend!
But ceaſe, my tongue! nor headlong ruſh too near
The ſun, that kindles heaven's eternal year.
When great Meſſiah ſhall thoſe gates unbar,
Where grief recedes, and pain, and death, and war;
Then freed from droſs, from every ſtain refin'd,
And dreſs'd in all the elegance of mind,
To her own manſion ſhall thy Soul aſpire,
And add new raptures to the ſainted choir.
With love divine thy heart has learn'd to glow;
Smil'd at each joy, and wept at every woe;
In each ſoft ſtation amiably ſtood,
And ſhewn the bright ambition to be good;
The beſt, the loveliest daughter, ſiſter, friend;
Thy life all virtue, and the heavens thine end.
Scarce, of thy years, can blooming cherubs claim
A purer conſcience, or a fairer name.

Pleas'd as he ſpoke, an aged Form drew near,
The moon-beams whitening o'er his ſilver hair.
His quivering limbs a tatter'd garb array'd;
A ſtaff his ſlow, and faltering footſteps ſtay'd---
Oh youth! he ſaid, in wealth thy lot is caſt;
Let humble Poverty thy bounty taſte.
Large as thy treaſure be thy heart to give;
Thy bread impart, and bid my children live.
Sire! cried the Youth, to Hezron's tent repair;
The poor, unfriended, never enter'd there.
To ſhare his wealth the Heaven-ſent ſtrangers come;
There orphans, beggars, find a conſtant home.
His pious acts in ſweet memorial riſe,
And prayers of thouſands bleſs him from the ſkies.
Return'd the ſage. To life's far diſtant end,
On thee may Judah's envied bliſs deſcend!
From Aſher's race I ſpring, nor of thy fire,
Nor thee, fair Prince! or clothes, or food require.
My higheſt wiſh the gifts of Heaven exceed;
Though ſmall my portion, yet far leſs my need.
But O lov'd Youth! my faithful counſels hear;
Let hoary Age command thy liſtening ear.
Thy growth, thy beauty, nobler than thy peers,
Mine eyes attentive mark'd from earlieſt years:
I ſaw thy limbs in fair proportion riſe,
And thy face ſmile the image of the ſkies.
Thy mind all-lovely, every voice proclaim'd;
For ſenſe diſtinguiſh'd, and for virtue fam'd;
Bounteous and brave thy heart; thy tongue diſcreet;
Thy manners courteous, and thy temper ſweet.
Oft on theſe plains when gathering armies ſpread,
The long van darken'd, and proud enſigns play'd;
Abſorb'd, I ſaw thee war's gay ſplendors view,
Trace the deep files, and moving chiefs purſue;
I ſaw the martial flame inſtinctive riſe,
And growing lightnings tremble in thine eyes;

I ſaw, and ſmil'd; and Iſrael's voice approv'd,
That deſtin'd empire to thine arm belov'd.
But ſtill, impell'd by ſtrong deſire to find
If Fame well ſung the beauties of thy mind,
I watch'd thy ſteps, when evening hid the main,
Aſſum'd theſe rags and ſought thee on the plain.
For know, fair Prince! in Truth's unbiaſs'd ſtate,
The proud are little, and the lowly great,
From man, man claims, of high, or low degree,
The courteous manners, I have found in thee.
Now o'er thy head have twice ten ſummers run;
The Youth is ripen'd, and the man begun:
Thy ſhapely limbs are ſinew'd into force,
To hurl the dart; to ſpeed the nimble courſe:
Yet on what plain in triumph haſt thou ſtood?
When, bold and active, dar'd the ſtrife of blood?
No ſcar of thine atteſts the patriot wound;
Thine arm inglorious, and thy wreaths unbound:
Should'ſt thou, when Joſhua ſleeps, the ſceptre bear;
How ſhall thy untaught mind conduct to war?
How know what counſels wiſdom bids embrace?
What ſtrength to arm? the ambuſh where to place?
Where on the field to ſtretch the dreadful wing?
Or with what words of fire the languid arm to ſtring?
Riſe then, brave Youth! from eaſe unhonour'd riſe!
Let ſun-bright glory tempt thine eager eyes!
When next approaching combat threats the field
Seize the ſtrong lance, and graſp the ſheltering ſhield;
If Hezron grant, the van's bright ſtation claim,
And leave the foremoſt in the chaſe of fame!
Ill fits vile eaſe a Prince of worth divine,
Whoſe countleſs graces fair as angels ſhine;
At home, unnotic'd, ſtretch'd in ſloth, to lie,
While friends, while fathers toil, and bleed, and die;

Line 323. *Twice ten ſummers*) This is a miſtake of the Sage.

To ſhare the ſpoils diſtain'd with others' gore,
A mean, falſe plunderer, when the battle 's o'er.
Then while to war thy bold companions run,
While deeds of glory, wreaths of life, are won;
On the dread ſword while Iſrael's cauſe ſuſpends;
While empire victory, ruin flight attends;
While in full view the field of promiſe lies,
And the brave arm ſhall win th' unmeaſur'd prize;
Demand thy ſhare, thy ſhare of danger claim;
The toils of danger give the crown of fame.
To thee, through tribes, through nations yet to come,
Let grateful Iſrael owe her proſperous doom;
Her endleſs rule; her land in beauty dreſs'd;
Her ſtream of glory, and her ages bleſs'd.
Thus, in far diſtant times, when Joſhua's name
Shall paſs, all-fragrant, down the tide of fame;
When future heroes to their ſons ſhall tell
How Hezron triumph'd, and how Sihon fell;
Combin'd with theirs, thy deeds ſhall waft along,
Swell the glad theme, and mingle in the ſong.
No ſhameful ſloth, no dread of manly toil,
No mean, falſe wiſh to ſhare in others' ſpoil,
No love of eaſe, the generous Youth replied---
To tents confine me, and to Hezron's ſide.
Far other wiſh my glowing mind inſpires;
Fame wings my thoughts, and war my boſom fires.
When Glory's ſons aſſembling hoſts array,
Th' extatic view bears all my ſoul away.
My pulſe beats high; my briſtling hair aſcends;
My heaving heart a thrilling anguiſh rends:
Sighs, prayers, and tears confeſs the growing pain;
But ſighs, and prayers, and melting tears are vain.
By love, beyond my higheſt claim impell'd,
My fire conſtrains me from th' embattled field.
Youth, frowns the chief, to ruin heedleſs flies;
From arms refrain, 'till years ſhall make thee wiſe.

Go tell thy ſire, the kindling ſage return'd,
Thy hated abſence Iſrael long have mourn'd.
In forceful language, aſk their wondering eyes,
Why ſunk in ſloth, their darling Irad lies,
Their voice demands thee to th' important plain,
To generous toils, and glories bought with pain:
They pant, they burn, to ſee thy ſplendors ſhine,
Thy falchion triumph, and thy garlands twine.
Not fame alone, but duty points the way,
And truth and virtue chide the dull delay.
This ſaid, the Ancient o'er the plain withdrew,
And, fading from the moon-beam, left the view.
As loſt in ſilence ſtood the wondering pair,
Or maz'd, bewilder'd, rov'd they knew not where,
A cloud aſcending eaſtern ſkies o'erſpread,
Involv'd the moon, and wrapp'd the world in ſhade:
A dim-ſeen luſtre cloth'd all heaven around,
And long, black ſhadows floated o'er the ground.
As deep and ſolemn the far whirlwind roars,
Or waves run rumbling under cavern'd ſhores,
With murmuring noiſe, o'er weſtern mountains came
A broad, and dark-red meteor's awful flame:
Far o'er the woods, and plains, its ſanguine hair
Stream'd wild, and dreadful, on the burden'd air.
As eaſtern groves its leſſening light abſorb,
Like thouſand thunders, burſts the rending orb;
Wide-ſhooting flames the glimmering ſky ſurround;
A gloomy glory ſpreads the twilight ground;
Loud o'er the world a long, hoarſe echo roars,
And ſad Canäan groans through all her ſhores.
Quick to the camp return'd th' aſtoniſh'd pair,
And half, in broken ſlumbers, loſt their care.
O'er anxious Irad hovering viſions play'd,
Call'd up fair ſcenes, or diſmal terrors ſhed;
Oft from his couch, in act to ſmite, he ſprang,
And oft his voice in ſhouts imperfect rang.

When first through broken clouds the morning shin'd,
In purpose firm he fix'd his doubtful mind;
At Hezron's feet, with graceful reverence stood,
And claim'd the blessing, e'er with joy bestow'd.
With dawning smiles, he bless'd his lovely son,
And sweet complacence round his aspect shone.
Will Hezron bend his ear? the favourite cries---
Speak, my belov'd---th' indulgent sire replies.
Thou know'st my bosom feels the warrior's flame,
Sighs for gay arms, and pants for generous fame;
For Israel weeps, to aid her cause aspires,
And burns tumultuous with resistless fires.
When next our host the shining falchion wield,
Bless'd sire! command me to th' embattled field.
Youths, o'er whose heads a few more months have run
In sport, the peers, the rivals of thy son,
In glory's bright career with heroes join,
And their fair names even now begin to shine.
Grant, best of parents! grant one blissful day,
And threefold duty shall thy love repay.
Why dost thou bring---the anxious sire replied---
The dread request, my love has oft denied?
Why must thy sire his favourite treasure lose?
Why will thy heart the path of danger choose?
That path, conceal'd where various evil lies,
And the brave perish, while the dastard flies.
More circling summers have those youths beheld;
Th'accustom'd age commands them to the field.
Scarce nineteen suns thine infant eyes have seen;
Secure from shame, enjoy thy hours serene.
Let truth, let wisdom be thy virtuous care;
And the sweet converse of thy darling fair.
Still with thy partners draw the mimic field;
The javelin hurl, the heavy falchion wield:
So taught their use, shalt thou, when battles join,
With fairer names, with veteran heroes shine;

In marſhal'd hoſts a nobler office claim,
And ſtride more ſwiftly in the chaſe of fame.
Return'd the favourite---To thy faithful ſon
Whene'er thy choice, indulgent ſire, was known,
No counter choice unduteous words confeſs'd,
But my ſole anſwer was obedience bleſs'd.
When laſt mild evening clos'd the cheerful day,
O'er ſouthern plains I trac'd my careleſs way;
There as I gaz'd the works of Heaven around,
A chief, of Aſher's race, my footſteps found---
Youth, cried the hoary ſage, the changing ſun
Beholds, well pleas'd, thy riper years begun.
The ſcenes of dangerous war thy breaſt demand,
And thy lov'd nation aſks thine aiding hand;
Their eyes require thee on the hoſtile plain,
Nor let a nation claim thy aid in vain.
Go tell thy ſire, while friends, while brothers die,
'Tis ſhame, 'tis guilt, in torpid eaſe to lie.
His duty bids him dreſs thy limbs in arms,
And thine ſtrait ſummons to the trump's alarms.
Haſte, virtuous Youth! thy nation's voice obey,
And fly, where Glory points her envied way.
Ah ſire belov'd! to ſhame, to fatal ſhame
Yield not thy darling Irad's opening name.
Think, beſt of parents! with what ſtings of gall,
Contempt and ſcorn a generous mind appall.
Save me from piercing ſcorn; from ruin ſave;
From daſtards ſnatch me; rank me with the brave;
Thy nation's call, more loud than thunders hear;
Though Irad fail, let Iſrael gain thine ear.
With anxious look, th' unwilling ſire replies,
The tears faſt-ſtreaming from his reverend eyes---
O ſon belov'd! beyond expreſſion dear!
The ground of every joy! and every fear!
This painful tale diſparts my troubled ſoul,
And bids my tears in large effuſion roll.

How can my heart to ſavage war reſign
My wealth, my boaſt, my glory, all that's mine;
The child, the joy, the image, of my mind;
The beſt, the only trace, I leave behind;
To prayers long-tried, all-fervent, kindly given;
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven?
From infant years thy lovely form to raiſe,
To lure thy mind to all that merits praiſe;
'Gainſt fatal ſnares thy youthful heart to arm,
With truth illumine, and with virtue warm,
Ten thouſand ſighs I breath'd, ten thouſand prayers,
Watch'd countleſs nights, and felt unnumber'd cares.
Each opening wiſh, each riſing thought, I ſcann'd;
Each new-born virtue nurs'd with foſtering hand:
The flower etherial ſaw, with rapture, bloom,
Glow with ſtrong light, and charm with choice perfume,
And each glad morn behold my praiſes riſe,
A grateful tribute to the bounteous ſkies.
As, touch'd with joy, thy beauties I behold,
Thy limbs invigorate, and thy thoughts unfold;
Thy pure complacence eye the all-lovely Mind;
Thy love, thy goodneſs flow to all mankind;
Thy aims expand beyond the flight of youth;
Thy tongue unvarying yield the voice of truth;
Thy cheerful bounty make the poor thy care;
Thy ſpotleſs mind affect ſo bright a fair;
Thy ſweet obedience every wiſh forerun,
And my bliſs double in my darling ſon;
Too bleſs'd, I wiſh, my pains, my toils review'd;
Each pain repeated, and each toil renew'd.
But chief, when that bright fair, who gave thee breath,
Sunk, pale and hapleſs, in the arms of death,
Thy hand ſo gently ſooth'd her long decay;
So ſweetly guileful lur'd her pains away;
Whole nights, whole days, ſuſtain'd her drooping head;
Dried her ſad tears, and watch'd her weary bed;

Like ſome mild angel, ſent from pitying ſkies,
Shed dewy ſlumbers on her languid eyes;
Illum'd the grave, ſeren'd the rugged way,
And cheer'd each fainting Hope of future day:
Me from myſelf thy matchleſs duty ſtole,
And chain'd thee lovely to my inmoſt ſoul.
Now to far regions is that parent gone,
And, but for thee, thy ſire were left alone:
From thee remov'd, no ſecond ſelf I know;
And, O bleſs'd favourite! ſolitude is woe.
When wing'd, my ſweet companion trac'd her flight,
A wildering gloom obſcur'd the cheerful light;
Each joy was baniſh'd from my hapleſs doom,
And not a wiſh remain'd me, but the tomb.
Her tent, forſaken, ſeem'd in ſhades to mourn;
Her empty ſeat implor'd her bleſs'd return:
Friends grac'd my board; her vacant place I view'd;
Down ruſh'd the tear, and every pang renew'd.
Through diſtant fields I roam'd; the fields were ſad:
No more her preſence bade the flowers be glad:
A ſolemn twilight round all nature ſpread,
Drear as dun caves, that houſe the ſilent dead.
Alone in crowds I ſtood, in fields alone;
My hope, my friend, my lovely ſolace gone.
But thou waſt left. In thy angelic face
Smil'd her lov'd image, glow'd her matchleſs grace:
To thee I flew; and, in thy duty, view'd
Her power to charm, her wiſh to bleſs, renew'd.
That peace, the world beſide could never give,
I found in thee, and lov'd again to live.
Too rich, too great, I own my Heaven-lent ſtore;
On earth, if thou may'ſt live, I aſk no more.
Shall then thy ſire that dread perſuaſion hear?
Or feel the urgence of that forceful tear?
Ah! how can Hezron thy lov'd life deſtroy,
And yield th' inſatiate grave my only joy?

For, O fond Irad! all the pride of ſtate,
Fair dreams, and painted bubbles, of the great,
No real joy, no gentle peace, contain,
But gay deceit, and undiſcover'd pain.
Whate'er in Wiſdom prompts a wiſh to live,
Soft, calm domeſtic ſcenes alone can give.
Should'ſt thou be ſlain, even theſe muſt ceaſeleſs mourn;
No joy betides me, and no hopes return;
A poor, deſpairing ſtranger, here I ſtay,
'Till Death's loud voice ſhall ſummon me away.
But ah! to combat Iſrael Irad calls---
The piercing ſound my ſtruggling heart appalls---
Was all my bliſs for Iſrael's weal beſtow'd?
And is a nation's voice the voice of GOD?
Go then, my ſon, may he thy boſom guard,
To triumph lead thee, and with fame reward;
Bright, and more bright, extend thy proſperous doom,
Or ſpeed my footſteps to an early tomb.
Thus the great chief; and riſing as he ſpoke,
In his right hand a ſword ſuſpended took;
Forth from the ſheath the blade refulgent drew,
And his ſad eye-balls kindled at the view.
Behold, brave youth---with earneſt voice he cried---
Thine is the ſword, thy ſire's, thy grandſire's pride;
By death of kings, and generous chiefs, renown'd,
With wreaths ennobled, and with triumphs crown'd.
When Egypt's ſons, on proud Sabea's plains,
By Moſes guided, pour'd their countleſs trains;
High in his haughty car a chieftain rode,
Bore down whole troops, and roll'd through brooks of blood;
Deep in his breaſt, while thouſands round him fell,
Thy generous Grandſire lodg'd this ſhining ſteel;
Then ceas'd the fight; Sabea's millions fled,
And the earth groan'd beneath the piles of dead.

Line 589. *Egypt's ſons*) See the account of the event referred to in Joſephus.

To Jahaz' deathless field when Sihon drew,
When combat thicken'd, and when dangers grew,
This arm, this falchion clave the monarch's side,
And low on earth abas'd his impious pride.
From Hezron's hand the honour'd gift embrace,
Dread of thy foes, and glory of thy race;
And while thy arm their weapon learns to wield,
Let the same spirit prompt thee to the field.
Each wild excess, each useless danger shun;
But first in virtue's course auspicious run:
Outstrip thy peers; To Joshua's height aspire;
Let real glory all thy wishes fire:
Let mine, my sire's, my tribe's, my nation's fame
Imbibe new splendors from thy added name.
Yet not one fear my boding mind alarms,
Lest Irad's deeds distain his parent's arms;
I know thy generous mind; and, fore'd to yield,
Assur'd, behold thee grace th' embattled field.
And oh! wilt thou, whose hand from every foe
My life preserv'd, and sooth'd in every woe,
My darling son defend! from thee he came;
Scarce born, I gave him to th' eternal Name;
Thine are his virtues; round his youthful head
A guardian shield may thy good angel spread.
Thus spoke the chief. In Irad's feeling soul
A strange, tumultuous joy began to roll:
As oft t' unfold his grateful heart he tried,
The suffocated sounds in silence died.
Down dropp'd the sword; and strait, with homage due,
The Youth enkindling from the tent withdrew;
Quick to the lovely fair-one trac'd his way,
And strove the tumult of his thoughts t' allay.
Her in the tent, with maidens compass'd round,
Select companions of her sports, he found.
There, sweetly welcom'd with instinctive smiles,
He smooth'd his face with new, but harmless wiles,

And, while ſoft art her tender mind prepar'd,
His own deſign, his ſire's conſent declar'd.
With guarded lips he ſpoke; but dire ſurprize
Pierc'd her ſad heart, and gloom'd her ſtarry eyes;
With one deep ſigh, ſhe felt her ſtrength decay,
Slid to the ground, and breath'd her life away.
Quick to her aid the Youth impaſſion'd flew:
And, with the virgins, bade her life renew;
Again reviv'd the ſplendor of her eye,
And ting'd her cheek with health's tranſcendent die.
O beſt belov'd! with tender voice he ſaid---
Let not ſuch anguiſh wound my beauteous maid!
Let cheerful hope thy timorous thoughts inſpire,
And thine eye languiſh with a brighter fire!
When o'er my head a few ſhort days ſhall roll,
My haſtening feet muſt reach th' appointed goal;
To manhood grown, the law, from heaven reveal'd,
Reſiſtleſs calls me to th' imbattled field.
If Iſrael's ſons my falchion earlier claim,
And kindly ſummon to the path of fame,
Why ſhould'ſt thou mourn? 'tis duty points the way;
When duty calls us, ſafety bids obey.
Thou know'ſt when evening laſt the ſkies attir'd,
The ſage, reproving, generous thoughts inſpir'd;
Firſt from his mouth my nation's choice I knew;
And ſwift to war my ſoul obſequious flew:
No place, no hope, to vile delay was given;
The call of nations is the call of Heaven.
Led by his voice, I truſt his guardian care;
With equal eaſe he ſaves in peace, and war.
The ſame good hand, that thro' the woodland ſhade,
To friends, to ſafety, loveliеſt Mina led,
Though thouſands fall, may Irad's boſom ſhield,
And wing th' averted javelin through the field.
Thus he, with ſofteſt voice, and fondeſt eye---
Then ſtopp'd; and anxious, hop'd the maid's reply.

She, plung'd in grief, and loſt in dread amaze,
Sate ſilent, ſolemn, fix'd in mournful gaze:
With tendereſt action on her looks he hung,
And thus vain ſolace tunes again his tongue.
But, doom'd to fall, ſhould Heaven my life demand,
And death betide me from a heathen's hand,
I fall in virtue's cauſe. Far happier doom,
In that bleſs'd path, to find a ſpeedy tomb!
Than, loſt in ſports, or ſunk in ſhameful eaſe,
To drag a worthleſs life, and ſwell in glorious days.
And O bright maid! without one guilty fear,
My thoughts can view reſiſtleſs death draw near.
In that far clime, where joy extends her reign,
My pinion'd ſoul ſhall ſpring to life again;
Strong with empyreal youth, ſhall trace her way,
And join the nations of immortal day.
Thence, when thy form is ſummon'd to the tomb,
Perchance my ſpirit, wing'd with light, ſhall come,
Hail thy releaſe from toil, and grief, and pain,
And raptur'd guide thee o'er the trackleſs main;
In bonds etherial there our ſouls be join'd,
And prove th' extatic nuptials of the mind.
With ſilent, ſad, and diſcontented air,
And face averted, ſate the liſtening fair.
While the deep woe her feeling boſom mourn'd,
With a long, heavy ſigh, ſhe thus return'd.
With boding heart I heard the ſage's tale,
But felt fond hopes the dire deſign would fail;
That Hezron's choice, ſo often tried in vain,
Would ſtill confine thee from the fatal plain.
Yet thy lov'd maid, with gentle words, deſign'd
To change thy wiſh, and ſooth thy eager mind;
But my ſoul trembled at the dreadful light,
And every ſenſe was loſt in wild affright.
Now to dire fate my fondeſt hope muſt yield,
While empty fame allures thee to the field.

But O bleſs'd youth! by ſoft intreaties won,
Where duty calls not, hideous danger ſhun.
Let not thy ardour fame's high impulſe feel,
Tempt nearer fight, and try the deathful ſteel.
The fatal front to veteran warriors give;
Be thy rich boon, thy bleſs'd reward, to live.
I know thy boſom burns with glory's fire;
I know what viſions war's bright beams inſpire.
I fear, would Heaven the cauſe were leſs to fear,
Leſt thy bold footſteps headlong ruſh too near;
Leſt, wing'd with zeal, on inſtant death thou fly,
And leave thy hapleſs maid to weep, and die.
For ah! on Irad all my joys ſuſpend;
Grow with thy bliſs, and with thy life extend.
Should then dread war compel thee to the grave,
The ſad, untimely portion of the brave,
Whither, ah whither can Selima fly?
Where find a friend, to bid her early die?
Robb'd of thy face, the world's a deſart drear;
The houſe of pain, and grief, and cankering care;
Forlorn, and friendleſs, life's lone path I tread,
And aſk no lot, but with the ſilent dead.
Nor all thoſe joys, thou know'ſt to paint ſo fair,
Can ſooth ſad woe, or lighten dark deſpair.
With thee conjoin'd, I claim my only doom,
Alike well-pleas'd, or here, or in the tomb.
Scarce would my ſoul, without thee heaven explore,
Where the firſt joy ſhall be to part no more.
Oh, would the Chief thy anguiſh'd maiden hear,
And mark thy ſtation in the humbler rear!
There no fell heathen would thy life annoy;
Nor fatal danger threat Selima's joy:
'Till age, 'till art, from ſure experience won,
Had taught thee caution's every wile to ſhun.
And then, ah then might peace our days ſerene;
War ceaſe to rage, and foes no more be ſeen;

Bliſs, in glad ſtreams, around our land extend,
And every ſigh, and grief, and terror end.
Thus ſpoke the ſaddening maid. With pleaſing guile,
The tender Prince recall'd her vaniſh'd ſmile;
With tales amuſive lur'd her grief away,
And cheer'd her ſoul with hope's inlivening ray.
Meantime, through Iſrael ſpread the rumour far,
That matchleſs Irad join'd the coming war.
Charm'd with the tale, a bold, and generous train
Of youths, his rivals, throng'd the vacant plain;
And there, with one glad voice, the hero choſe
To guide their footſteps 'gainſt th' expected foes.
To him too youths the flattering meſſage bare;
With modeſt grace, and ſweet, becoming air,
Surpriz'd he heard, and while their hearts he won,
Aſſum'd the truſt, and own'd the honour done.
And now decay'd the ſounds of buſy day;
The ſun deſcending beam'd his final ray;
In ſtarry grandeur roſe the bounDleſs night,
And temper'd ether with a milder light.
As through the hoſt a general ſilence flow'd,
To Zimri's tent the watchful Leader ſtrode,
And thus---Brave chief, to Ai direct thy courſe;
Thy ſole command awaits a choſen force:
Through the deep foreſt ſteer thy ſouthward way,
Where ſtately portals hail the ſetting day.
When firſt the clarion's voice to conflict calls,
Forſake thy ambuſh, and aſcend her walls;
O'er all her domes let ſudden flames aſpire,
And her proud turrets ſink in hoſtile fire:
Then through her northern gates direct thy way,
And lead thy ſquadrons to the fierce affray.
I go---the chief replied. The moon's broad round
Look'd in full luſtre on the tented ground;
Fair o'er the ſhadowy hills ſhe gently roſe,
And ſhew'd a path for Ai's exulting foes.

In glimmering ſteel, a long, refulgent train,
Stretch'd in juſt files, and dazzled all the plain.
Slow to the wood their fading ſteps they preſs'd,
The Chief, in ſilent joy, retir'd to reſt.

28 SE60

THE

CONQUEST OF CANAAN:

BOOK VI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Morning. Army assembles under the command of Hezron, and Joshua. Irad sollicits, and obtains a post, in the front of the western division. Orders. Israelites march. Army of Ai. Characters of Oran, and Carmi. Battle. Feigned retreat of the Israelites. Hanniel's disobedience, and overthrow. Joshua rescues him. Signal of return to battle. Joshua's address. Battle renewed. Joshua retires, and gives Caleb the command. Exploits of Irad. Exploits of Hezron, and of Caleb. Death of Ludon. Oran. Death of Hezron. Exploits of Carmi. His death. Irad rallies Judah. Joshua descends to battle, kills Oran, and puts the Heathens to flight. Zimri, having set Ai on fire, comes out upon the rear of the enemy. Final rout, and overthrow of the Heathens. Irad's distress at the fate of his father. Interview of Irad and Selima. Evening.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK VI.

NOW dawning light conceal'd the worlds on high,
And morn in beauty cloth'd the cloudleſs ſky:
Loud o'er the field the trump's ſhrill ſound began,
And ſwift to arms the ſtartled thouſands ran;
From all the camp burſt forth the numerous throng,
Shook their tall ſpears, and wak'd the martial ſong;
Wide wav'd their plumes, refulgent flaſh'd their ſhields,
And ſpiry banners trembled o'er the fields,
South of the camp, in two deep ſquares they ſtood,
And fierce for combat, fac'd the plain of blood.

Before the weſtern band great Hezron roſe,
Joy of his race, and terror of his foes:
Averſe from pomp, in uſeful ſteel array'd,
Pleas'd, his juſt ranks the mighty chief ſurvey'd;
Pleas'd to the well-known field of combat drew;
When duty call'd, his ſoul no terror knew
Of equal ſtrength battalions eaſtward ſtood,
And high in front exalted Joſhua ſtrode.
By nature faſhion'd millions to controul,
In peace, in war, the great all-moving ſoul,
His mind expanded look'd exiſtence through;
His heart undaunted danger never knew;

With calm endurance, toils and fears engag'd,
Climb'd as they roſe, and triumph'd as they rag'd;
Patient, ſerene, as ills and injuries tried,
Meek without meanneſs, noble without pride,
Frank yet impovious, manly yet refin'd,
As the ſun watchful, and as angels kind.
His Maker firſt, his conſcience next he fear'd,
All rights kept ſacred, and all laws rever'd;
Each wandering friend, with faithful friendſhip blam'd;
Each foe applauded, as fair merit claim'd:
Alike his kingdom wealth and want approv'd;
The noble reverenc'd, and the peaſant lov'd.
His form majeſtic, ſeem'd by GOD deſign'd
The glorious manſion of ſo vaſt a mind:
An awful grandeur in his countenance ſate;
Calm wiſdom round him caſt a ſolemn ſtate:
His deathful arm no ſingle force withſtood;
His ſpeed, his ſkill, no vigor could elude;
His piercing eye his mighty ſoul diſplay'd;
His lofty limbs reſplendent arms array'd;
With varied lightenings his broad falchion ſhone,
And his clear buckler mock'd the riſing ſun.
Fair in the front of Judah's manly train,
A young gay band, adorn'd the gladſome plain.
Bright was their ſteely mail; their poliſh'd ſhields
With dazling ſplendor ſtreak'd the ſmiling fields;
Soft breezes ſported through their plumy pride;
Their trembling falchions glitter'd by their ſide;
Equal their bravery, and their thirſt of fame;
Their age, their ſtature, and their arms the ſame.
In the fair front, more beauteous than the morn,
When cloudleſs ſplendors orient ſkies adorn,
Firſt of his race exalted Irad ſtood,
His ſoul inflam'd, his falchion drawn for blood;
On Joſhua's ſteps his ceaſeleſs eye was turn'd,
Charm'd with the pomp, that round the hero burn'd;

Tall was his ſtature, lofty was his mien,
His eye refulgent, and his brow ſerene:
Topp'd with two ſnowy plumes, that play'd in air,
A ſilver morion crown'd his auburn hair:
Far o'er the train his form ſublimely ſhone,
By nobler arms, and manlier beauty, known.
So, when calm ſpring inveſts the ſparkling plain,
And night ſails ſilent up th' etherial main;
Round the broad azure ſtars unnumber'd glow,
And ſhadowy luſtre robes the world below:
Thron'd in the weſtern heaven young Heſper ſhines;
His ſilver car to nether realms declines;
O'er the gay mountains ſmiles his living eye,
And ſinks, in ſplendor, down the gladſome ſky.
From hoſt to hoſt the Chief majeſtic ſtrode,
Inſpir'd their hopes, and ſteel'd their ſouls for blood;
Their perfect ranks his ſkilful eyes divide;
And his great boſom ſwells with manly pride.
As tow'rd the weſtern ſquare he bent his way,
Where hoary Hezron led the long array;
To meet his ſteps impatient Irad ran;
And bent one knee before the godlike man;
And thus---To youth will Joſhua lend an ear?---
---Speak my brave ſon; thine every wiſh declare---
---With gentle voice, he ſaid---The Youth replied---
See that fair train, inwrapp'd in ſteely pride!
In war, though young, our boſoms pant to ſhine,
And feel the wiſh, that brighter glows in thine.
Give, beſt of men! this brave, though youthful hand
In the bright front of charging fight to ſtand.
Oh, by my father's toils in fields of blood,
Whoſe love this freedom, and this ſword beſtow'd,
Indulge this ardent wiſh! nor let thy frown
Quench a young flame, that emulates thy own.
I grant thy wiſh---the mighty Chief replied,
Smiling ſuperior o'er his manly pride,---

Go, first of youths, defend thy Maker's laws,
And lift the falchion, in thy country's cause.
May GOD's good hand thy tender footsteps guard,
With caution bless thee, and with fame reward!
He spoke, and kindly raptur'd Irad rear'd;
His swimming eye the grateful mind declar'd;
Swift he return'd, on high his shield display'd,
Shook his blue sword, and thought the fight delay'd.
Near the bless'd scene enraptur'd Hezron stood,
And life ran nimbler thro' his languid blood;
Charm'd with the kind regard, to Irad given,
He kneel'd to earth, and bless'd all-bounteous Heaven,
That Heaven which gave, his every wish to crown,
The Chief to Israel, and to him the son.
Now, rang'd for combat, wait the warrior bands,
And his brave leaders Joshua thus commands---
'Till this right hand exalt the javelin bright,
Let every rank conduct a mimic flight:
Slow, firm, and close, be mov'd the fair retreat;
Nor wing'd with ruin wild, and foul defeat:
Meantime a missive death let arrows rain,
And slings unnumber'd tempest all the plain.
But when the javelin's beams in ether burn,
Swift to the fight let every rank return;
Each vigorous arm the sword's broad terrors rear,
Or hurl the vengeance of the slaughtering spear;
Brace firm the spacious shield; disdain to fly;
Rush to glad conquest, or with glory die.
He spoke: o'er southern plains, in long array,
To Ai's high walls the squadrons bent their way.
Undaunted Ai, th' approaching storm beheld,
And rous'd her heroes to the darkening field;
Her chiefs command, her northern gates unfold,
Bright arms burst forth, and hosts to fight are roll'd;
Like gloomy clouds, the blackening thousands rise,
And shrill-voic'd clarions thunder in the skies.

Two warlike chiefs th' embattled heathens guide,
Their forms majeſtic cloath'd in golden pride.
Wrapp'd in blue mail, inſufferably vain,
With cruel front, that frown'd a ſtern diſdain,
Around, dark Oran caſt a ſanguine eye,
Wav'd his broad ſhield, and dar'd th' avenging ſky.
Grim in the van, with lofty ſtalk, he ſtrode,
And ſhook his ſpear diſtain'd with drops of blood,
Blood, by his hand, in ancient battles ſhed,
In waſted realms, and fields beſtrew'd with dead.
Sheath'd, in his hall the crimſon'd weapon lay,
Leſt cankering time ſhould cleanſe the ſtain away;
There, oft retir'd, he turn'd it o'er, and o'er,
And with fierce tranſport view'd the purple gore,
There call'd to mind the orphans of his ſpear,
Smil'd horrid o'er the ſcene, nor knew to drop a tear.
Behind him darkly roll'd a cloudy band,
Rous'd to the war from many a diſtant land,
With various arms in one great hoſt combin'd,
And various banners ſtreaming on the wind.
'Gainſt Joſhua's hoſt the chief imperious ſtrode,
And with fond preſcience hail'd the ſcenes of blood;
A gloomy ſmile array'd his ſhaggy brow,
And thus his horrid joy began to flow.
Bleſs'd be the Gods, who gave this rapturous hour!
For this their fires ſhall many a youth devour;
While their gor'd children bleeding parents view,
And tears in vain their lifeleſs forms bedew.
Warriors rejoice; yon troop forgets the day,
When Ai's brave ſquadrons ſwept their hoſt away;
Soon ſhall our ſpears be bath'd in brooks of blood,
And fields grow fruitful with a genial flood.
'Gainſt Judah's hoſts, inclos'd in burniſh'd arms,
With matchleſs bravery and unrival'd charms.
Ai's dauntleſs ſons to fight young Carmi led,
And now the helm firſt ſparkled on his head.

Mov'd by his ceaſeleſs ſighs for martial fame,
His royal ſire the parent's fears o'ercame.
Reluctant ſent him to the deathful plain,
And fondly hop'd his lovely ſteps again.
There pleas'd with fame's imaginary charms,
He claſp'd the phantom in his eager arms,
On the bright glories turn'd a raptur'd eye,
And gaz'd, and gaz'd, and fancied bliſs was nigh.
Now, mid the grandeur of the deep array,
A dreadful ſpace in gloom tremendous lay:
No banners wave in air, nor trumpet's ſound;
But ſilent terror ſaddens all the ground.
Loud burſt the clarion's voice, and trembling far,
Shoot the broad enſigns o'er the frowning war;
As thouſand ſtars thro' kindling ether ſtream,
Bright ſhowers of arrows caſt a tranſient gleam:
From ſlings tempeſtuous countleſs pebbles rain,
Whizz thro' the ſkies, and whiten all the plain;
The ſhrill helms clatter, death purſues the wound,
And proſtrate heroes cloth'd the ſprinkled ground.
So, when red ſummer burns the ſultry pole,
O'er darkening hills a cloud's black volumes roll;
Hoarſe ruſh the winds; hoarſe drives the rattling hail,
Batters the craggs, and tempeſts all the vale;
Deep groan the foreſts, torne their branches fall,
And one tumultuous ruin buries all.
Ere the looſe combat long ſuſpenſe had hung,
"Retire," the great command around them rung;
Then, cloſely wedg'd, recedes the yielding fight,
And well-feign'd terror clothes the mimic flight.
Swift tow'rd their yielding foes the heathens ſpring,
Their bucklers blaze, their flaſhing lances ſing:
Oft they ruſh forward, oft the bands retreat;
For Iſrael's hoſt diſdains a baſe defeat;
From ranks behind unnumber'd arrows ſhower,
And ſtones unnumber'd down the concave pour;

Thick fall the foremoſt, clanging arms reſound,
And ſtreams of crimſon die th' embattled ground.
Meantime, fierce Hanniel, burning ſtill for fame,
And ſickening ſtill at Joſhua's envied name,
Deem'd this the deſtin'd hour, to pluck the crown
From the Chief's head, and plant it on his own.
Oh heaven, he cried, ſhall Iſrael ever flee,
The dupe of cunning, and the coward's prey?
Muſt theſe pain'd eyes again our ruin view,
Curſe our wild counſels, and our follies rue?
Come every generous chief, whoſe boſom brave
To foul diſgrace preſers a hero's grave,
Join Hanniel's path; and ſoon proud Ai ſhall ſee
A few, bold warriors yet diſdain to flee.
Whate'er my voice commands, my hand ſhall dare,
My deeds unſpotted, as my dictates fair;---
Far nobler doom, to fall in manly fight,
Than ſhare, with titled names in ſplendid flight.---
This ſaid, his courſe the hero forward bends,
No chief applauds him, and no chief attends:
Two vulgar warriors, ſad rebuff to pride!
Alone ruſh on, and clamour at his ſide.
Their dauntleſs courſe their raptur'd foes deſcry,
And well-aim'd lances glitter thro' the ſky;
Thick round the warriors, ſinks the hiſſing ſteel,
And death's cold hand the brave attendants feel;
In Hanniel's thigh expands a painful wound,
And the ſtunn'd hero raging bites the ground.
Swift to his aid, impaſſion'd, Joſhua flew,
Tho' well proud Hanniel's dark deſigns he knew,
Heard all the vaunts, the cloſe injuſtice ſaw,
And felt th' infractions of his prudent law:
Yet now the chief lay weltering in his gore;
Foes in diſtreſs to him were foes no more---
O'er the pale form he threw his guardian ſhield,
And bore him languid thro' the dreadful field;

Thick ſhower the ſtones, the flaſhing javelins ſing;
And his bright arms with ceaſeleſs murmurs ring.
Borne by four warriors o'er the diſtant plain,
Reluctant Hanniel ſought the camp again:
There friendly plants his dying ſtrength renew,
And ſleep's ſoft influence aids the balmy dew.
While Joſhua thus--Hence taught, ye warriors, know,
Wild, headſtorng wiſhes guide to certain woe,
In peace, laws only claim a righteous ſway;
In war, one voice commands, the reſt obey.
Proud diſobedience Heaven conſigns to ſhame;
The path of duty leads alone to fame.
He ſpoke---With awe the ſilent ſquadrons heard,
The precept reverenc'd, and the teacher fear'd;
Each ſaw, abaſh'd, the terrors of his frown,
And pleas'd, condemn'd rebellion, not his own.
Meantime, brave Irad, on the weſtern plain,
With pangs retir'd from Ai's contemptuous train.
As oft th' imperious taunt his rage inſpires,
And his ſcorch'd boſom flames with eager fires,
Their utmoſt ſtrength his vengeance promps to try,
He longs, he pants, to bid th' inſulters fly:
Oft toward the hoſt his courſe inſtinctive turns;
His drawn ſword trembles, and his buckler burns;
But ſtill his ſoul, in child-hood taught t' obey,
Reſtrains the wiſh, and backward turns his way.
Now with pure ſplendor glow'd meridian light,
And Ai triumphant chas'd th' imagin'd flight,
When gay in dazzling arms, great Joſhua turn'd:
His eyeballs ſparkled, and his boſom burn'd:
The glittering lance his mighty hand uprear'd;
Loud roſe his voice, and diſtant ſquadrons fear'd.
Behold, he cried, yon ſheets of ſmoke aſcend!
What heavy volumes round the ſkies extend!
Brave Zimri's conquering arm, while Heaven inſpires,
Burſts Ai's proud portals, and her turrets fires;

Now wheel your courſe; to active vengeance ſpring:
Brace the ſtrong hand; the bloody falchion wing;
See, Heaven's propitious finger points the way!
Fear chains their limbs, and terror yields the prey;
O'er our glad courſe commencing glory ſmiles,
And boundleſs treaſures crown triumphant toils.
He ſpoke; the warriors eyed th' exalted ſign;
And thrilling boſoms own'd the voice divine;
Swift wheel'd, the ranks to combat vigorous riſe;
Red lances ſhower, and ſhouts convulſe the ſkies.
An equal ardour Ai undaunted brings,
Fronts the dire foe, and fierce to danger ſprings---
As, borne by warring winds, thro' ether roll
Two riſing ſtorms, and cloud the northern pole;
O'er ſome dark mountain's head their volumes driven
With floods of livid lightening deluge heaven;
Peal following peal, careering thunders fly,
Burſt o'er the world, and rend the ſhuddering ſky.
With equal noiſe the ſtorms of war reſound;
The blackening volumes cloud the hoſtile ground;
Thro' the ſhock'd air in mingled tumult riſe,
The conqueror's triumphs, and the victim's cries.
And now the chief to prudent Caleb's charge,
While the cloud thickens, and the ſounds enlarge,
Commends the hoſt that own his mighty ſway,
And bends to diſtant rocks his backward way.
Here high in air he lifts the lance's beam,
And power divine ſupplies a ceaſeleſs ſtream;
With pointed circles glows the weapon bright,
And caſts th' effulgence of exceſſive light.
Long o'er the plain, impatient to purſue,
Had panting Irad fix'd an anxious view,
Sigh'd the great Leader's warning voice to hear,
Or catch the radiance of th' expected ſpear:
The ready ſword his hand all eager preſs'd;
The well-brac'd buckler glitter'd o'er his breaſt;

In th' utmoſt weſtern ranks he ſilent ſtood
And look'd far onward thro' the field of blood;
Pain'd, leſt the deſtin'd ſign, forgot ſhould fail,
Or ſome baſe dart the Leader's life aſſail,
But when the ſun-bright point inſtarr'd the air,
The blooming hero kenn'd the beam afar;
To his brave peers, with ardent joy he cries,
And all the warrior ſparkled in his eyes.
Lo, generous youths, on yon delightſome plain
Shines the fair javelin, wiſh'd ſo long in vain!
Now ſpurn the hated flight; to combat ſpring;
Let virtue rouſe you, and let glory wing.
Now ſhall our fires, and now the Leader, know
What flames heroic in our boſoms glow;
Ai now ſhall learn, untaught our ſtrength to fligh
Not fear, but wiſdom plann'd our ſeeming flight,
On their own heads redoubled vengeance feel,
Or fly inglorious from the conquering ſteel.
Riſe then, brave youths, their impious ſcoffs repay;
My arm to triumph leads the envied way.
He ſpoke; the voice each active hero warms;
With dreadful din they claſh their glittering arms,
Full on their dauntleſs foes impetuous fall,
And break reſiſtleſs o'er th' embodied wall.
As winter's ſhrilling blaſt begins to roar,
And drives, in gloomy rage, along the ſhore;
Torne, in it's path, the trees confus'dly lie:
The white waves roll, the boughs tumultuous fly.
Not with leſs force, o'er piles of warriors ſlain,
Pours the bold band acroſs the bloody plain;
Death leads their way: with youthful vigor light,
They deal ſwift vengeance thro' the duſty fight,
Regardleſs of the ſtorm, that round them flies,
Of dying murmurs, and of conquering cries.
High in the van exalted Irad ſtrode,
And now commenc'd the toils of death and blood.

When first his arm, immingling in the strife,
Drew the red stream, and spilt a human life,
(A lovely youth oppos'd his hapless head,
And with pure crimson died the infant blade)
Thro' his chill'd veins a new, strange horror ran,
And half-form'd tears in either eye began;
In his young heart, unus'd to create woe,
Instinctive sympathy began to glow;
The dreadful scene he gaz'd, and shook to hear
The hollow groan and see pale death so near.
But soon fresh transports in his bosom rise,
Rous'd by shrill arms, and fir'd by barbarous cries:
Again his spirit claims th' imbattled foe,
And bids two heroes to his falchion bow;
Thro' cleaving ranks he wings a dreadful way,
And clouds of rolling dust obscure the day.
Meantime in Judah's van great Hezron sped,
His voice arous'd them and his footsteps led;
With fix'd firm course, the hoary hero strode,
His brown arms purpled with the bursting blood;
Ranks after ranks against his falchion rise,
And chief on chief in swift succession dies.
For now each breast such active vengeance warms;
They spurn the trifling toil of missive arms;
Each braces firm the shield, and joys to wheel
The surer vengeance of the griding steel.
Full on great Hezron's course the heathens rush'd,
And the first chiefs by following chiefs were crush'd:
In solemn pomp, against the growing storm
The mighty hero rear'd his moveless form.
In vain bright swords around him ceaceless hung,
Troops press'd in vain, and clattering armour rung.
So, on some hill, while angry tempests lower,
In stately grandeur, stands the moss-grown tower;
Loud roar the winds; impetuous drives the rain,
And all the fury of th' etherial main;

Still, rear'd to heaven, it frowns with pride ſublime,
Spurns the fierce ſtorm, and mocks the waſte of time.
Far diſtant, Caleb ſwept the crimſon plain,
Guided the fight, and pil'd the numerous ſlain;
Round his great arm the cloudy ſquadrons hung;
Claſh'd on his buckler countleſs weapons rung;
Chiefs after chiefs oppos'd his waſting courſe,
Met his broad ſteel, and felt its fatal force.
Ludon, the Hivites' prince, his arm defied
All rough with gold, and gay in barbarous pride;
With giant ſtrength the heathen hurl'd his ſpear,
Its terrors quivering through the parted air;
Loud o'er brave Caleb's ſhoulders ſung the ſteel,
And pierc'd a warrior's breaſt; the warrior fell;
His blue mail clang'd; to riſe he tried in vain,
But writh'd in dying anguiſh on the plain.
The mighty leader rais'd his ſword on high,
Its tranſient lightnings circling in the ſky,
Full on the Heathen's neck a griding wound
Sunk; the loos'd head fell ſpouting to the ground.
Amaz'd, the Hivites ſaw their monarch loſt.
And deathlike murmurs groan'd around the hoſt.
Near the bold leader Oran rear'd his ſteel,
Where the ſtorm thicken'd, and the fierceſt fell;
Imperious taunts provoke the rage of war,
Loud threats inſult, and tumult ſounds afar;
Wedg'd in a moveleſs throng, the battle grows,
Cries deeper roar, and ſhriller ring the blows.
With joy, unfeeling Oran ſtrides the ſlain,
And hails the ruins of th' accuſtom'd plain;
No anguiſh melts, no wound his pity charms,
No fate impaſſions, and no groan alarms;
Thro' the red ſcenes he hews a raptur'd way,
And mingling darkneſs intercepts the day.
Meantime fierce Irad o'er the field is driven,
And boaſts th' aſſiſtance of a favouring heaven;

Though new to war, with war his boſom glows;
And knows no tranſport, but the flight of foes.
In ſcenes of diſtant death bold Hezron ſtands,
Dies his blue arms, and pains his aged hands;
Full many a chief his veteran falchion crowns,
Thick flit the ſhades, and blood the verdure drowns.
Impetuous Carmi ſprings the chief to meet,
Conſcious of youth, and fight with nimble feet;
His arm all active ſtrews the ſanguine ground,
Wakes the deep groan, and deals the frequent wound;
Full on his angry ſword the warriors ruſh,
Impel th' upright, the falling heedleſs cruſh:
No chief the fury of his arm withſtands,
And ruin widens o'er bold Hezron's bands.
Amaz'd, the hero ſaw the deluge ſpread,
And wide, and wider riſe the piles of dead,
Flight firſt commence in hoſts that own his ſway,
And proud Ai hail a ſecond conquering day:
From his ſad boſom heav'd a heavy groan;
Round the whole war he miſs'd his favourite ſon:
Untaught to droop, he hopes congenial fire
May yet ward ſhame, and yet the troops inſpire.---
Where now, he cries, are fled the boaſts of morn?
The towering ſtalk? the brow of lifted ſcorn?
Then Judah's warriors promis'd deeds of fame,
Hiſs'd impious flight, and ſpurn'd the daſtard's ſhame.
Far other ſcenes now rend theſe hapleſs eyes;
The foe advances, and the boaſter flies;
Broke but by fear, ye wing inglorious flight,
Giants in words, and maidens in the fight;
Oh had kind Heaven diſpens'd a ſpeedier doom,
And this frail form in Baſhan found a tomb!
Then had theſe palſied limbs, in peace repos'd;
Unpain'd with ſhame, theſe eyes in triumph clos'd;
Pleas'd to the laſt, ſurvey'd my favourite race,
View'd no baſe flight, and bled for no diſgrace.---

Hence, hence, ye timorous ſouls, to Joſhua fly,
And tell the Chief, ye ſaw your leader die.
The hero ſpoke; and urg'd by paſſion's force,
On furious Carmi bent his aged courſe;
Awful in gleam of arms, the chiefs appear,
Here the bold youth, the white-hair'd hero there:
But ere his ſword great Hezron could extend,
Or circling bands their ancient chief defend,
A long, bright lance his wary foe beheld,
And ſnatch'd it glittering on the bloody field;
Swift through the hero's ſide he forc'd the ſteel;
Pierc'd to the heart, the aged warrior fell;
There lay, a corſe, beſpread with purple ſtains,
The form, that triumph'd on a hundred plains.
On Ridgefield's hills, to ſhame to virtue dead,
Thus daſtard bands the foe inglorious fled;
When Wooſter ſingly brav'd the deathful ground,
Fir'd hoſts in vain, and met the fatal wound.
In dangers born, to arms in childhood train'd,
From Gallia's heroes many a palm he gain'd;
With freedom's ſacred flame ſerenely glow'd
For juſtice arm'd, and fought the field for GOD;
With ſteady zeal his nation's intereſt lov'd;
(No terror touch'd him, and no injury mov'd)
Far in the front, with dauntleſs boſom bled,
And crown'd the honours of his hoary head.
Bent o'er his foe, the lovely Carmi ſtood,
And view'd, with tears of grief, his burſting blood;
And thus---Unhappy ſire, he ſadly cried---
Perhaps thy monarch's joy, thy nation's pride.---
How like my father's bends thy hoary brow?
His limbs, his countenance, and his locks of ſnow,
All in thy venerable face I ſee---
Perhaps the parent of a ſon like me---
He ſpoke; and fiercely wheel'd his bloody ſword,
Sprang to the fight, and many a hero gor'd;

His voice, his eyes the joyful hoſt inſpire,
And through the ſweetneſs flames a dreadful fire.
Active as light, o'er trembling ranks he hung;
Shouts ſhook the plains, the frighted foreſts rung:
Unnumber'd ſullen groans were heard around;
Unnumber'd corſes cloath'd the purple ground:
From poſt to poſt retir'd pale Judah's train,
And chief on chief increas'd the piles of ſlain.
Dark as an evening cloud, bold Ai was driven,
Gloom'd all the fields, and caſt a ſhade on heaven;
Wide roll'd the ſtorm; wide drove the duſt along,
And ruin hover'd o'er the flying throng.
Meantime, brave Irad turn'd his ſparkling eyes,
And ſaw in diſtant fields the clouds ariſe;
Sad flight and terror fill'd the backward plain,
And the foe ſhouted o'er his kindred ſlain.
As, when autumnal clouds the ſkies deform,
Burſts the wild whirlwind from the gloomy ſtorm;
Hoarſe craſh the pines; oaks ſtiffly ſtubborn fall,
And ſudden thunders liſtening ſwains appall:
So, wing'd by Heaven, impetuous Irad flew;
As ſwift their darling chief the youths purſue;
Whelm'd in their path, the falling bands expire,
And crowds of warriors from their ſteps retire.
Now, where brave Carmi ſwept the purple ground,
Terrific Irad ſhook his buckler's round;
Alike in years they ſeem'd, alike in arms,
Of equal ſtature, and of rival charms:
Nor this, nor that, the dangerous fight can yield;
But each demands the empire of the field.
From the fierce chiefs the wondering bands retreat;
Blows following blows their ſounding ſhields repeat;
Uncleft, each faithful orb the ſtroke rebounds,
Blunts the keen blade, and intercepts the wounds:
'Till Irad's nimble arm, with ſudden wheel,
Through Carmi's ſide impels the fatal ſteel,

Pure ſtreams of crimſon ſtain the ſubject ground,
And the freed ſoul pervades the gaping wound.
Not that fair pride, that ſoul-ſupporting flame,
That lights the ſplendors of th' immortal name;
Not all the bravery nature can impart,
Nor the fond wiſhes of a virgin's heart,
Nor parents' vows, nor nations' prayers could ſave,
The young, bright hero from an early grave.
He fell, with beauty's faireſt beams adorn'd,
While foes admir'd him, and while Irad mourn'd.
Ah youth, too ſoon allotted to the tomb;
Oh had kind Heaven diſpens'd a ſofter doom,
On thy fair deeds a ſweet reward beſtow'd,
And op'd the manſions of the bleſs'd abode!
Thus, where ſad Charleſtown lifts her hills on high,
Where once gay ſtructures charm'd the morning ſky,
Ere Howe's barbarian hand in ſavage fire
Wrapp'd the tall dome, and whelm'd the ſacred ſpire,
In life's fair prime, and new to war's alarms,
Brave Warren ſunk, in all the pride of arms.
With me, each generous mind the hour recall,
When pale Columbia mourn'd her favourite's fall;
Mourn'd the bright ſtateſman, hero, patriot, fled,
The friend extinguiſh'd, and the genius dead;
While he, the darling of the wiſe, and good,
Seal'd his firm truth, and built his name in blood.
Loud as the ruſhing ſtorm, the din of war
Burſt o'er the plain, and ſhook the fields afar;
Fierce Irad rais'd a loud, diſtinguiſh'd cry---
Here ſee, my friends, their gaſping leader lie.---
Through Ai's wide hoſt my ſword ſhall hew your way;
Shall Judah's ſons alone deſert the day?
Shall Joſhua know you fled? to glory riſe;
Lift all your arms, and pierce the knave that flies.
The hero ſpoke; abaſh'd the warriors heard,
Rung their blue arms, and high the ſtandard rear'd;

Aloft in air a Lion's gloomy form
Lower'd, like the darkneſs of a ſullen ſtorm;
Around his head his ſhaggy terrors frown'd,
And his red eyeballs gleam'd deſtruction round.
Swift from the bearer's hand fierce Irad drew
The banner'd ſtaff, and mid the heathens threw;
With joy they ſprang to ſeize the glittering prize,
And ſmiles of triumph ſparkled in their eyes.
Shame fluſh'd the cheeks of Judah's glowing train;
Their boſoms heav'd; their faces flaſh'd diſdain;
To ſeize the ſhining ſpoil each warrior ſprang;
The combat thicken'd; and all ether rang;
Far roll'd the darkneſs of the duſty cloud;
Loud roſe their cries, and armour claſh'd aloud,
The blackening tempeſt Ai undaunted kenn'd,
Pleas'd to procure, and ſtubborn to defend;
Scarce Irad's arm could cleave the firm-wedg'd train,
As fierce he ſtrove the ſtandard to regain;
Through ranks on ranks he forc'd a ſanguine way,
Ere his red falchion won the ſplendid prey;
With ſmiles, he ſaw the crimſon tumult grow,
And hail'd the vengeance gathering o'er the foe.
From the tall rock great Joſhua caſt his eyes,
And ſaw the varying ſcenes of combat riſe.
To Carmi's force beheld pale Judah yield,
And roſe to ſave the triumphs of the field;
But ſoon new ſhouts aſcend the clouded ſky,
His friends now triumph, and the Heathens fly.
Now nearer ſcenes his ſearching view demand,
Where mighty Caleb rules the warrior band;
Fierce Oran's ſword begins inglorious flight,
And his loud clamours animate the fight:
Scarce Caleb's arm the conflict can ſuſtain,
His voice arouſe, or deeds inſpire, the train;
So fierce the heathens throng th' embattled ground,
So thick the warriors fall, the groans reſound.

The Hero view'd, and ſow'rd the fainting throng,
Swift as a rapid whirlwind, ruſh'd along;
As 'gainſt a mound, when tempeſts ride the gale,
The raging river foams along the vale;
Down the wall crumbles, and with dreadful reign
Sweeps a wild deluge on the waſted plain.
Burſting upon the dark embodied throng
Thus the wide ruin Joſhua drove along;
Around his courſe increas'd the piles of dead,
The brave ſunk fighting, and the coward fled.
Now, where unfeeling Oran cruſh'd the ſlain,
All grim with duſt, and red with many a ſtain,
While ſmiles of tranſport gather'd on his brow,
His fierce eye ſparkling o'er the bleeding foe,
While high for death he rear'd his ſang uine arm,
And a brave warrior bow'd to ſhun the ſtorm,
Great Joſhua's full-orb'd buckler caught the wound,
And lightnings darted from the moony round,
Then, by his hand with ruſhing thunder thrown,
On Oran's helmet burſt a mighty ſtone,
That, bounding onward 'gainſt a warrior's ſide,
Cruſh'd his ſtrong ribs, and ſhed a plenteous tide.
Stunn'd by the ſtaggering blow, the leader fell,
Writh'd with the pain, and gave a hideous yell;
Furious he lay, with heaving, panting breath,
Roll'd up his whitening eyes, and frown'd in death;
Curſing the ſhield, which ſeiz'd his nimble dart,
And ſtopp'd its paſſage to the warrior's heart:
Swift on his throat deſcends th' indignant blade,
Burſts the black gore, and leaps the griſly head.
Loud o'er the tumult roſe the Hero's cry;
The hoſt all quakes, the diſtant groves reply---
Ruſh on, bold heroes, conqueſt crowns the day;
Now ſpring to fight, and ſeize the trembling prey.
This arm on Oran drove the final wound;
Let ſhouts of triumph ſhake the hoſtile ground:

Wealth, and fair peace, the generous conteſt yields,
And wreaths of glory bloom in bloody fields.—
As in th' enkindled wood fierce winds ariſe,
And ſtorms of fire are blown acroſs the ſkies;
In blazing trains, the towering pines deſcend,
And ruſhing thunders all the foreſt rend:
So, loud and furious, Iſrael throng'd the fight,
And their blue armour flaſh'd a dreadful light;
O'er the pale rear tremendous Joſhua hung;
Their gloomy knell his voice terrific rung;
From glowing eyeballs flaſh'd his wrath ſevere,
Grim Death before him hurl'd his murdering ſpear;
Heads, ſever'd from their necks, beſtrew'd his way,
And guſhing bodies round his footſteps lay.
Meantime Ai's ſounding portals wide unfold,
And fierce to combat burſting bands are roll'd;
In dreadful pomp aſcends the widening train;
Battalions on battalions cloud the plain:
There glowing Zimri wings his rapid force,
And eager thouſands darken round his courſe.
Ai's ghaſtly ſons the ſmoking walls ſurvey'd,
And wild amaze each pallid front array'd;
Here lay in gore their brethren, and their ſires;
There ſunk their manſions in terrific fires;
Before, behind, their foes increas'd alarms;
They rais'd one ſhriek, and dropp'd their uſeleſs arms:
Where'er an opening rank receiv'd the day,
Or duſt obſcure diſclos'd a glimmering ray,
Borne by light fear, they left the lingering wind,
They fled, they flew, nor caſt a look behind;
Oft on the ſpear's protended point they ran;
While throng'd reſiſtleſs, meeting man with man,
Steel ſtretch'd to ſteel, and ſhield to ſhield oppos'd;
On every ſide the power of Iſrael clos'd.
So thick they throng'd, no ſpear could miſs its courſe;
In vain no falchion ſpent its ardent force:

Less heard and less, resounded piercing cries,
And dust besprinkled ceas'd to fill the skies.
So, when tall navies lift imperial sails,
And hope th' indulgence of propitious gales,
When the cold north's fierce wind the main deform,
And, fill'd with thunders, rolls the raging storm,
Heav'd from the bottom, foaming billows rise,
And climb, and climb, and roar against the skies;
O'er shiver'd masts unroll the surging waves,
And the pale sailors plunge in watery graves.
Swift as a whirlwind, o'er the southern plain,
Impetuous Zimri drove the Hivite train:
With prosperous course, they sped their hasty flight,
Sunk in the wood, and vanish'd from the sight.
And now, obedient to the Chief's command,
Round the tall standard throng'd each wearied band;
A smile of transport every face adorn'd,
Their wounds unheeded, and the dead scarce mourn'd.
Nor knew fair Irad how his parent lay,
But, fir'd with glory, steer'd his careless way;
Near the great Chief he mov'd with conscious grace,
And conscious blushes crimson'd o'er his face;
When, pale and ghastly, on the bloody ground,
Stain'd with black dust, and pierc'd with many a wound,
Stiff gore besprinkling all his locks of snow,
And a cold cloud around his reverend brow,
Hezron appear'd: at once his nerves congeal'd;
His frozen lips a dumb, dead silence seal'd;
A moveless statue, o'er the fire he hung,
Nor streaming tears releas'd his marbled tongue.
Then round the corse impassion'd arms he threw,
And wash'd the clotted gore in filial dew;
Glu'd to the form with strong embraces lay,
And kiss'd, with quivering lips, the senseless clay.
At length the Chief, soft pity in his eyes,
Reach'd his kind hand, and forc'd the Youth to rise:

Four mournful warriors Hezron's body bore;
And their eyes gliſten'd with a tender ſhower.
The ſun declin'd; belmear'd with duſt, and blood,
Slow o'er the plain the wearied ſquadrons trode;
When, fair as Phoſphor leads the morning train,
Dreſs'd in new beams, and beauteous from the main;
Crown'd with white flowers, that breath'd a rich perfume
And cloth'd in lovelineſs, of gayeſt bloom,
Roſe in ſoft ſplendor Caleb's youngeſt pride,
A thouſand maidens following at her ſide.
In ſnow-white robes of flowing ſilk array'd,
Firſt of the virgins walk'd the bluſhing maid;
Her long, dark hair looſe-floated in the wind;
Her glowing eyes confeſs'd th' etherial mind;
A wreath of olive flouriſh'd in her hand;
A ſilver lyre obey'd her ſoft command;
With ſounds harmonious rang the warbled ſtrings,
And thus the maids, and thus Selima ſings.
Who comes from Ai, adorn'd with gay attire,
Bright as the ſplendor of the morning fire?
Fair as the ſpring, aſcends the lovely form,
And dreadful as the blaze, that lights the ſtorm!
Ye maids, with flowerets ſtrew the conqueror's way,
Strike the loud harp, and ſing the dreadful day!
To Irad's ſteps the matchleſs fair-one came,
Her breaſt quick-panting, and her cheeks on flame;
Her beauteous hand the verdant crown diſplay'd;
Graceful he bow'd, and plac'd it on his head.
Slow to her train the trembling fair withdrew,
The charm'd youths following with a moveleſs view.
So, wing'd with light, and dreſs'd in ſtrange array,
The mantling glory of the riſing day,
With ſweet complacence, ſuch as angels ſhow
To ſouls unpriſon'd from this world of woe,
Parted ſoft-ſmiling from our general ſire
Some bright-ey'd Virtue, of the heavenly choir,

Far in the ſolar walk, with wanderous flight,
The form celeſtial leſſen'd on his ſight.
Again the youth his wonted life regain'd;
A tranſient ſparkle in his eye obtain'd;
A riſing glow his tender thoughts confeſs'd,
And the ſoft motions of his melting breaſt.
But ſoon dark glooms the feeble ſmiles o'erſpread;
Like morn's gay hues, the fading ſplendor fled;
Returning anguiſh froze his feeling ſoul,
Deep ſighs burſt forth, and tears began to roll.

28 SE60

THE

CONQUEST of CANÄAN.

BOOK VII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Evening described. Irad's dream. He goes out to the walls of Ai. His lamentation for his father. Reflections on the fate of Ai. Appearance of an army. Irad returns in haste, and alarms the Camp. Joshua, at his request, allots him a body of forces, with whom he goes out to attack the Heathens. Battle by the burning of Ai, between Hazor, &c. and Israel. Irad's exploits. He kills Adnor, and pursues Samlah to the eastern part of the host. Uzal. Shelumiel. Jabin's character, and exploits. He kills Shammah, and Seraiah. Jobab. Confusion of the Israelites. Irad returns, and rallies them. He attacks Jobab, with success. Kindling of the neighbouring forest separates the combatants.

The scene of this battle is partly on the plain east of Ai, partly in the forest still eastward, and partly northward of the forest.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK VII.

O'ER the wide world immeasurably spread,
Night, still and gloomy, cast a solemn shade.
In heavens half-clouded stars unfrequent hung;
Scarce heard, the blast with mournful murmurs rung;
Above tall, eastern hills, the moon's pale eye
Look'd sad, and dreadful, from the cheerless sky:
Her cold, wan face, half-hid behind a cloud,
That wrapp'd the mountains in a sable shroud,
With feeble lustre streak'd the shadowy plains,
And edg'd her vapoury robes with dismal stains.
All, but the savage race, to sleep retir'd,
And the last gleams of western skies expir'd.
Stretch'd in his tent, unhappy Irad lay,
And sad oblivion bore his toils away.
In that still hour, when rapt on eagle-wings,
To distant climes bewilder'd fancy springs,
A death-like slumber seal'd his tearful eyes,
And thus unreal scenes in vision rise.
Through lonely fields, in russet gloom array'd,
Lost in mute grief, with weary steps he stray'd.
A shadowy light, like evening's dusky ray,
Spread o'er the world, and form'd a twilight day.
Before his wandering path, a northern grove
Shed midnight round, and pierc'd the clouds above:

Slow wav'd the tall, dark pines: a hollow ſound
Roll'd through the wood, and ſhook th' autumnal ground.
Dull-murmuring fell the ſullen, ſwelling ſtreams,
Lulling to ſleep, and blue in glimmering beams.
With broad, black horrors o'er its boſom ſpread,
An eaſtern mountain rear'd its ſhaggy head;
High hung the hoary cliff; the cedars height.
Leſs ſeen, and leſs, withdrew beyond the ſight.
Strange unknown ſcenes the regions wild diſplay,
And ſolitary muſic ſlowly dies away.

From the thick grove, in dark-brown robes reveal'd,
A form ſtalk'd ſolemn o'er the ſhuddering field;
Of other worlds he ſeem'd; nor caſt an eye
On the brown plain, or on the gloomy ſky.
Regardleſs of the ſcenes that round him mourn'd,
On Irad's path his ſad, ſlow ſteps he turn'd;
Pale ſtood the Youth; the ſtately ſhape drew nigh;
Gaſh'd was his cheek, and fix'd his lofty eye;
Like a light flame, low hung his beard of ſnow,
And death's cold terrors hover'd on his brow.
'Twas Hezron's ſelf. With weak, but ſolemn ſound,
As ſullen graves beneath the foot reſound,
His voice began---On fate's dark verge I ſtand,
Whence thickening dangers roll acroſs thy land.
Night wraps the world; approaching ſtorms ariſe,
Hang o'er thy race, and cloud the ſouthern ſkies.
My mouldering bones a colder night detains,
Clos'd in the tomb, and bound in icy chains:
But the wing'd ſpirit fairer climes ſurround,
And heaven unfolding bids her ſongs reſound.
Faintly he ſpoke. By ſtrange, immortal ſpell,
His wounds grew ſmooth, his ſightleſs garments fell:
His pallid face a ſudden beauty fir'd,
And with ſtrong life his changing eye inſpir'd;
O'er his white robes a purple ſplendor ray'd;
Long glittering pinions looſely round him play'd;

In dreadful pomp, ſublime the Viſion ſtood,
And living fragrance breath'd along the wood.
At once the hero, ſtartled, rais'd his head;
Still was his tent, and all the tumult fled;
Again to ſleep he clos'd his wearied eyes,
And broken ſlumbers o'er his toils ariſe.
Sudden, his name re-echoing from the walls,
A wild, and viſionary murmur calls---
Irad awake; my voice thine ear invades,
From the dark manſions of impriſon'd ſhades;
In ſouthern plains the clarion's thunders riſe,
And ſhouts of triumph fill the rending ſkies.
Swift from his couch the Youth aſtoniſh'd roſe,
(While every vein the dreadful murmur froze)
With active hand his arms around him brac'd;
With nimble feet the glimmering champain paſs'd,
And tow'rd Ai's flames, that rag'd with awful force,
Suſpenſe, but fearleſs, ſteer'd his lonely courſe.
Still o'er his head the airy phantom hung;
Irad awake---the voice unreal rung:
Sad grief, and anxious doubt his thoughts oppreſs'd,
But love's ſoft whiſpers ſtill diſturb'd his breaſt.
Now ſolemn ſilence ſail'd along the air;
No bird complain'd; no echoing voice was near;
Save the ſlow murmur of the paſſing gale,
That ſwept the plain, and ſounded through the vale,
The flames dark-glimmer'd on the hero's ſhield,
And caſt long ſhadows o'er the pallid field:
Round the dread ſcenes he turn'd regardleſs eyes,
And thus began, with intermingled ſighs---
And art thou fled forever? this thine end,
Thou beſt of parents, and thou ſureſt friend?
And could'ſt thou fall, a prey to murdering war?
What cruel demon drove my feet ſo far?
Was no kind angel hovering o'er the throng?
Where look'd the Power, thy virtue ſerv'd ſo long?

Thy ſoul ſo pure---thy life ſo firmly juſt---
Scarce Heaven's own law could more demand from duſt.
Why, O thou righteous Mind? but ceaſe my tongue,
Nor blame the dread decree, that cannot wrong.
Mine the ſole fault---and mine the ſingle blame---
Wild with the magic of that phantom, fame.
Didſt thou for this the guilty ſhield beſtow,
To leave thee naked to the fatal blow?
Didſt thou for this the ſword accurs'd impart,
That ſhould have plung'd beneath the murderer's heart?
Far other love, far other faithful cares
Nurs'd my young limbs, and watch'd my riſing years;
My early ſteps, from pleaſure's ſlippery road,
Lur'd with ſoft ſmiles, and led them up to GOD;
Thy own bright actions prompting to purſue,
To virtue charm'd me, and to glory drew;
With Joſhua's ſelf my wiſhes fore'd to vie,
Boaſt of mankind, and choſen of the Sky.
Pale, in the viſions of the guilty bed,
Thy form affrights me, and thine eyes upbraid.
There ſcenes of dire diſtreſs thy words unroll,
Doom'd for my life, and opening on my ſoul.
Or does thy mind its lov'd employ purſue,
To guard from ill, and hidden dangers ſhew?
Perhaps thy thoughts, beyond the ſilent tomb,
Watch, as in life, thy nation's ſecret doom;
Some ruſhing fate unknown diſcern afar,
Some threatening ambuſh, or ſome waſting war.
Perhaps the firſt of maids thy care demands,
And claims her ſafety from aerial hands.
Ah! knew the fair what crimes to me belong,
Her lovely voice had ſpar'd th' applauding ſong;
A breaſt more pure her melting arms embrac'd,
And the bright garland worthier temples grac'd.
Thus ſpoke the chief, when now his ſteps were nigh
Ai's awful flames, that wav'd acroſs the ſky;

All pale, and gloomy, climb'd the dreadful blaze,
And ſmoky volumes curl'd above the rays;
A dreary gleam enroll'd the ſhady ground,
And the brown land-ſcape faintly roſe around.
Touch'd by the ſolemn ſcene, the hero cried--
Where hapleſs Ai! is now thy towery pride?
Where now thy manly ſons, whoſe ſinewy arms
Roſe, a ſtrong bulwark 'gainſt impending harms
Where now the heaven-topp'd ſpire? the gilded wall?
Thy kings, thy heroes? whelm'd in ruin all--
Deſtruction's clouds ſail'd blackening o'er thy light,
And wide oblivion's never-ending night.
Where yon tall dome ſhoots forth the greedy flame,
Perhaps ſome hero hop'd a deathleſs name.
Oft when return'd from war, his tender race
Climb'd his fond knee and aſk'd the ſweet embrace:
Oft, with a parent's gliſtening eye, he view'd
His face, his virtues in their forms renew'd.
Perhaps ſome daughter, darling of his care,
Beam'd, like Selima faireſt of the fair:
And could thoſe flames ſome lovely maid deſtroy,
A nation's glory and a parent's joy?
Could babes, ſweet-ſmiling, claim no hand to ſave,
But find, unwept, a furnace for a grave?
Thus mourn'd his generous heart the doom ſevere,
And paid loſt Ai the tribute of a tear.
Like ocean's long, deep roar, a ruſhing ſound
Burſt from the wood, and pour'd along the ground;
At once wide trembled o'er the awful fields
The ſudden gleam of ſpears, and helms, and ſhields,
Impetuous roll'd unſeen the rattling car,
And banner'd terrors wav'd th' approach of war.
Loud rung bold Irad's voice; the dreadful ſound
Stopp'd the long hoſt, and ſhook th' affrighted ground;
Thrice, like the burſt of thunder, hoarſe he cried;
Thrice, ſtood the hoſt; and thrice the ſky replied:

The cry wav'd solemn through the winding vales;
Night shook, and murmurs fill'd the rushing gales.
The southern guards soon caught the boding sound,
And spread th' alarm the startled camp around;
Loud as tall billows rend the rocky shore,
Rose the sonorous clarion's bursting roar:
Swift to the camp the hero wing'd his way,
Rous'd all the host, and scatter'd wild dismay.—
Arm, warriors, arm! to instant battle fly!
The foe's at hand! ye combat, or ye die.
Swift to these tents unnumber'd bands repair;
Hark! how the trumpet fills the troubled air!
In southern fields ascends the waiting war,
And fierce as whirlwinds rolls the rapid car.
Arm, ere our camp be wrapp'd in one broad flame,
And Israel's manly thousands want a name.
Thus, round the host, his animating cry
Urg'd sleep's oblivious hand from every eye;
Each waking mind the strange alarm appalls;
Arm, warriors, arm! each startled hero calls:
From tent to tent the wild confusion flies;
Shouts rend the plains; groans murmur; shrieks arise;
A rushing noise invades the listening ear;
In swift succession half-seen forms appear;
Shrill rings the rattling mail; the tramp's big sound
Cleaves the dun heaven, and shakes the gloomy ground.
Round a broad flame, that, by the Chief's command,
Shoots lofty spires, and gleams along the sand,
Deep throng the squadrons; high the standards stream,
And wave, and glimmer, in the livid beam.
There, while the terrors of the lovely fair
Froze every breast, and breath'd a wide despair,
A quickening glow the Leader's voice inspir'd;
Hush'd were their cries; their lessening fears retir'd;
Through every bosom thrill'd a new delight,
And brac'd each sinew for the manly fight.

Now, rang'd in ranks, the hoſt expectant ſtood,
Prepar'd for combat, ſteel'd to death and blood;
Sudden, before the Chief, with panting breaſt,
The generous Youth preferr'd his bold requeſt---
Near Ai's red flames I ſteer'd my careleſs way,
Robb'd of wiſh'd ſlumbers, and to grief a prey,
When ſheath'd in gleaming arms, a mighty train,
Pour'd from the wood, and cover'd all the plain:
On foaming courſers, chiefs impel the war,
Or whirl the terrors of the waſting car.
And wilt thou, Chief divine, from Irad hear
The dictates of a mind, that knows no fear?
Shall this young arm again the lance command,
And lead to fight a ſtrong, undaunted band,
To Ai's wide ruins wing our active courſe,
And tempt the fury of barbarian force?
Shall thine unconquer'd ſword the camp defend,
And ward the fate, if ſhame our ſteps attend?
Safe in thy prudence ſhall the race endure,
And Joſhua's name our wives, and ſons ſecure.
Lo, dreſs'd in ſteel, we wait thy ruling breath!
Counſel is ruin, and delay is death.
Go, in JEHOVAH's name---the Chief replied---
Forth ſtalk'd the Youth, and warm'd with martial pride;
O'er ſouthern fields the bands appointed ſteer'd,
Squar'd in juſt ranks, and not a warrior fear'd.
Now where Ai's ſons beſtrew'd the plain, they came,
Faintly illumin'd by the diſtant flame;
No foe appear'd: the world more gloomy grew,
And, loſt in clouds, etherial realms withdrew;
Save where lone ſtars diffus'd a feeble beam,
Like the far taper's ſolitary gleam:
Slow winds breath'd hollow through the dark profound,
And deepening horror brooded o'er the ground.
Eaſt of proud Ai, an ancient foreſt ſtood,
And ſouthward far was ſtretch'd the lofty wood;

North lay fair plains; and next the walls, array'd
With ſcatter'd trees, a ſpacious level ſpread.
Now near the burning domes, the ſquadrons ſtood,
Their breaſts impatient for the ſcenes of blood:
On every face a death-like glimmer ſate,
The unbleſs'd harbinger of inſtant fate.
High thro' the gloom, in pale and dreadful ſpires,
Roſe the long terrors of the dark-red fires;
Torches, and torrent ſparks, by whirlwinds driven,
Stream'd thro' the ſmoke, and fir'd the clouded heaven.
As oft tall turrets ſunk with ruſhing ſound,
Broad flames burſt forth, and ſweep the etherial round,
The bright expanſion lighten'd all the ſcene,
And deeper ſhadows lengthen'd o'er the green.
Loud thro' the walls that caſt a golden gleam,
Crown'd with tall pyramids of bending flame,
As thunders rumble down the dardening vales,
Roll'd the deep ſolemn voice of ruſhing gales:
The bands admiring gaz'd the wonderous ſight,
And Expectation trembled for the fight.
At once the ſounding clarion breath'd alarms;
Wide from the foreſt burſt the flaſh of arms;
Thick gleam'd the helms; and o'er aſtoniſh'd fields,
Like thouſand meteors, roſe the flame-bright ſhields.
In gloomy pomp, to furious combat roll'd
Ranks ſheath'd in mail, and chiefs in glimmering gold;
In floating luſtre bounds the dim-ſeen ſteed,
And cars unfiniſh'd, ſwift to cars ſucceed:
From all the hoſt aſcends a dark-red glare,
Here in full blaze, in diſtant twinklings there;
Slow waves the dreadful light, as round the ſhore
Night's ſolemn blaſts with deep concuſſion roar,
So ruſh'd the footſteps of th' embattled train,
And ſend an awful murmur o'er the plain.
Tall in th' oppoſing van, bold Irad ſtood,
And bid the clarion ſound the voice of blood.

Loud blew the trumpet on the ſweeping gales,
Rock'd the deep groves, and echoed round the vales;
A ceaſeleſs murmur all the concave fills, (hills.
Waves thro' the quivering camp, and trembles o'er the
High in the gloomy blaze the ſtandards flew;
Th' impatient Youth his burniſh'd falchion drew;
Ten-thouſand ſwords his eager bands diſplay'd,
And crimſon terrors danc'd on every blade.
With equal rage, the bold, Hazorian train
Pour'd a wide deluge o'er the ſhadowy plain;
Loud roſe the ſongs of war, loud clang'd the ſhields,
Dread ſhouts of vengeance ſhook the ſhuddering fields;
With mingled din, ſhrill, martial muſic rings,
And ſwift to combat each fierce hero ſprings.
So broad, and dark, a midnight ſtorm aſcends,
Burſts on the main, and trembling nature rends;
The red foam burns, the watery mountains riſe,
One deep unmeaſur'd thunder heaves the ſkies;
The bark drives lonely; ſhivering and forlorn,
The poor, ſad ſailors wiſh the lingering morn:
Not with leſs fury ruſh'd the vengeful train;
Not with leſs tumult roar'd th' embattled plain.
Now in the oak's black ſhade they fought conceal'd;
And now they ſhouted thro' the open field;
The long, pale ſplendors of the curling flame
Caſt o'er their poliſh'd arms a livid gleam;
An umber'd luſtre floated round their way,
And lighted falchions to the fierce affray.
Now the ſwift chariots 'gainſt the ſtubborn oak
Daſh'd; the dark earth re-echoes to the ſhock.
From ſhade to ſhade the forms tremendous ſtream,
And their arms flaſh a momentary flame.
Mid hollow tombs, as fleets an airy train,
Loſt in the ſkies, or fading o'er the plain;
So viſionary ſhapes, around the fight,
Shoot thro' the gloom, and vaniſh'd from the ſight;

Thro' twilight paths the maddening courſers bound,
The ſhrill ſwords crack, the claſhing ſhields reſound.
There, loſt in grandeur might the eye behold
The dark-red glimmerings of the ſteel, and gold;
The chief; the ſteed; the nimbly-ruſhing car;
And all the horrors of the gloomy war.
Here the thick clouds, with purple luſtre bright,
Spread o'er the long long hoſt and gradual ſunk in night;
Here half the world was wrapp'd in rolling fires,
And dreadful vallies ſunk between the ſpires.
Swift ran black forms acroſs the livid flame,
And oaks wav'd ſlowly in the trembling beam:
Loud roſe the mingled noiſe; with hollow ſound,
Deep-rolling whirlwinds roar, and thundering flames re-
As drives a blaſt along the midnight heath, (ſound.
Ruſh'd raging Irad on the ſcenes of death;
High o'er his ſhoulder gleam'd his brandiſh'd blade,
And ſcatter'd ruin round the twilight ſhade.
Full on a giant hero's ſweeping car
He pour'd the tempeſt of reſiſtleſs war;
His twinkling lance the heathen rais'd on high,
And hurl'd it, fruitleſs, through the gloomy ſky;
From the bold Youth the maddening courſers wheel,
Gaſh'd by the vengeance of his ſlaughtering ſteel,
'Twixt two tall oaks the helpleſs chief they drew;
The ſhrill car daſh'd; the crack'd wheels rattling flew;
Cruſh'd in his arms, to riſe he ſtrove in vain,
And lay unpitied on the dreary plain.
Now Samlah's hands to war the chariot guide,
Fair, beauteous, tall, fam'd Hamor's youngeſt pride;
O'er Achſaph's towers he ſtretch'd a potent ſway,
And ſaw ſurrounding realms his rod obey.
Adnor, an elder birth, proud grandeur ſpurn'd;
Lord of his ſoul, inferior realms he ſcorn'd;
Nor felt one pang, nor ſhew'd one envious frown,
When doating Age to Samlah gave the crown.

Round his young steps he cast a kind survey,
And taught the blessings of an equal sway;
The pride of arts allur'd him to pursue;
To wisdom form'd him, and to virtue drew;
To reason's rules his stormy passions wrought,
And shone, a pattern of the truths he taught.
From Jabin's loins a matchless virgin sprung,
And every voice with Salma's praises rung.
Her, Adnor led to share his brother's throne,
And made, delighted, Samlah's bliss his own.
Five weeks the prince beheld in transport glide,
Bless'd in the beauties of his lovely bride:
Heedless of war he dwelt, 'till Jabin's voice
Rous'd him to arms, and call'd to ruder joys.
Now, where bold Irad scatter'd blood and fate,
In the same car the friendly brothers sate;
When Adnor thus---Oh fly yon miscreant's arm;
Nor tempt the terrors of the sweeping storm!
Its wonted aid my broken spear denies---
With a fierce look, th' impatient youth replies---
Me dost thou urge to base, unmanly flight?
Leap from the chariot; hide in covering night?
Shall Salma hear? shall Samlah's growing name
Waste with the pangs of never-ending shame?
He said, and furious, urg'd his rapid car,
Crush'd the firm ranks, and shouted to the war;
On Irad's course he drove; the hero turn'd,
And a brown glimmering from his buckler burn'd:
'Twixt the bold leaders pour'd an ardent band;
Sword clash'd on sword, and hand rose up to hand;
They fell; new squadrons o'er their corses rise,
And louder tumults echo from the skies.
Imperious Samlah lifts a haughty cry---
Hence, on your lives, presuming dastards fly!
Who dares transgress shall find a sudden doom:
Give Samlah place---give kings, and heroes room---

He ſpoke. His friends, all anxious for their king,
Still crowd the war, and ſwift to danger ſpring;
Loud ſung the vengeance of his pointed ſteel,
And a bold veteran, deeply wounded, fell;
Enrag'd, the bands on either ſide retreat,
And leave the furious monarch to his fate.
Swift from the chariot faithful Adnor ſprang;
On Irad's ſhield his ruſhing falchion rang:
The Youth's quick wheeling, thro his ſhoulder glides;
Drops the cleft arm, and guſh the living tides.
He ſunk; and Irad, touch'd with pity, cried---
Ah youth! whoſe boſom glows with generous pride,
To ſcenes of endleſs gloom thy ſpirit flies;
Wing, wing thy voice, for pardon, to the ſkies!
Oh, Sire of all, may this brave warrior's mind,
In life's fair climes, ſome lowly manſion find!
He ſpoke. The chief his anſwering mind addreſs'd---
If ſoft compaſſion warm thy friendly breaſt,
Oh hear! nor ſpurn a dying brother's prayer!
Let Samlah's tender years thy pity ſhare!
Oh may a ſire, a bride, thy boſom move!
The charms of beauty, and the calls of love!
Thus the kind youth, and fainting, as he cried,
He liv'd for Samlah, and for Samlah died.
So frown'd dread night on Abraham's fatal plain,
When thou, Montgomery, pride of chiefs, waſt ſlain.
Spare, ſons of freedom! ſpare that generous tear;
To heaven reſign, nor name the doom ſevere---
Great, brave, and juſt, to ward Columbia's ſhame,
He hunted toil, in fields of growing fame;
Alive, fair Victory ne'er forſook his ſide;
He liv'd in triumph, and in glory died.
Still bards ſhall ſing, to earth's remoteſt clime,
He bled for all, and every heart for him.
Glued to his ſide, t' untimely fate a prey,
There bright Macpherſon breath'd his life away.

Round the fair youth in vain ſoft graces glow'd,
And ſcience charm'd him to her ſweet abode;
In vain fond parents hop'd his ſteps again,
And worth approv'd, and realms admir'd, in vain.
Yet patriot virtue writes the glory high,
With ſuch a chief, in ſuch a cauſe, to die.
Soft ſpoke the chief---O youth! thy virtuous bloom
Aſk'd a lot milder, and a later tomb.
Is there no bliſsful ſeat, by Heaven aſſign'd
To the fair efforts of a clouded mind?
To life well-acted, can no grace ſupply
A ſweet remiſſion, and a happy ſky?
But thou, baſe coward, claim'ſt th' avenging ſword;
Could'ſt thou look on, and ſee thy brother gor'd?
That beſt of brothers, whoſe concluding breath
Reſtrains the falchion, and delays thy death?
Pale Samlah heard, and o'er th' embodied wall
He ruſh'd, regardleſs of his brother's fall,
From rank to rank with panting breaſt he flew,
Where the war open'd, and the courſers drew;
Behind, fierce Irad drove his dreadful way,
And left at diſtance far the pallid ray;
Ten thouſand ſpears around him pierce the gloom;
Ten thouſand warriors ruſh to haſtening doom;
Through the black ether ſmoky volumes flow,
And with brown light their ſkirts all-umber'd glow;
Far o'er conflicting trains the ſheets deſcend;
The deep night thickens, and the ſhades extend.
There Uzal brave a ſtubborn fight maintain'd,
And crown'd with matchleſs ſtrength, retreat diſdain'd;
Dan's mighty chief---On Ai's inglorious plain,
When vanquiſh'd Iſrael left their kindred ſlain,
His ſtiff, ſtrong buckler brav'd the fierce affray,
Shelter'd the flight, and cover'd all the way.
Now, in the centre, ſhrill his armour rung,
Where the darts ſhower'd, and where the javelins ſung,

But ſtill his dauntleſs footſteps onward drove;
Nor throng'd battalions could thoſe footſteps move.
On all ſides round, a thouſand twilight forms
Invade the war, and ſtrike their ringing arms;
Here, 'gainſt the chief, prepar'd to pierce his foe,
The lance unheeded aim'd the fatal blow;
There, whilſt the warrior liſten'd to th' alarm,
High o'er his helmet hung th' uplifted arm.
Unnumber'd bucklers twinkle round the field,
In light now dreadful, now in ſhades conceal'd.
Still more remote, involv'd in deeper gloom,
Where hands unnotic'd dealt the frequent doom,
Shelumiel fought; the prince of Simeon's trains,
Fam'd in the conteſts of a thouſand plains.
Meantime, dark Hazor's ſons to battle roll'd,
And vaſt Madonians, wrapp'd in barbarous gold:
Theſe, with their leaders, near the dreadful ray,
Whirl'd the ſwift car, and drove their rapid way.
There, dreſs'd in gold, tremendous Jabin ſhone,
And wing'd the terrors of his moving throne.
He Hazor's realms with mighty ſceptre ſway'd,
And his proud nod unnumber'd hoſts obey'd.
A genius vaſt, with cool attention join'd,
To wiſdom faſhion'd his ſuperior mind:
No ſcene unnotic'd 'ſcap'd his ſearching view;
The arts of peace, and arts of war, he knew;
To no kind wiſh, or tender tear, a prey;
But taught by keen diſcernment equal ſway:
Intereſt, of all his life th' unſhaken guide,
Unmov'd by paſſion, and unmov'd by pride.
He firſt, inventive, to the waſte of war
Led the tall ſteed, and drove the dreadful car.
To arms, beneath the ſtandard, veterans train'd,
And every movement, every feint, explain'd:
Cloſe, leſt his conduct watchful chiefs ſhould arm;
Slow to decide, and vigorous to perform:

With firm, fierce bravery forc'd his foes to fly,
And gave one law---to conquer, or to die.
Now his great mind, by long ſucceſſes fir'd,
To matchleſs fame, and ſingle rule, aſpir'd;
In the ſame cauſe, beneath his banner join'd,
His voice, his art, this countleſs hoſt combin'd,
In night's concealing hour, prepar'd th' affray,
And promis'd triumph, ere the dawning ray.
High in his flame-bright car his ſpear he rais'd;
A crimſon glory from his armour blaz'd;
Conquer, he cried, or fall, ye dauntleſs bands,
The nobleſt heroes of a thouſand lands.
Shall this brave hoſt to Iſrael yield the night?
Few in their numbers; timorous in the fight---
Shall we, inglorious, blot our ancient fame?
Forbid it virtue, and forbid it ſhame.
Lo here the man, ye choſe to guide your path,
Prepar'd for glory, or prepar'd for death;
This arm ſhall guide you through the daſtard band;
Firſt in the fight, as firſt in ſway, I ſtand.
He ſpoke, and fiercely wing'd his rapid car;
As fierce the ſquadrons ruſh to glorious war;
All dropp'd the javelin: all the falchion wheel'd;
A copious ſlaughter drench'd the glimmering field;
From their dire arms a fearful ſplendor came,
And o'er their faces wav'd the gloomy flame.
Hand join'd to hand, the vengeful thouſands rag'd;
Man challeng'd man, and ſword with ſword engag'd;
The victors ruſh'd; the pierc'd in anguiſh cried;
No flight; no fear; they conquer'd, or they died;
For Iſrael's dauntleſs ſons maintain'd the field,
And chief with chief the dread aſſault repell'd;
Round the wild region mingled horrors reign'd;
Nor thoſe would yield, nor theſe the victory gain'd.
Firſt, in the van, imperious Jabin's car
Bore down whole troops, and broke the thickening war.

High o'er the reſt his dreadful voice was heard;
High o'er the reſt his lofty form appear'd;
His ſhield, a crimſon moon, before him ſpread,
And o'er his viſage hovering horrors play'd;
His ſteeds, like rapid winds, impatient flew;
His ſword the firſt, his ſpear the diſtant, ſlew;
Round the dark chariot countleſs weapons hung,
And groans, with ſullen murmur, ceaſeleſs rung;
Rank after rank he turn'd to hated flight,
And joyful Hazor throng'd the ſtubborn fight.
Before this dreadful path, two heroes fought,
And warm'd with vengeance, countleſs wonders wrought.
Sons of one ſire, that in the deſert fell,
When impious Korah bade the hoſt rebel.
The helpleſs orphans generous Caleb bred,
In arms inſtructed, and to combat led.
With mutual flame their friendly boſoms lov'd;
In peace together liv'd, in war together mov'd.
Now, ſide to ſide, the manly heroes ſtood,
And ſable torrents from their falchions flow'd;
When Shammah thus---thou beſt of friends, behold
Yon heathen's car, in gloomy terror roll'd,
How his fierce courſers wing their rapid way!
How his keen falchion cleaves the yielding prey!
Say, ſhall our force the mighty Chief defy,
His arm experience, and his falchion try?
Or death, or triumph, ſhall the deed await;
And what is death, in Iſrael's dubious fate?
To prove fierce danger for his maker's laws,
And proffer life to ſave his country's cauſe,
Thou know'ſt, brave chief, Seraiah quick replied---
The good man's duty, and the brave man's pride.
He ſpoke, and fiercely plunging thro' the war,
Hew'd a wide path, and burſt upon the car;
Nor Shammah ſtay'd. On Jabin's ſpacious ſhield
His rapid lance Seraiah's hand impell'd;

Thro' the thick orb the point no paſſage found,
Its ſhade dark-quivering in the flamy round,
With a ſhort flaſh, acroſs the thickening air
The furious Heathen drove the greedy ſpear;
Swift on Seraiah's helmet ſunk the ſteel;
His red arms rang; the hero groan'd and fell.
With pangs, bold Shammah ſaw his brother's doom,
And wheel'd his fiery falchion thro' the gloom;
From Jabin's hand a ſecond javelin ſped,
Sung thro' his ear, and pierc'd his guſhing head;
Shrill roſe the conqueror's ſhout; and all around
The plains remurmur, and the woods reſound.
Now, more remote from Al's decreaſing light,
Slow mov'd a giant to the dreadful fight.
As when dun ſmoke, o'er all th' horizon ſpread,
Pours round the ſetting moon a crimſon ſhade,
Diſtain'd with blood, her broad, and dreadful eye
Looks death, and ruin, from the ſhuddering ſky:
So gleams the circuit of his flame-bright ſhield,
And caſts wide terror thro' the quaking field,
A beam-like ſpear commands his horrid way,
And all, before him, ſhun the dire affray.
And now fierce Iſrael's ſons, with ſad ſurprize,
To find brave Irad turn'd their boding eyes.
Far round they gaz'd; his form no more appear'd;
They liſten'd; but his voice no more was heard.
Then every boſom ſudden fears appal;
Their nerves all ſtiffen, and their falchions fall;
A timorous fight their frozen hands ſuſtain,
And ſighs, and backward looks, confeſs their pain.
With ſhouts of triumph, ſwift the Heathens roll'd,
And a bright terror flaſh'd from flamy gold;
A thouſand moony ſhields before them burn'd;
Ranks fell at once, and troops to flight were turn'd;
Each fatal ſtep increas'd the piles of ſlain,
And boundleſs ruin ravag'd all the plain.

As when a ſtorm in midnight pomp extends,
And a broad deluge on the world deſcends,
From ſteep to ſteep, diſdaining every goal,
Swell'd with hoarſe thunders, mountain-torrents roll;
The vales all echo to the dreadful ſound;
The torne rocks roar; the cracking trees reſound.
Meantime bold Irad far had croſs'd the fight,
And Samlah vaniſh'd with auſpicious flight:
Round the dread region gaz'd the Youth ſerene,
And eyed the grandeur of the ſolemn ſcene.
Unnumber'd phantoms crowd the duſky war;
The half-ſeen hero, and unfiniſh'd car:
Black were the ſhades, as midnight in the tomb,
And floating glimmerings ſpread a fearful gloom.
Now roll'd the diſtant cries an awful ſound;
Now nearer clamors ſhook th' embattled ground.
At once, from weſtern fields, a ſhout aſcends;
The plains all tremble, and the concave rends:
Quick turn'd the chief, while ſad alarms inſpire,
And ſaw dark forms, that paſs'd along the fire;
Slow tow'rd the camp the ſhouting ſquadrons move,
And long pale ſpires tremendous wave above.
Ah wretch! he cried---to childiſh heat a prey!
How ſoon wild paſſion drove my ſteps aſtray!
What chief, leſs vain, ſhall lay th' increaſing fear?
Who cheer the bands, my preſence ought to cheer?
Ah! ſhould diſgrace, and dire defeat, enſue,
No more this guilty face ſhall Joſhua view;
Theſe eyes ne'er open on a hoſt undone,
But death, or glory, by this arm be won.
Thus as he ſpoke, he croſs'd the deep array;
To his known form they yield an eaſy way:
Red flaſh his arms; and high above the field,
Gleams the drear luſtre of his orbed ſhield.
So, pale, and dreadful, thro' the midnight ſhade,
Sails a broad meteor o'er the mountain's head:

Dim riſe the cliffs; and on the kindling air,
Stream the long terrors of its ſanguine hair.
His voice reſounding thro' the gloomy fight,
Reviv'd their ſtrength, and turn'd th' increaſing flight.
Fly, daſtards, fly; deſert your Maker's laws;
Your name diſhonor; yield your country's cauſe;
But come, ye friends of Iſrael's injur'd name,
Sons of the ſkies, and heirs of deathleſs fame!
Know, round the diſtant plains, by chiefs inſpir'd,
By virtue prompted, and by vengeance fir'd,
Bold, manly warriors, never taught to yield,
Cleave their fell foes, and ſweep the duſty field;
Let this bright pattern every breaſt inflame;
Here lift your ſwords, where Irad leads to fame.
Thus every rank his voice invites to arms;
His preſence actuates; his example charms;
From band to band, with nimble courſe, he flies,
Wheels the long hoſt, and wakes intenſer cries;
Thick flaſh the falchions; thick the javelins rain;
And ſhooting banners tremble o'er the plain;
In every ſcene, alert, the youth appears;
Each chief, each rank, his cry with tranſport hears;
Shouts fiercely burſting liſtening earth appall,
And hovering Conqueſt yet ſuſpends her fall.
And now bold Irad, thro' the thickeſt war,
Drove the tall chief, and darkly rolling car,
When, lo! the giant full before him ſtood,
Involv'd in death, and cover'd o'er with blood:
Like ſome vaſt wave, approach'd the horrid form,
Heedleſs of ſpears, and raptur'd with the ſtorm.
His wonderous ſize th' admiring Youth beheld,
And ſnatch'd a lance that glitter'd on the field;
Loud rang the weapon on the monſter's brow;
Backward he quick recoil'd, and bending low,
Stood ſtaggering. Irad wav'd his dreadful ſword,
Springing impetuous; ſwift between them pour'd

Two gloomy chariots, of their lords deſpoil'd,
And fierce around them thouſand heroes toil'd:
No more the chief could find his deſtin'd prey,
But turn'd, and mingled in the fierce affray.
Now loud, and ſolemn, thro' the roaring vales
Swell'd the hoarſe murmurs of the ſounding gales,
With deep confuſion ſhook the cliff's tall brow,
And ruſh'd tempeſtuous on the world below;
From grove to grove the blaſt impatient flies,
Rends the ſtiff oak, and howls along the ſkies,
On Ai's broad flames, with wild dominion, falls,
And pours ten thouſand thunders round her walls.
More wide, more bright, the folding fires aſcend,
Heave the dun ſmoke, and far in ether bend;
The glittering brands, by rapid whirlwinds driven,
Stream, like dim meteors, o'er the blacken'd heaven;
Swift through the woods red paths expanding roll;
Long heavy volumes thicken round the pole;
From all the concave ſparks in torrents rain,
And fiery tempeſts ruſh along the plain.
Far through the groves the furious flames had ſpread,
And thouſand fires roſe ſcatter'd in the ſhade,
Ere Hazor's bands (ſo eager rag'd the fight)
Beheld, with ſad amaze, the fearful ſight.
Then Jabin's voice, terrific, bade retire,
And the glad warriors fled the widening fire.
Iſrael purſued; but Jabin's deathful arm
Whole troops repell'd, and brav'd the waſting ſtorm:
With the fierce giant, o'er the rear he roſe,
And cool'd the vengeance of his ardent foes,
Then to the fight, that ſtill, with dreadful ſway,
Rent eaſtern plains, brave Irad wing'd his way.
Part of the foes, that in the wood remain'd,
Had fled the heat, and ſafe receſſes gain'd;
Part, lodg'd in open fields, maintain'd the war,
And ſhouts rebellow'd tore the murmuring air.

Sudden, o'er all the bands, reſounds a cry---
Fled are our friends; we conquer, or we die:
Lo round the wood the kindling torrents burn;
Fix here our ranks; no warrior can return---
Then fierce deſpair the dauntleſs boſom fir'd,
Wing'd the keen falchion, and the arm inſpir'd;
The chiefs exhorted, threaten'd, ſhouted, cried;
The ranks ruſh'd onward, met the ſteel, and died;
For Iſrael's ſons a moveleſs fight maintain,
Glued to the field, and cleaving man to man;
Brave Irad's dreadful voice the heroes arm'd,
Strung every nerve, and every weapon warm'd;
On friend, and foe, alike the blind ſword fell;
And the ſon ſunk beneath the parent's ſteel.
Wild, and more wild, the ruin rag'd around; (ground;
Shouts rung; groans murmur'd; thunders rock'd the
Through the rent concave ruſh'd the loud acclaim,
Swell'd with the roaring wind, and fierce reſounding flame.
At length a heathen's voice---Retire, retire,
Where yon black opening parts the raging fire---
Quick, at the ſound, along the glimmering ſhade,
Thro' the wide foreſt panting heroes fled,
In different courſes, where the moory ground
Cleft the deep blaze, and form'd a verdant mound.
Swift as the rapid blaſt, the youthful train
Nimbly precipitated o'er the plain;
On every ſide, the flames, with wild career,
Roar'd near their path, and added wings to fear;
None turn'd a gazing eye; but, with bleſs'd flight,
Stream'd thro' the grove, and ſcap'd the vengeful light.
Behind, his path pale age more ſlow dragg'd on,
And wiſh'd, in vain, impending fate to ſhun;
Now here, now there, with feeble ſteps, they turn'd;
And here, and there, the fire terrific burn'd.
From tree to tree it flew; and all around
The moulder'd pines, with hoarſely ruſhing ſound,

Fell thundering. Kindled ruins hedg'd their path;
Behind them ſwift purſued the blazing death;
Before, beſide, and bending o'er their head,
The bright, and ſcorching ſplendors fiercely play'd;
Weak, and more weak, the cries of anguiſh came,
Drown'd in the roaring fury of the flame.
To the dire foreſt Iſrael's ſons purſued,
And heathen blood their reeking ſwords imbrued;
Then by the chief's command return'd from fight,
Th' attentive ſquadrons eyed the wondrous ſight,
Far round the dreadful region, trees on high,
Wave their tall blazing ſummits in the ſky;
Thro' the dark air, in crimſon terror, ſail
Broad ſheets of flame, and bend along the gale;
Loud, and more loud, the raging whirlwind pours;
From wood to wood the ruſhing deluge roars;
Then, up vaſt eaſtern hills with fury driven,
Rolls o'er aerial cliffs, and kindles heaven:
The mountain groves, a long, long ridge of fire,
Shoot their tall flames, and thro' the clouds aſpire.
O'er dim-ſeen rocks, brown plains, and glimmering ſtreams
Floats the pale luſtre of the trembling beams;
The camp aſtoniſh'd caſts a quivering gaze,
And diſtant towns are loſt in dumb amaze:
Retir'd the ſquadrons, range in dread array,
And watch the ſplendors of approaching day.---

THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK VIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Morning. Joſhua joins Irad. Jobab's character, and challenge. Irad accepts it, and kills Jobab. Battle. Irad kills Samlah, and engages Jabin. His death. Judah routed with great ſlaughter. Death of Uzal, and Shelumiel. Caleb, with a large diviſion, marches out, rallies Judah, and renews the battle. Irad's death throws the whole army into confuſion. Joſhua inſpirits them, and makes great havoc of the enemy. Zimri's exploits. He kills the king of the Hittites, and routs them. Joſhua kills the king of Shimron, and routs the centre. Jabin, perceiving the other diviſions of the army defeated, orders a retreat, which is performed with regularity. Joſhua's lamentation over Irad. Scene of Selima's diſtreſs at the ſight of his corpſe. Evening.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK VIII.

O'ER misty hills the day-star led the morn,
And streaming light in heaven began to burn;
Wide scenes of woe the boundless blaze display'd,
Where the steel triumph'd, and the deluge spread.
On wasted plains unnumber'd corses lay,
And smokes far scatter'd climb'd upon the day,
Still clouded flames o'er eastern mountains rise,
And Ai's broad ruins sadden all the skies.
When lo! in glimmering arms, and black array,
Like storms low-hovering in th' etherial way,
Far round the north a gloomy cloud ascends,
Its horror deepens, and its breadth extends.
Compact and firm, as mov'd by one great soul,
A front immense, the widening squadrons roll;
Thick shoot the spears; the trembling helmets beam,
And waving bucklers cast a moony gleam.
As the dire comet, swift through ether driven,
In solemn silence climbs the western heaven;
His sanguine hair, portending fearful wars,
Streams down the midnight sky, and blots the stars;
Pale death and terror light the dusky gloom,
And quivering nations read their sudden doom.

So in the flaming van great Joſhua roſe,
And ſhot red glories on the wondering foes.
At his command the trumpet ſounded high,
Aerial enſigns dancing in the ſky;
Near and more near, they trac'd a dreadful way,
Join'd Irad's hoſt, and ſtretch'd in long array.
From Hazor's ranks that now before the wood,
In three embattled ſquares, refulgent ſtood,
Great Jobab ſtrode. In Madon's realms he reign'd:
Red was his eye, his brow with blood diſtain'd;
A beam his ſpear; his vaſt, expanded ſhield
Shot a bright morning o'er the crimſon field;
His head ſublime a mighty helmet crown'd;
His quivering plumes with ſable horror frown'd;
Six cubits from the earth, he rais'd his frame;
His wife was battle, and his life was fame.
Proud was his father; prouder was the ſon:
Nought mov'd his pride; the tear, nor piercing groan:
Unmatch'd his force, he claim'd a matchleſs fame,
And every combat deck'd his brightening name.
Princes, his captiv'd ſlaves, before him bow'd,
Stalk'd in his train, and round his chariot rode;
While their fair partners, firſt in triumph led,
Held the rich cup, or grac'd the brutal bed.
Oft had ſurrounding realms his aid requir'd,
Ere Zimri's hand Ai's hapleſs turrets fir'd;
But ſtill their prayers, and ſtill their gifts were vain,
Till Joſhua's glory rous'd his fierce diſdain.
Elſe had no proffer mov'd his haughty mind,
That deem'd himſelf the champion of mankind,
When the joint wiſhes of the various band
To nobler Jabin gave the firſt command.
But Joſhua's triumphs fill'd his anguiſh'd ear;
Fir'd at the ſound, he ſnatch'd the deathful ſpear,
Reſolv'd at once to prove the hero's might,
And claim, alone, the wreaths of ſingle fight,

'Twas he, when Irad rais'd his dreadful voice,
And inmoſt Hazor trembled at the noiſe,
When prudent Jabin urg'd a nightly ſtorm,
Ere the Youth's voice the ſlumbering camp ſhould arm:
Bade his vaſt ſquadrons in the wood delay,
Nor lift a ſpear, till morn ſhould lead the day.
Shall this brave hoſt th' unmanly path purſue,
Fight ambuſh'd foes, and baſely creep from view?
Shall Jobab, like the thief, to conqueſt ſteal,
And bravery call, what coward minds can feel?
And now, from Jabin the proud chief demands,
To lead, as firſt in place, the central bands.
He, coolly wiſe, reſigns the ſhadowy name,
And, pleas'd with ſubſtance, boaſts a nobler fame.
Forth from the hoſt, in ſteely pomp, he ſtrode,
And 'twixt th' embattled lines ſublimely ſtood.
His towering ſtride, vaſt height, and awful arms
Chill'd all his foes, and ſcatter'd wide alarms:
When thus the chief---Ye ſons of Iſrael know
The dauntleſs challenge of no common foe.
If in your hoſt three heroes can be found,
(Be Joſhua one) to tempt this dangerous ground,
Here ſhall they learn what ſtrength informs the brave,
And find no God can ſhield them from the grave.
Stung with the inſult caſt upon his God,
To the great Leader Irad nimbly ſtrode,
And thus---Shall yonder heathen's haughty cry
Dare Iſrael's hoſt, and Iſrael's God defy?
Let me this boaſter whelm in inſtant ſhame,
Avenge my nation's cauſe, my Maker's name.
Exalted Youth! the ſmiling Chief replied,
This elder arm ſhall crop his towering pride.
Scarce in thy breaſt has manhood fix'd her ſeat;
Blot not thy bloom, nor urge untimely fate.

Line 60) See Book 7, Line 165.

Brave as thou art, his ſtrength muſt win the fight,
And Iſrael's glory ſink in endleſs night.
Think not, he cried, of Irad's tender age,
Nor heed the mockery of yon heathen's rage.
This hand, though young, ſhall boaſt a conquering day;
Blind is wild rage, and pride an eaſy prey.
Here too ſhall Joſhua's potent prayers be given,
And the bleſs'd aid, that Virtue hopes from Heaven.
Should Irad periſh, none the wound ſhall know;
Should Joſhua fall, our race is whelm'd in woe:
Heaven gave his choſen to thy guardian care,
To rule in peace, to ſave in dangerous war;
On thee alone our fates ſuſpended lie,
With thee we flouriſh, and with thee we die.
Oh beſt of youths! provoke not haſty doom,
Nor ruſh impetuous to an early tomb.
I lov'd thy ſire, the good, the juſt, the brave---
And ſhall this voice conſign thee to the grave?
Swift thy name ripens into matchleſs praiſe;
My ſon, my choſen, ſtill prolong thy days.
In future fields thy arm ſhall brighter ſhine;
Thine be the glory, but the danger mine.
Ah grant my wiſh! th' impatient Youth replies,
While two full tears ſtand gliſtening in his eyes---
This arm, unhurt, ſhall bid the monſter bleed;
Angels will guard my courſe, and Heaven ſucceed.
My ſpear, when night her lateſt darkneſs ſpread,
Had ſunk him breathleſs in the field of dead;
But ſome kind ſpirit ſav'd his life, till morn
Should grace the fight, and Irad's name adorn.
Aid me, oh aid me, Hezron's every friend!
Your voice, your wiſhes, muſt the Leader bend.
Won by his earneſt cries, the generous Chief
Forc'd his conſent; but could not hide his grief.
A ſigh ſteals ſilent from his bleeding breaſt,
As his ſlow tongue permits the ſad requeſt.

Wrapp'd in bright arms, while ſmiles his joy reveal'd,
The Youth ſtalk'd fearleſs o'er the horrid field;
The hoſt, with rapture, view'd his lofty ſtride,
The leap alert, the port of conſcious pride;
But each grave chief, by long experience wiſe,
With faltering accent, to his comrade cries---
I fear, I fear, leſt, on the bloody ſand,
The bold Youth periſh, by yon monſter's hand.
What bravery can, fair Irad will perform,
But can the opening floweret meet the ſtorm?
Ah, that ſuch ſweetneſs, ſuch etherial fire
Should fall, the victim of a heathen's ire!
Thy votary's courſe, all-gracious Heaven, ſurvey!
Let ſome kind angel hover round his way!
Now near the ſcene bold Irad urg'd his courſe,
Where Jobab triumph'd in reſiſtleſs force;
When the huge warrior, ſwell'd with angry pride,
With bended brow, and voice contemptuous, cried---
Art thou the champion of thy vaunting race?
Shall this poor victory Jobab's falchion grace?
Go, call great Joſhua, long to war inur'd,
Whoſe arm hath toils, whoſe ſkill hath hoſts endur'd,
With him, ten chiefs; this hand ſhall cruſh them all;
Shame ſtains the ſteel, that bids a ſtripling fall;
Retire, ere vengeance on thy helmet light;
Fly to yon troop, and ſave thy life by flight.
His haughty foe the Youth undaunted heard;
Vain, empty threats his boſom never fear'd;
O'er the vaſt form he turn'd his ſmiling eyes,
And ſaw unmov'd the livid vengeance riſe.
Then, with a roſy bluſh of conſcious worth,
Calm from his tongue his manly voice broke forth---
Do threats like theſe become a hero's voice?
Can courage find a vent in empty noiſe?
To every brave man give the well-earn'd praiſe,
Nor think on ſcoffs a bright renown to raiſe;

True bravery claims a noble generous fame;
But the baſe wretch from vaunts expects his name.
Let ſhame, let truth, thoſe coward words recall;
Thou ſeek'ſt my life; I glory in thy fall.
To me thy pride to me thy threats are vain;
Heaven ſees alone whoſe arm the prize ſhall gain.
And know, wheree'er may light his angry rod,
I fear no boaſter that defies my GOD.
Now ſhield to ſhield, and lance to lance, they ſtand;
With taunts imperious ſhout the heathen band;
While hopeleſs Iſrael heaven with prayer aſſails,
And grateful incenſe fills the riſing gales.
Stung by the juſt reproof, with whizzing ſound
The giant plung'd his javelin in the ground:
For paſſion, ever blind, impell'd his arm,
Steer'd a wild courſe, and ſav'd the youth from harm;
He, calm and fearleſs, with a pleas'd ſurpriſe,
Survey'd its curious form and mighty ſize;
Then 'gainſt his foe, with ſure, unerring eye
Drove the ſwift lance, and lodg'd it in his thigh.
Enrag'd, the warrior ſaw his bubbling gore,
Writh'd with keen anguiſh, and the javelin tore.
The fleſh purſued; a copious, ſable ſtream
Pour'd from the wound, and ſtain'd the ſteely gleam;
Then high in air he ſhook his ſunlike ſhield,
And wav'd his falchion o'er th' aſtoniſh'd field.
With matchleſs force the vengeful weapon fell;
The wary hero nimbly ſhunn'd the ſteel;
And while his foe with foaming fury cried,
Oft pierc'd his arm, and wounded oft his ſide.
Wild, and more wild, the giant's ſtrokes reſound,
Glance from the ſhield, and plough the cleaving ground:
Till, gathering all his ſtrength for one vaſt blow,
Dark as a ſtorm, he ruſhes on his foe;
Lightly the hero ſprings; the monſter falls,
Like ſudden ruins of a turret's walls;

Full on his neck deſcends the gladſome blade,
And from the trunk diſparts the griſly head.
Loud ſhouts of joy, from Iſrael's thouſands driven,
Burſt o'er the plain, and ſhook the walls of heaven:
Amaz'd the heathens ſaw their champion loſt,
And a wide, ſullen groan was heard from all the hoſt.
Alert, bold Irad ſeiz'd the giant's ſhield,
His ſword, his ſpear, and bore them thro' the field;
At Joſhua's feet, with ſelf-approving ſmiles,
He caſt the grandeur of the glittering ſpoils;
The hoary warriors gather'd round his way,
And gaz'd and wonder'd at the curious prey;
Then bleſs'd the chief, with tranſport in their eyes,
And own'd th' aſſiſtance of auſpicious Skies;
While youths unhappy rais'd leſs ardent prayers,
And wiſh'd the deed, and wiſh'd the glory, theirs.
Led by ſoft impulſe tow'rd th' imbattled train,
Rov'd ſad Selima down the ſpacious plain.
Afar ſhe ſtood, and caſt an anxious eye,
And ſtrove in vain her favourite to deſcry.
At once, with diſtant din, the ſhouts aſcend,
And painful fears her tender boſom rend;
Slow tow'rd the camp her lingering ſteps inclin'd;
But oft the fair-one caſt a look behind.
Now the long thunders of the clarion ſound,
Reclam'd from hills, and plains, and groves around,
O'er the dire field the ruſhing ſquadrons driven,
Extend their ſhady files, and blacken heaven:
High in the central front great Joſhua ſtands,
And ſhoots wide terror thro' th' aſtoniſh'd bands;
Mid eaſtern thouſands Zimri towers along,
And Irad ſhines before the weſtern throng.
Unfurl'd, the ſudden banners ſtream afar,
And, wrapp'd in thunder, joins the dreadful war;
Wide roll the volumes of the duſt around,
And clouds on clouds envelope all the ground.

As floods, increas'd by long-descending rains,
Pour a brown deluge o'er the wintery plains,
Loud from a thousand hills, the torrents join,
Where azure bonds the river's course confine;
The maddening ice, in boundless ruin driven,
Bursts, like the thunders of a falling heaven;
The white rocks foam; the gloomy blasts arise,
Tos the wild stream, and roar along the skies.
So clos'd the squadrons of th' unnumber'd foes;
So stormy shouts and hollow groans arose.

Long in an even ballance hung th' affray,
Nor those would loose, nor these could gain, the day,
'Till Irad's rapid path, like heaven's red fire,
Shot through the ranks, and bade the foe retire;
With joy, their chief surrounding warriors view,
And troops on troops the generous course pursue.

At distance small, proud Samlah's glittering car,
Whirl'd by white coursers, tempts the grisly war;
O'er all the plain, with piercing sound, arise
His stern injunctions, and his conquering cries.
With shouts bold Irad darts along the field,
Now bright in arms, and now in dust conceal'd,
From rank to rank the well-known chief pursues,
And oft his flashing steel in blood imbrues.
Vain, impious wretch, he cried, thy nimble flight,
And vain the covert of surrounding might.
Once hast thou fled the swift-pursuing spear,
But fled'st in vain, for vengeance finds thee here.
Learn from this hand what fate betides the knave,
Who yields, unmov'd, a brother to the grave.
If now thy feet escape the righteous doom,
Let Heaven protect thee to a peaceful tomb!

In dread amaze astonish'd Samlah stood;
From his pale face retir'd the freezing blood;
His wild eye star'd; all bristling rose his hair:
Quick from his quivering hand the useless spear

Dropp'd; his teeth rattled, and the falling reins
At random trembled on the courſers' manes;
Behind he gaz'd, and found no path to fly;
For aid he panted, but no aid was nigh.
Deep in his back was lodg'd the fatal ſteel;
His breathleſs form, before the rolling wheel,
Plung'd headlong; mournful rung a pitying groan,
So fair, ſo mild his beauteous aſpect ſhone:
Even Irad, touch'd by Adnor's kind requeſt,
Felt ſoft emotions ſtealing through his breaſt.
Then ſwift he wheel'd the lightening of his ſword;
Behind him, Judah's hoſt like torrents pour'd;
Shrill roſe the tumult of the fields around,
Trembled through heaven and wav'd along the ground:
With ſouls undaunted, both the hoſts contend;
Spears fill the air, and ſhouts the concave rend.
Far diſtant, Joſhua moves his awful form,
Swells the confuſion, and directs the ſtorm.
Beyond him, Zimri, ſwift as rapid fire,
Darts through the fight, and bids the foe expire.
A mingled horror clouds the dreadful plain;
Here ruſh the fighting, and there fall the ſlain.
Now the mid ſun had finiſh'd half his courſe,
When Irad raging with reſiſtleſs force,
And far before him breathing wide diſmay,
On Jabin's chariot drove his rapid way.
Brave youths around him throng'd the crimſon fight,
Eyed the bleſs'd chief, and ſmil'd a fierce delight;
From every ſword increaſing vengeance fell,
And Death ſate hovering o'er the ſanguine ſteel.
Thron'd in proud ſtate, the ſavage Monarch rode;
Like two red ſtars his wrathful eye-balls glow'd;
Hoarſe from his voice a dreadful thunder came,
And his bright armour flaſh'd a ſudden flame.
Two ſteeds, bedropp'd with gore, and pale to view,
Emblems of death, his ſmoaking chariot drew.

Cheer'd by his hand, the courſers ſwiftly ſprang;
Beat by their hoofs, the brazen bucklers rang;
Tow'rd Irad's path the heathen wing'd his way,
And, boding conqueſt, ſnuff'd the fancied prey.
Unmov'd, th' angelic Youth, with wearied hands
Pav'd his red path, and drove the circling bands---
Stay, lovely hero! ſtay; thy courſe forbear;
Enough that ſword has rul'd the glorious war---
Ah ſtay, till Iſrael's ſons thy ſteps ſurround;
Return, return, and be with glory crown'd!
Great Jabin ſtood, and o'er the bloody field
Rais'd the broad terrors of his flaming ſhield;
His grimly brow, all blacken'd o'er with duſt,
Frown'd like a ſtorm, and froze the trembling hoſt;
Near beauteous Irad ſtream'd the ſounding car,
And opening ſquadrons yield the dreadful war.
The foaming Chief, ſerene the Youth beheld,
And rear'd his javelin o'er the purple field;
Shrill ſung the lance along the duſty ſky,
Bor'd the ſtrong ſhield, and pierc'd the Monarch's thigh.
Enrag'd, to earth the haughty Warrior ſprang;
His red eyes flam'd; his arms deſcending rang;
With lofty action, each his hand uprais'd;
The falchions flaſh'd; aghaſt the ſquadrons gaz'd;
Two generous youths between them nimbly broke,
And bow'd their lives beneath the fatal ſtroke.
Their lovely heads (their helmets cleft in twain)
Died the keen ſwords, and ſpouted on the plain.
More fierce the Monarch's diſappointed ire
Glow'd in his face, and blaz'd with gloomy fire.
In Irad, innocence ſerenely mild,
And beauty's ſweetneſs with ſoft ſplendor ſmil'd;
Round his fair forehead beams of bravery play,
Nor ſtain'd with rage, nor mingled with diſmay.
Again in ether roſe the dreadful ſteel;
Again it lighten'd, and again it fell;

The Heathen's, ringing, leap'd from Irad's ſhield;
The Youth's in fragments, treacherous, ſtrew'd the field.
Held by a chief, ſwift-leaping from the band,
A ſecond falchion touch'd his reaching hand,
When---loveliest Youth! why did thy buckler's bound
Shield but thy breaſt? why not thy form ſurround?
Where ſtood thy friends? was no kind hero near,
To guard thy life, and ſtay Selima's tear?---
From ſome baſe arm unſeen, in covert flung,
Through his white ſide a coward javelin ſung,
He fell---a groan ſad-murmur'd round the hoſt,
Their joy, their glory, and their leader loſt.
Forth from the train a youth impatient ſprung,
Spread his fond arms, and round the hero clung,
With ſoft endearments ſtay'd the fleeting breath,
And wiſh'd to ſave him from the hand of death.
But Jabin's ſword, driven through his friendly ſide,
Stain'd his white armour with a ſpotleſs tide:
In kind imbrace their heaving boſoms lay,
And all life's blooming beauty died away.
Through fields of air, their ſocial ſpirits join'd
Wing'd their light way, nor loſt a look behind;
While two bright forms, on roſy pinions borne,
Sail'd round their path, and op'd the gates of morn.
Mid countleſs warriors Irad's limbs were ſpread,
Even there diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
Fair as the ſpring, and bright as riſing day,
His ſnowy boſom open'd as he lay;
From the deep wound a little ſtream of blood
In ſilence fell, and on the javelin glow'd.
Grim Jabin, frowning o'er his hapleſs head,
Deep in his boſom plung'd the cruel blade;
Foes, even in death, his vengeance ne'er forgave,
But hail'd their doom, inſatiate as the grave;
No worth, no bravery could his rage diſarm,
Nor ſmiling love could melt, nor angel-beauty charm.

With dreadful ſound, he rais'd his voice on high,
Froze the pale bands, and thunder'd thro' the ſky--
Haſte, warriors, haſte; your conquering arms diſplay;
Here gaſps their leader, to the dogs a prey.
See the ſlaves fly; ere evening's duſky hour,
The beaſts ſhall rend them, and the hawks devour.
Receive, illuſtrious Oran! here receive
The poor, the ſole reward, thy prince can give.
This victim firſt; a nation ſoon ſhall come
To pay due honours at thy ſacred tomb,
Wide ſtreams of gore in rich libations flow,
And ſhades unnumber'd wait thy call below.
Here, daſtards, here the worthleſs carcaſe yield,
Nor wait the vengeance of a future field.
To day this raptur'd hand your camp ſhall burn,
And fires, and wives, and ſons to mingled aſhes turn.
Thus ſpoke the haughty Chief: with flaſhing eyes,
To fiercer fight inſpir'd the warriors riſe;
Clouds after clouds in gloomy pomp aſcend,
And ſtormy clamours troubled ether rend.
The thickening tempeſt Judah's hoſt ſurvey'd,
And wedg'd their volumes in the duſty ſhade;
Man lock'd with man, and helm with helm combin'd,
And ſword with ſword in glimmering order join'd,
A long dread front, impervious, hides the fields,
Cloth'd with the grandeur of a thouſand ſhields.
First, in the flaming van to vengeance roſe
Bold Irad's train, and dar'd their ardent foes.
Their young, brave minds immortal fame inſpires;
Each glowing thought the patriot's virtue fires;
Serene they ſmil'd to ſee the ruin nigh;
In death they triumph'd, but they fear'd to fly.
O'er the dark deep, as ſome tall wave impends,
Its white foam hiſſes, and its point aſcends;
'Gainſt hoary rocks the burſting ruins roar,
Shake all the main, and echo round the ſhore,

So Jabin's car with gloomy terror flew,
And crush'd the ranks that near him rashly drew;
Roll'd in one mighty mass, the heathen force,
The swift-wing'd chariot, and the foaming horse,
O'er all the lovely band resistless fly,
And countless warriors round their Irad die.
Thus, on the stream's fair bank in beauty rise
Young, towering trees, and feel indulgent skies;
In spring's mild beam their lovely boughs aspire,
Wave o'er the flowers, and call the plumy choir:
At once the floods descend, the torrents roar;
The trees lie withering on the wasted shore.
All firmly brave, imbrown'd with dust and blood
'Gainst the rude tempest Judah's veterans stood;
Fix'd, even to death, their nation to defend,
With stout, stiff strength, the stubborn ranks contend;
To fate undaunted many a hero springs,
The shouts redouble, and the concave rings.
Full in the front brave Uzal moveless stood,
His falchion reeking with incessant blood;
Fight, warriors, fight, or fall---he said, nor more;
But wheel'd his arm, and stepp'd in floods of gore;
Above his feet the purple torrents ran,
And high before him man was pil'd on man.
So thick the swords around his helmet hung,
That sword clave sword; aloud his armour rung;
Panting he stood; in floods the sweat distill'd:
Nor moves the Hero, nor the squadrons yield.
From his bright car, that rattling pour'd along,
With shouts, and threatnings, Jabin fir'd the throng;
Man leap'd o'er man: from every side they rush'd;
Bold warriors fell, by other warriors crush'd;
'Till, hurl'd by Jabin's hand, a javelin flew,
Pierc'd Uzal's heart, and life's fair current drew,
Pleas'd, the great hero gave his parting breath;
My nation own'd my life, and now demands my death.

Thus hung with wounds, a prey to ſavage ſteel,
In Princeton's fields the gallant Mercer fell.
When firſt his native realm her ſons decreed,
In ſlavery's chains, with want and woe to bleed,
Check'd, through his boſom fond remembrance ran,
The cauſe of freedom was the cauſe of man.
In that fair cauſe he bar'd his manly breaſt,
The friend, the hope, the champion, of th' oppreſs'd,
From height to height on glory's pinions roſe,
Bleſs'd by his friends, and prais'd by generous foes;
Swift flew the ſhaft; the eagle ceas'd to riſe,
And mourning millions trac'd him down the ſkies.
He fell; the throng, that preſs'd againſt his ſhield,
Plung'd in one heap, and ſpread along the field;
Bucklers on bucklers rang; ſteel claſh'd on ſteel;
Their own ſwords gaſh'd them, wounding as they fell.
In one broad ruin lay the mingled crowd,
And cries, and hollow groans were heard aloud.
So ſome tall prop, that bears extended walls,
Mouldering, gives way; the moſſy ſtructure falls,
The long beams thundering echo round the ſkies,
Earth ſhakes beneath, and clouds of duſt ariſe.
Thus ſunk the warriors, ſome to riſe no more,
Some, nimbly bounding, bath'd their ſpears in gore.
Now haughty Jabin lifts a louder cry,
The tall hills echo, and the fields reply.
Fly, daſtards, fly; death haunts your impious way;
Your proud name ſinks; your ſquadrons ſwift decay:
Where now 's the chief, that led your hoſts abroad?
Your far-fam'd bravery, and fictitious GOD?
Call the dread Power, that cleft th' Egyptian wave,
To mourn your fate, and ope your heads a grave.
Pour on, my heroes, while yon friendly light
Shines in the heaven, and joys to view the fight.
He ſpoke, and onward wing'd his dreadful form;
Hazor behind him, like an evening ſtorm,

That rides on gloomy blaſts above the hills,
And wakes the thunder of the mountain rills,
Roll'd blackening. Iſrael's ſons in ſad diſmay,
Bent tow'rd the camp their ſlow, unwilling way.
Enrag'd Shelumiel rais'd his angry voice,
But rais'd in vain; no hero heeds the noiſe:
Hoarſe with ſhrill cries, and wild with deep deſpair,
He ruſh'd reſiſtleſs on the thickeſt war,
From Jabin's lance a grateful exit found,
Sunk in his arms, and ſtiffen'd on the ground.
Far from the fight, deſpoil'd of helm and ſhield,
Slept beauteous Irad on the mournful field;
Deaf to the groans, and careleſs of the cries;
His hair ſoft-whiſtling o'er his half-ſhut eyes.
On either ſide his lifeleſs arms were ſpread,
And blood ran round him from the countleſs dead.
Even there, two warriors, ruſhing o'er the plain,
O'er crimſon torrents, and o'er piles of ſlain,
Stopp'd, when the lovely form aroſe to ſight,
Survey'd his charms, and wiſh'd no more the fight.
Ah! hapleſs Youth! cried one, with tender voice,
The Gods' fair offspring, form'd for milder joys!
A face like thine the gentleſt thoughts muſt move,
The gaze of Beauty, and the ſong of Love.
Sleep on, fair hero! for thy corſe muſt lie
Bare to the fury of a ſtormy ſky.
Thus he. His friend, by ſofter paſſions warm'd,
By grief afflicted, and by beauty charm'd,
Cries ſadly---No; for when my ſteps return,
This bleeding breaſt thy early fate ſhall mourn;
The melting ſong declare thy hapleſs doom,
And my own hand erect thy head a tomb.
But now, outſpread o'er all the northern plain,
In ſable grandeur roll'd a countleſs train,
With trembling ſpears, with waving bucklers, bright,
And the quick gleams of interrupted light.

When Joſhua ſtrode the heathen hoſt to dare,
To guard the camp was prudent Caleb's care.
He, coolly wiſe, had ſummon'd all the train,
Diſpos'd in ranks, and guided o'er the plain,
All arm'd for war, at diſtance meet to ſtay,
And wait the changes of the dreadful day.
In even ſcale while dubious combat hung,
And far in ſouthern fields the tumult rung,
Silent, they liſten'd to the blended cry,
And heard faint ſhouts in diſtant murmurs die.
But now th' approaching clarion's dreadful ſound
Denounces flight, and ſhakes the banner'd ground;
From clouded plains increaſing thunders riſe,
And driſted volumes roll along the ſkies.
At once the chief commands; th' unnumber'd throng,
Like gathering tempeſts, darkly pour'd along:
High on the winds, unfurl'd in purple pride,
Th' imperial ſtandard caſt the view aſide;
A hero there ſublimely ſeem'd to ſtand,
To point the conqueſt, and the flight command;
In arms of burniſh'd gold the warrior ſhone,
And wav'd and brighten'd in the falling ſun.
Swift tow'rd the fight approach'd th' impatient throng,
And wider pour'd the thickening duſt along;
Loud, and more loud, victorious clamours grow,
And, more diſtinguiſh'd, breathe the ſounds of woe;
Pale Judah's ſons a yielding fight maintain,
And many a face looks backward o'er the plain,
When Caleb's mighty voice, in thunder driven,
Starts all the hoſt, and rends the clouded heaven.
What diſmal ſcenes, enrag'd the hero cries---
Convulſe this heart, and pierce theſe bleeding eyes!
Shall Judah's race, my brethren and my boaſt,
Flee, vanquiſh'd, driven, before a heathen hoſt?
Can men, can warriors own ſo black a part,
The beſt of chiefs, your Joſhua to deſert?

Say with what pangs will Heaven the wretches try,
That know no honour, and that feel no tie?
On yon bright plain, the conquering Chief behold,
Troops wing'd before him, cars tumultuous roll'd,
With Heaven's imperial ſword the fight commands,
And drives fierce ruin o'er decreaſing bands!
Say, ſhall the Man, who fights, who bleeds for all,
See your baſe flight, and periſh in your fall?
The Chief, as angels kind, as angels true,
Sink in the doom, he warded long from you?
Fly then; but know, a few ſhort furlongs paſt,
Yon camp wild flames, and ſavage ſwords ſhall waſte;
Beſmear'd with ſtreaming blood, your parents lie,
And, daſh'd on ſtones, your gaſping infants die;
Your wives, betray'd by ſuch baſe culprits, feel
Abuſe, more dreadful than the griding ſteel?
No arm, no ſword the falling nation ſave,
But this dire evening ope our common grave.
Can theſe dread ſcenes even daſtards fail to arm?
Spring from the trance, and burſt the ſleepy charm;
Riſe, riſe like men; with ſhame, with vengeance burn;
Wipe foul diſgrace, and ſwift to fight return.
And ye brave chiefs, that never knew to yield,
Or turn a backward foot from glory's field,
But, led by me, the van's bright honours claim,
Smile at fair death, and ſhrink from torturing ſhame;
Lift high th' avenging ſword, from pity free,
And cleave the wretch that baſely dares to flee.
He ſpoke: the ſound their manly boſoms fir'd,
Wheel'd their long ranks, and every arm inſpir'd;
Even cowards now to generous combat arm'd,
And fainting heroes with new vengeance warm'd:
Fierce Hazor's ſons with equal fury driven,
Like one wide cloud, that ſhades the ſkirts of even,
Ruſh'd dark and dreadful: ranks, by ranks impell'd,
Felt the keen lance, and heap'd the ſtreaming field.

Pois'd in a dire ſuſpenſe, the combat hung;
Swords claſh'd, mail rattled, ſtriking bucklers rung;
Here his bold ranks great Caleb's arm inſpir'd;
There Jabin's mighty hand his warriors fir'd:
No more the foaming ſteeds could trace their way,
So thick the ſquadrons wedg'd their black array:
Loud tumults roar, the clouded heavens reſound,
And deep convulſions heave the labouring ground.
Meantime, great Joſhua, lightening o'er the plain,
Hedg'd his dire path with heaps of ghaſtly ſlain;
Back roll'd the ſquadrons; death's encircling ſhade
Involv'd his courſe, and hover'd o'er his head.
At once a quivering voice fair Irad nam'd,
Announc'd his ruin, and the flight proclaim'd;
From ranks to trembling ranks, the mournful ſound
Wak'd a ſad groan, and breath'd a gloom around,
With livid paleneſs clouded every face,
Congeal'd each vein, and ſtopp'd the growing chace.
On the far camp they turn'd a frequent view;
Their fainting falchions ſcarce the fight renew:
Throng'd in a blackening ſtorm, the foe deſcends;
Swift drive the chariots; far the duſt extends.
With ſmiles, bold heathens hail commencing flight;
Their lances ſhower; their eye-balls flaſh delight.
Loud as old ocean beats the rocky ſhore,
Loud as the ſtorm's deep-burſting thunders roar,
Vaſt ſhouts unrolling rend th' etherial round,
Trembles all heaven, and ſhakes the gory ground.
Amaz'd, the Hero ſaw the wild deſpair:
Nor knew the cauſe, 'till Irad fill'd the air;
Irad, re-echoing with a fearful noiſe,
Pal'd the blank face, and froze the faltering voice.
Loud o'er the bellowing ſhouts reſounds his cry---
My ſons, my heroes, whither will ye fly?
Will ye purſue the camp? deſert the ſlain?
And leave your Irad on the bloody plain?

Alas! you fly to more tremendous fates;
There ruin ſeeks you, and baſe death awaits:
There, in ſad horror, will your eyes behold
Flames round your camp, your wives, your children roll'd:
Let vengeance rouſe, let Iſrael's name inſpire,
Let danger ſteel you, and let Irad fire,
Turn, turn, this inſtant ſeals your final doom;
You gain the day, or fall without a tomb.
He ſaid, and wav'd his broad, enſanguin'd ſhield;
Turn, warriors, turn, reſounds along the field;
A new-born bravery fires the meaneſt ſoul:
Thick ſpears protend; ranks lengthening onward roll:
Leſs loud fierce whirlwinds through the valley pour:
Leſs loud broad flames the ſpiry town devour,
When, wing'd by blaſts, red conflagrations riſe,
Blaze in the cloud-capp'd towers, and ſcorch the ſkies.
Black drifts of duſt ſmoke through the vaſt profound;
Shouts hoarſely rage, and hollow groans reſound.
As, when through ether's fields dark ſtorms are driven,
The ſwift-wing'd flame, deſcending, kindles heaven,
Scath'd by the dreadful ſtream, the huge pines fall,
And burſting glory wraps the ſmoking ball;
O'er the tall mountains rolls the voice of GOD,
The plains all tremble, and the foreſts nod:
So ſwift, ſo bright, the ruſhing hero pour'd;
With every ſtroke his ſword a life devour'd;
Fall on his foes he bore reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
Pale ſquadrons opening to his angry form;
His ſhield blaz'd horror, and his lofty hand
Fell, with ſwift ruin, on the leſſening band;
Gaſh'd by his hand, the courſers burſt their reins,
And hurl'd their riders on the bloody plains;
Gaſh'd by his hand, the proſtrate riders die;
Crack the round wheels, the ſplendid trappings fly.
Meantime, far eaſtward Aſher crouds the war,
Nor heeds the terrors of the rattling car.

Swift as on wings of fire a meteor driven,
Mounts o'er the hills, and ſweeps the nightly heaven,
When the pale wanderer, loſt in devious ways,
With briſtling hair, ſtarts at the ſudden blaze,
Ruſh'd rapid Zimri through the parting hoſt;
Mark'd by his eye the hapleſs foe was loſt;
O'er quivering ranks his ſword inceſſant hung;
Loud in their ears his voice funereal rung
Death's hideous peal; hard-following on the ſound
Sunk the laſt ſtroke, and corſes cloath'd the ground.
Now while the Hittites fled the dire alarm,
Their haughty king withſtood th' invading arm.
Shrill roſe the thunders of his piercing cry,
Loſt in deaf ears, and echoing through the ſky;
With ſwifter ſteps, his warriors urg'd their flight,
And dark behind them ruſh'd purſuing night.
Fierce on the king's bright car, with rapid force,
Reſiſtleſs Zimri drove his dreadful courſe;
The dauntleſs monarch caſt his mighty ſpear,
That ſung, and trembled through th' enlighten'd air;
Full on brave Zimri's helm the poliſh'd ſteel
Claſh'd harmleſs, and to earth, rebounding, fell.
Regardleſs of the ſhock, the nimble chief
Sprang to the car; no ſword could lend relief;
Caught by his arm, the heathen beat the ground;
Wide on his boſom ſunk the fatal wound;
The greedy blade, deep-plunging, gaſh'd his ſide,
And down his buckler pour'd a bubbling tide.
Wing'd with fierce ardour, Zimri mounts the car,
And calls his heroes to the crimſon war.---
Ruſh on to conqueſt, every generous band,
Lo the bleſs'd triumphs of this happy hand!
Here, through his ſide the ſword indignant thruſt,
Their furious leader, gaſping, bites the duſt.---
Fly, miſcreants, fly, and let your lives remain
To grace the falchions of a future plain.

From dovelike foes what warrior hopes a name?
So cheap the purchaſe, victory ſcarce is fame.---
Thus, loud and taunting, roſe the hero's cry;
Swift ruſh his bands; the heathen ſwifter fly:
High in the chariot, in dread pomp reveal'd,
His gloomy hand the firey ſteeds impell'd;
In duſty clouds the hoſts are ſnatch'd from ſight,
And Death, and Zimri, darken o'er the flight.
While thus brave Aſher trod the conquering plain,
And drove wild ruin on the heathen train,
In the dire centre, to reſiſtleſs war
Proud Shimron's monarch urg'd the thundering car.
In early youth, he ſaw fierce Jabin's hand
Seize his fair crown, and rule his fertile land;
Then to the victor's court a captive brought,
In arms was train'd, in arts politic taught,
Won by ſoft wiles, his throne of Jabin held,
And bade his realm imperial tributes yield:
There, fir'd to glory by the monarch's voice,
He mock'd his pattern, and obey'd his choice,
And hop'd from conduct, form'd by rules ſo juſt,
Alone to reign, when Jabin ſlept in duſt.
Full on his lofty breaſt the flaſhing ſhield
Gleam'd a bright terror through the clouded field:
As when the Sun, o'er ſcorch'd Peruvia's plain,
Diſeaſe, and Death, and Horror in his train,
Unveils his crimſon face, diſtain'd with blood,
Burns the brown hills, and ſickens every flood.
Loud rang the hero's voice; his lances flew,
And every lance the foremoſt warrior ſlew.
On him great Joſhua glanc'd a darkening eye,
And ruſh'd impetuous, with a deathful cry:
His ſword, ſwift-circling, hew'd his diſmal way,
Fell'd ranks at once, and broke the deep array.
Amaz'd, the heathen caſt a look behind,
And thus in doubt, explor'd his mighty mind.---

Shall I reſiſting dare that arm of death,
And reach his heart, or nobly yield my breath;
Or with ſome diſtant band the foe engage
Where bravery fails, and turn the battle's rage?
This arm, this ſpear may ſpill his hated life;
And O what wreaths ſhall crown the happy ſtrife!
What bright rewards ſhall Jabin's hand beſtow!
What matchleſs honours round my temples flow!
I claim the conteſt--hence baſe flight and ſhame---
To fight is glory, and to die is fame.
He ſpoke; while Ruin, riding thro' the plain,
Burſt o'er his ranks, and mark'd her path with ſlain:
On Joſhua's helm ſhe ſate; tremendous hung
His arm on high, his voice like thunder rung:
Near the bright car he wheel'd his ſtreaming blade,
And duſt around him caſt a night-like ſhade.
Full on his buckler claſh'd the heathen's ſpear,
Pierc'd the thick plates, and flaſh'd behind in air;
Grazing his ſide, it cut the folded garb,
And drops of crimſon ſtain'd the poliſh'd barb.
With joy, the king his faithful javelin view'd,
Leap'd from his car, and with his ſword purſued.
Then Joſhua's hand uprear'd his falchion high,
Its flames bright-circling in the duſky ſky;
Firſt his foe's arm dropp'd on the bloody field;
The ſecond ſtroke divides his glittering ſhield;
Full on his throat the fierce avenging blade
Sinks; the freed ſpirit flits to midnight ſhade.
"Pour on to glory"--rung the Leader's voice,
The trembling hoſt ſhrunk backward at the noiſe;
Sad Shimron's ſons beheld their monarch dead,
Rais'd one deep howl, and, wing'd with horror, fled.
Throng'd in a gloomy ſtorm, their head-long foes
Round the dire flight with lifted falchions roſe;
Broad ſtreams of blood o'er-ran the ſcenes of death,
And ſullen groans proclaim'd the parting breath.

As boiling Etna rolls a flood of fire
Down her rough rocks; and plains, and towns expire,
Lick'd by the flames, exhaling rivers riſe,
And crumbling groves ſmoke upward to the ſkies,
Swift pours the blazing deluge on the ſhore,
The ſcorch'd main foams, the hiſſing billows roar:
So fierce and dreadful, flew the victor hoſt,
In night involv'd, in duſty volumes loſt.
Squadrons thick-ſtrown were ſcatter'd o'er the fields,
And helms, and ſwords, and ſpears, and ſanguine ſhields.
Huge piles of ſlaughter gathering round his courſe,
On Shimron Joſhua wing'd his mighty force.
Like two red flames his vivid eye-balls glow,
And ſhoot fierce lightenings on th' aſtoniſh'd foe;
Before, expanded, his meteorous ſhield
Blaz'd a broad ruin thro' the ſtormy field;
Round the wild war his flaſhing terrors fly;
Cars burſt before him;---ſteeds, and heroes die.
So ruſh'd an angel down the midnight gloom,
When Egypt's firſt-born ſunk in one broad tomb;
High in dark clouds th' avenging Viſion hung,
His path, like diſtant thunder, hoarſely rung;
Flames ſhot before him, whirlwinds roll'd around,
Bow'd the tall hills, and heav'd the trembling ground.
Not with leſs terror blaz'd the Leader on;
'Twas ruin all and one unbounded groan;
None look'd behind, none turn'd a hearkening ear;
Nor hills, nor ſtreams impede the full career:
High o'er the ragged rocks they nimbly bound,
Daſh thro' the floods, and ſcower the level ground:
Firſt in the tumult, Youth impels his flight;
Springs o'er the field, and ſcapes purſuing night:
Pale Age with quivering limbs, and ſlow-drawn pace,
Feels the keen ſword, and ſinks beneath the chace.
Far diſtant, Zimri, like a ſweeping ſtorm,
Grim in the chariot rais'd his gloomy form;

Still on the hindmoſt fell his fateful ſword;
Earth ſhook, air trembled, heaven with thunder roar'd:
Oft, from the car deſcending to the plain,
He ſtream'd, like lightening, o'er the ghaſtly ſlain,
Then ſwiftly roſe, and on the heathens ſped,
His wheels dark-rolling o'er th' unnumber'd dead.
Meantime, with all the rage of combat fir'd,
While throngs of warriors round his ſteps expir'd;
While now, firſt diſobedient to his call,
The balanc'd victory doubted where to fall:
While Caleb's arm with youthful vigor warm'd,
Sham'd Judah's thouſands and their vengeance arm'd;
From rank to rank impatient Jabin flew,
Drove theſe with threats, and thoſe with praiſes drew.
But now the eaſtern plain loud thunders rend;
The ſhrill cars rattle; hoarſer cries aſcend;
Progreſſive clouds, in thickening volumes driven,
Roll tow'rd the ſouth, and ſhade the duſty heaven.
From the tall car the Chief ſurvey'd the field,
And every circling ſcene at once beheld,
Even the far wood, with ſudden flaſhes bright,
And the dire omens of tumultuous flight.
Around the war he caſt a ſearching view,
Saw the day loſt, and all its evils knew;
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul burſt forth a ſigh,
And momentary ſadneſs gloom'd his eye.
But ſoon his brow reſum'd a cheerful grace,
And living ardour fir'd his artful face.
Full well the monarch knew that fears begun,
From breaſt to breaſt, like glancing lightenings, run;
That one rank fled inſtructs a hoſt to fly,
And cowards' eyes teach heroes' hearts to die---
Then, ere his friends the dire event divine,
Or Judah's ſons their kindred victors join,
A wiſe retreat his mighty mind ordain'd,
And thus the rage of war his voice reſtrain'd.

Hear, all ye chiefs, brave Hazor's bands that guide,
Your nation's pillars, and your monarch's pride.
Your matchleſs deeds this raptur'd eye has told,
And fame's bright hand to diſtant years enroll'd.
But ſee, o'er weſtern hills the ſun's low fire
Cuts ſhort the day, and bids the hoſt retire.
Firm be your ranks, man faſt inlock'd with man,
The rear led onward, fix'd the generous van;
At once let chief with chief inſpir'd combine,
And 'gainſt the foe extend th' embattled line;
Brace firm the ſhield; the moveleſs ſpear protend;
Join hand and heart, and every rank defend.
Your prince behold; when Hazor claims the ſtrife,
My wounds are tranſport, and a toy my life.
The hero ſpoke: as by one ſoul inſpir'd,
Swift to their well-known poſts the chiefs retir'd;
At once, by banners rang'd, to brave the ſtorm,
Firm, dreadful lines th' experienc'd ſquadrons form.
Dire o'er the van-guard, ſhield with ſhield combin'd,
Spear lock'd with ſpear, th' undaunted leaders join'd;
'Gainſt Judah's hoſt, with ridgy terrors bright,
Roſe a long wall, and flaſh'd a fearful light.
O'er the tremendous ſcene the Monarch's car
Pour'd death around, and rul'd the griſly war:
Fierce on the foe, where'er their ſteps purſue,
From rank to rank the mighty warrior flew;
Hearts form'd of ſtubborn ſteel his deeds appall;
The diſtant tremble, and the nearer fall;
Till Caleb's voice commands the chace to ſtay,
And yields his foes an unmoleſted way.
Then, ſtill and ſlow, while Judah's hoſt admir'd,
In gloomy ſtrength the ſullen ſtorm retir'd.
So, when in heaven propitious breezes riſe,
And on the deep the nimble veſſel flies,
Shagg'd with brown ſhades, that o'er the billows lower,
In grim, dark pomp recedes the clifted ſhore;

Leſs ſeen, and leſs, the awful ſcenes decay,
And loſt in blue confuſion fade away.
With gore all hideous, and with duſt imbrown'd,
In the dire front terrific Jabin frown'd;
His lifted arm prepar'd the fatal blow,
And menac'd vengeance to th' approaching foe.—
So, forward driven by earth's convulſive pangs,
The tall, hoar cliff in dubious terror hangs;
High pois'd in dread ſuſpenſe, its hovering brow
Lowers ſwift deſtruction on the world below:
Amaz'd, the ſwain, while ſudden fears appall
Starts, as the tottering ruin ſeems to fall.
Enjoy, he cried, imperious foes, enjoy
The fancied triumph, combat ſhall deſtroy;
But know, ye boaſters, ſoon this arm ſhall tear
The ſhort-liv'd crown, your haughty temples wear;
Soon your vain chiefs, your nation want a name,
And all your glories ſink in endleſs ſhame.
But now, ſublime in crimſon triumph borne,
The ſacred ſtandard mock'd th' etherial morn;
Wide on the winds its waving ſplendors flow'd,
And call'd the warriors from the diſtant wood.
Behind great Joſhua, Hazor's ſons to dare,
Pour the bold thouſands to the weſtern war,
Beyond Ai's walls, the leſſening heathen train
In well-form'd ſquadrons croſs the diſtant plain;
Part ſtill in ſight their ſhady files extend;
Part fill the wood, and part the hills aſcend;
To ceaſe from toil the prudent Chief commands,
And balmy quiet ſooths the wearied bands.
Half loſt in mountain groves, the ſun's broad ray
Shower'd a full ſplendor round his evening way;
Slow Joſhua ſtrode the lovely Youth to find;
Th' unwilling bands more ſlowly mov'd behind.
Soon as the matchleſs form aroſe to view,
O'er their ſad faces ſhone the ſorrowing dew;

Silent they ſtood. To ſpeak the Leader tried,
But the choak'd accents on his palate died.
His bleeding boſom beat with inward pains,
And leaden languors ran along his veins.
Ah, beſt and braveſt of thy race! he ſaid,
And gently rais'd the pale, reclining head---
Loſt are thy matchleſs charms, thy glory gone--
Gone is the glory which thy hand hath won.
In vain on thee thy nation caſt her eyes;
In vain with joy beheld thy light ariſe;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd thy ſceptre to obey;
Vain were her wiſhes; vain the deſtin'd ſway.
Oh! Irad, loveliest Irad, nature's pride!
Would Heaven, myſelf for thee, for thee had died!
Nor more; the thoughts lay ſtruggling in his breaſt;
But tears, expreſſive tears forbade the reſt.
Borne by ſix chiefs, in ſilence, o'er the plain,
Fair Irad mov'd before the mournful train;
Great Joſhua's arm ſuſtain'd his ſword, and ſhield;
Th' afflicted thouſands lengthening thro' the field.
When, crown'd with flowers, the maidens at her ſide,
With gentle ſteps advanc'd great Caleb's pride.
Her ſnowy hand, inſpir'd by reſtleſs love,
Of the lone wild-roſe two rich wreaths inwove;
Freſh in her hand the flowers rejoice to bloom,
And round the fair-one ſhed the mild perfume.
O'er all the train her active glances rov'd;
She gaz'd, and gazing, miſs'd the Youth ſhe lov'd;
Some dire miſchance her boding heart divin'd,
And thronging terrors fill'd her anxious mind.
As near the hoſt her quickening footſteps drew,
The breathleſs hero met her trembling view;
From her chill'd hand the headlong roſes fell,
And life's gay beauty bade her cheeks farewell;
O'er her fair face unmeaning paleneſs ſate,
And, ſunk to earth, ſhe felt no hapleſs fate.

With anguiſh Caleb ſaw her fading charms,
And caught the favourite in his haſtening arms.
Reviv'd with piercing voice, that froze his ſoul,
She forc'd the big, round tear unwiſh'd to roll;
By all his love, beſought him ſoon to lead
Where cruel friendſhip ſnatch'd his lovely dead.
In vain the chief his anguiſh ſtrove to hide,
Sighs rent his breaſt, and chill'd the vital tide.
To Joſhua then, whoſe heart beſide her mourn'd,
With gaze of keen diſtreſs, the charmer turn'd.--
Oh, generous Chief, to miſery ever kind,---
Thou lov'ſt my ſire--ſupport his ſinking mind!
Thy friendly wiſh delights to leſſen woe---
See how his tears for fallen Irad flow!
He claims thy friendſhip---generous hero, ſee,
Loſt to himſelf, his fondneſs bleeds for me.---
To view the hapleſs Youth, diſtreſs'd he fears.
Would wound my ſoul, and force too copious tears.
But lead, oh lead me, where the Youth is borne!
Calm is my heart, nor will my boſom mourn---
So cold that heart, it yields no pitying ſigh---
And ſee no tear bedews this marbled eye.
She ſaid, and look'd reſiſtleſs; ſoft reclin'd
On Joſhua's arm, ſhe forc'd his melting mind.
Preſſing her hand, he trac'd a gentle way,
Where breathleſs Irad, loſt in ſlumbers lay.
From the pale face his chilling hand withdrew
The decent veil, and gave the Youth to view.
Fix'd o'er the form, with ſolemn gaze ſhe hung,
And ſtrong, deep ſighs burſt o'er her frozen tongue.
On Joſhua then ſhe caſt a wiſhful look;
Wild was her tearleſs eye, and rolling ſpoke
Anguiſh unutterable. Thrice ſhe tried
To vent her woes, and thrice her efforts died.
At length, in accents of ecſtatic grief,
Her voice bewilder'd, gave her heart relief.

Is this the doom we dread?---is this to die?
To ſleep?---to feel no more?---to cloſe the eye?---
Slight is the change---how vain the childiſh fear,
That trembles, and recoils, when death is near?
I too, methinks, would ſhare the peaceful doom,
And ſeek a calm repoſe in Irad's tomb.
This breath I know, this uſeleſs breath muſt fail,
Theſe eyes be darken'd, and this face grow pale--
But thou art pale, oh Youth! thy lot I crave,
And every grief ſhall vaniſh in the grave.
She ceas'd, the tender chief without delay,
Soft preſſing, kindly forc'd her ſteps away.
Slow tow'rd the camp, with ſolemn pace, they drew;
The corſe moves on; the mournful bands purſue.
Pale Uzal follows, virtuous now no more;
And brave Shelumiel, black with clotted gore.
Unnumber'd tears their hapleſs fate bewail,
And voice to voice reſounds the dreadful tale.
But Irad, matchleſs Irad, call'd in vain,
Breathes wide a ſolemn ſadneſs round the plain:
Unhappy, to their tents the hoſt retir'd,
And gradual; o'er the mountains day expir'd.

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THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK IX.



ENT.

Evening. Interview between Selima and her parents. Morning. Diſtreſs of the Camp. Joſhua directs Zimri to bury the dead. Funeral of Irad. Burial of the dead. Hareſhah informs Joſhua of a combination of the ſurrounding nations againſt Gibeon, and ſolicits his aſſiſtance. Story of Elam and Mina. Hareſhah is directed to wait until the divine pleaſure ſhall be known. Evening. Joſhua walks out on the plain, northward of the camp, and hears Selima lamenting the death of Irad. Affected by the ſcene, he breaks out into a ſoliloquy on his diſtreſs, and is reproved by an angel, who delivers him a meſſage from the Moſt High, and directs him to prepare for a viſion of futurity.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK IX.

NOW sober evening hung her certain round,
And gloomy sadness brooded o'er the ground.
All pale, and solemn, rose the languid moon,
And shed a feeble twilight from her throne.
Sad in her tent, the feeling maiden sate,
Fed on her woes, and sigh'd her hapless fate.
Dissolv'd in tears, her tender parents came,
To share her grief, and stay life's parting flame.
Like dull, cold lights, that hover o'er the tomb,
A lone lamp languish'd round the silent room:
Beside her couch, two lorn attendants stay'd,
And drooping, lingering, eyed th' unconscious maid.
O'er the sad scene the pair attentive hung;
Then round the favourite form all-anxious clung:
Her tearless eye-balls scarce the virgin turn'd,
But, fix'd in blank despair, her slumbering Irad mourn'd.
Awake! oh wake! the tender mother cry'd—
My child! my darling! nature's loveliest pride!
Awake, and hear! oh hear thy mother's call!
Behold these tears for thee in anguish fall!
Ah see thy sire, with mighty woes oppress'd!
His sighs hard-bursting from his heaving breast!

Turn, turn thine eye! thy hapleſs parents ſave!
Nor ſpeed our footſteps to the dreary grave!
She ſpoke. O'erwhelm'd in bitterneſs of fate,
Still the ſweet maiden unregardful ſate:
Fix'd on the parent, droop'd her failing eyes,
And deep, and heavy, heav'd her long-drawn ſighs.
Again the mother, loſt in ſad amaze,
Caſt on her woes a ſtrong, expreſſive gaze,
And thus---O child of parents once too bleſs'd!
Let not ſuch anguiſh tear thy bleeding breaſt.
Swell not, with other pangs, thy miſeries dire,
A dying mother, and a widow'd ſire:
The balm of patience ſummon to thy ſoul:
Let Heaven's high voice exceſſive grief controul.
He call'd, from earth's dark wild, the Youth away;
And call'd complacent, to the world of day.
To nobler ſcenes his mind ſeraphic flies,
To bliſs, to Hezron, angels, and the ſkies.
Thus ſpoke the parent. Struggling roſe the fair,
And look'd unmeaſur'd woe, and blank deſpair:
Again ſhe languiſh'd; to the couch ſhe fell,
And life ſad-lingering ſeem'd to bid farewell.
Pierc'd to the ſoul, the tender father ſtood,
And, loſt in woes like her's, the darling view'd,
He ſaw the mild reproof her ſenſe recall,
Her ſtrength reviv'd her tears in ſilence fall;
A beam of glimmering hope his grief allay'd,
And thus, with grave, but gentle voice, he ſaid---
O child of love! ſweet daughter of delight!
Let not that death-like gaze our ſouls affright.
Ariſe to thought! to ſenſe, and reaſon, riſe!
Nor dumb and marbled grieve againſt the Skies.
Such mighty woes no earthly loſs requires;
Not Irad claims them, nor true love inſpires.
All is not loſt; thy parents ſtill ſurvive;
And for thy bliſs, and in thy life, they live.

He ſpoke. Again the virgin, whelm'd in woes,
With ſlow, and forceful effort feebly roſe.
His voice rever'd arous'd her quickening ſoul,
Loos'd her ſad tongue, and taught her tears to roll;
Preſſing her mother's hand, with head reclin'd,
She thus diſclos'd the anguiſh of her mind.
O beſt of parents, e'er to daughter given!
Lov'd, next to Irad! reverene'd, next ro Heaven!
Let not theſe frowns your hapleſs child deſtroy,
Bereft of every hope, and every joy!
What hand, what power, can Irad's breath reſtore?
Thoſe eyes ſhall beam, that face ſhall ſmile, no more;
That voice ne'er warble muſic's ſweeteſt ſound;
And that pale form muſt moulder in the ground.
'Tis this, awakes the anguiſh of your mind;
But ye can weep, and weep to Heaven reſign'd.
Not ſo your daughter: form'd of feebler frame,
Grief rends her ſoul, and damps the vital flame.
Yet even her heart but ſhares the common pain,
Partakes the tears of all, and breathes their ſighs again.
Far round all Iſrael caſt attentive eyes,
And ſee for him the general anguiſh riſe.
See his own ſon the childleſs ſire forget;
The childleſs mother only weeps his fate:
His fate alone the virgin's ſhrieks proclaim;
And the poor, wailing infant liſps his name.
Even lifeleſs nature mourns him, wrapp'd in gloom,
O'ercaſt with woe and conſcious of his tomb.
I ſaw the ſun forlorn, and ſlow, retire;
I ſaw the ſilent evening ſad expire;
In ſhades of double gloom aſcend the night,
And the ſtars languiſh, with a mournful light.
How cold yon moon extends her widow'd beam!
Announcing death, and pale with ſickening gleam!
How faint her feeble glimmerings ſpread the plain!
How ſtill, and lonely, light the azure main!

While thus impaſſion'd, lifeleſs nature all,
In ſpeechleſs ſorrow, mourns the hero's fall;
Shall I, belov'd, beyond all merit dear,
His beſt Selima, and his choſen fair,
Shall I, O ſire! with common anguiſh weep?
And o'er his grave, with dull indifference, ſleep?
Dumb fields, and ſenſeleſs foreſts would reprove
Such baſe oblivion of ſo bright a love.
Pleas'd, the great ſire beheld her thoughts return,
And heard her melting accents Irad mourn;
And thus---O brighteſt, loveliеſt of thy kind,
Grac'd with each charm, that robes the angel's mind,
More dear than ever child to ſire was dear,
As virtue lovely, and as truth ſincere!
Think not thy parents on their darling frown,
Or feel a thought leſs tender than thy own.
Like thine, our wiſhes the bleſs'd Youth approv'd;
Like thee, we choſe him, and like thee, we lov'd.
But O all beauteous daughter! ſhall thy ſire
Behold thee, whelm'd in boundleſs grief expire?
Or ſee thy life to hopeleſs anguiſh given?
Or hear thee murmur 'gainſt a righteous Heaven?
Again to earth could thy fond Youth remove,
His heart would chide thee, and his voice reprove;
Bid thee, ſubmiſſive, to thy Maker fall,
Embrace his hand, and wake at duty's call;
Bid thee to him thy patient thoughts reſign,
And blame thy wanderings, with a love like mine.
From grief's exceſs, thy parent would reſtrain,
Aſſert Heaven's right, and fix the bounds of pain.
Ah ſire rever'd! the pleading maid returns---
No common loſs thy hapleſs daughter mourns.
Search the wide world. Can all her regions boaſt
One youth ſo fair, ſo bright, ſo early loſt?
How Age admir'd him! how all Iſrael lov'd!
The world applauded! and the Heavens approv'd!

His form was all, the brighteſt thoughts can frame;
His mind was all, the fondeſt wiſh can claim;
Whate'er is great, or good, or ſoft, or fair,
Refin'd, or lovely, fix'd its manſion there.
Even he, whoſe hand the ſacred ſceptre bears,
Is but an Irad, of maturer years.
It is, O 'tis, as if, in yon fair clime,
Some prince of angels, bright in glory's prime,
Tranſcending every peer, in worth ſupreme,
Mitred with truth, and ſunn'd with virtue's beam,
In youth's gay morn, in beauty's endleſs bloom,
And life, ſuperior to the potent tomb,
Had clos'd his ſmiles, while Heaven refus'd to ſave,
And ſunk his glories in the dreary grave.
What tears, for ſuch a loſs, would ſeraphs ſhed?
Tears, rich as theirs, ſhould mourn their rival dead.
And where, O where ſhall poor Selima find
One beam of light to cheer her drooping mind?
All ſad, I wander round the earth, and ſkies;
But no ſoft ſolace meets my failing eyes.
To friends I fly: thoſe weeping friends I ſee
Sunk in the deep deſpair, that buries me.
For him, O kindeſt, tendereſt mother! riſe
Thy heart-felt anguiſh, and thy hopeleſs ſighs.
Thy tears, all-gentle ſire! reſiſtleſs ſhed,
Approve my grief, and weep the hero dead.
No cheering hope your fondeſt love can give,
Sooth your ſad child, or make her Irad live:
Then bid me mourn; this laſt relief beſtow,
And yield my boſom to the peace of woe.
Oppreſs'd with grief, the feeling ſire rejoin'd---
Sweet, lovely charmer of thy father's mind!
From earth, from friends, thy hope can never flow;
Too poor, to yield the balm of real woe.
When real ills invade; when Want annoys;
When hiſſing Shame, with lingering death deſtroys;

When pain torments, or ſickneſs waſtes our bloom;
Or friends too dear deſert us, for the tomb:
This barren world no ſolace can ſupply:
But all earth's portion is to weep, and die.
Yet there are ſprings whence hope and comfort riſe,
Springs of pure life, and flowing from the ſkies:
Thence gentle Mercy ſends her treaſures down,
And bright Religion makes the bliſs her own.
To famiſh'd Want ſhe ſpreads a boundleſs ſtore,
With that unbleſs'd, the heir of worlds is poor:
Repentant Shame ſhe bids to crowns aſpire,
Grace ever new, and glory ever higher:
On earth, in heaven, her wealth and honours riſe,
Ennoble angels, and enrich the ſkies.
Decay and Pain to cheerful peace ſhe leads,
With patience arms them, and with comfort feeds;
And points the realms, where Health and Beauty bloom,
And Life, with ſmiles of triumph, braves the tomb.
When Friends, if Virtue's friends from earth retire,
And waſte the boſom, with corroding fire;
She ſees thoſe friends again immortal live,
Riſe from the grave, and dying worlds ſurvive,
To each the form, the mind, of angels given,
Fair ſons of light, and habitants of heaven.
She too, and ſhe alone, a Friend ſecures,
That through all times, and in all ſcenes, endures
At hand, to hear, to love, to bleſs, to ſave,
In life, and death, and worlds beyond the grave;
As heaven o'er earth ſublime, all friends above,
In power in wiſdom, truth, and boundleſs love.
In grief, even vaſt as thine, his hand can heal,
And teach the heart its anguiſh not to feel.
Bright from the tomb, ſhe ſees thine Irad riſe
To peace, and life, and glory, in the ſkies;
One little moment ſeparate from thy arms;
Again to meet thee, with ſuperior charms;

To hail thy riſing ſoul, from realms above;
To ſmile as angels, and as Heaven to love.
Then, O thou child of truth! to her controul
Reſign the tumults of thy troubled ſoul.
She on thy wounds ſhall ſhed her healing power,
Thy faith revive, thy wonted peace reſtore;
With ſofteſt muſic charm the paſſing day;
Bid Heavenly viſions o'er thee nightly play;
The tents of angels round thy curtains ſpread:
Invite the guardian cherub to thy bed;
Calm, with ſweet ſlumbers, every ſtormy care,
And dry, with downy hand, the plaintive tear.
She too ſhall life's rough path with flowers adorn;
With ſpring's mild ſplendor, cheer the wintry morn;
Thy yielding feet, in ſtrong temptations ſave;
Welcome grim death, and triumph o'er the grave?
To brighter ſcenes, in happier regions, fly,
And lift to thrones of glory, in the ſky.
The parent ſpoke. The hapleſs maiden ſate
Forlorn, and ſad, bewailing Irad's fate.
Silenc'd, but not reliev'd, her drooping mind
Fail'd not to ſigh, nor yet to Heaven reſign'd:
At length with vaſt, and heavy woes oppreſs'd,
She ſunk in ſlumbers of tumultuous reſt.
Mild roſe the morn; and, round the tented plain
The cries of thouſands mourn'd their kindred ſlain.
In ſilent woe the hoary parent ſtood,
And wail'd his hopes, all ſunk in fields of blood;
His ſons, ſweet charm of nature's evil day,
Fair light of age, and life's moſt pleaſing ſtay,
Now left him helpleſs, and alone, to find
Some foreign aid to ſooth a drooping mind.
Strong pangs of ſorrow fix'd his ſpeaking eye,
And his rack'd heart heav'd deep the heavy ſigh.
The pale, ſad widow caſt a tender view
On her ſweet race, and ſhed the plaintive dew;

Touch'd with her woes, the beauteous orphans mourn'd,
And artleſs tears their infant cheeks adorn'd.
The bride deplor'd a young, fond huſband's doom,
Snatch'd from her arms, and baniſh'd to the tomb;
Her joys all ended in one dreadful day;
Her brighteſt hopes forever ſwept away;
No proſpect left her, but long years of woe;
No wiſh, but ranſom from theſe realms below.
  Theſe ſcenes, with anguiſh, pierc'd the Leader's breaſt,
Blank'd his fair proſpects, and his ſoul depreſs'd.
Yet ſtill, before the hoſt, a cheerful grace,
With blameleſs art, array'd his tranquil face.
In all their pains, to him they caſt their eyes;
Like a fond ſire, he heard their plaintive cries:
From his calm brow they caught the placid ſmile,
Forgot their miſeries, and deſpis'd their toil.
  Now in the ſilence of his tent, alone
He mourn'd their fears, and made their grief his own,
When Zimri came, with anxious care oppreſs'd,
And Joſhua thus his faithful friend addreſs'd.
  Hear'ſt thou what ſorrows fill the murmuring air?
The warriors' groans? and terrors of the fair?
What tears of anguiſh every face bedew!
What throngs of orphans crowd upon the view!
Oh heavy, heavy pangs Jehovah's hand
On this ſad heart, and on his choſen band!
Ah, where is Hezron? chief of ſpotleſs name!
His life ſo virtuous! and ſo pure his fame!
How ſoon, O pride of nature, art thou fled
To the dark, lonely manſions of the dead!
How ſoon to thy compeers, thine angels, given,
All-beauteous Irad! faireſt plant of heaven!
But ſtill ſuperior grace may point a way,
Through the long darkneſs to the promis'd day.
  Theſe mournful thoughts with prudent care conceal;
Nor let thy guarded brow a pain reveal.

Thy face they watch, the motions of thine eye,
Know all thy fears, and number every ſigh.
When leaders ſmile, their looks the hoſt inſpire;
Are leaders brave? the vulgar catch the fire;
With us they faint, they tremble, and they grieve;
With us they joy, they dare, they die, they live.
But now more ſolemn ſcenes thy care demand;
Chooſe twice ten thouſand of the warrior band;
To yonder hapleſs field thy footſteps ſpeed,
And pay the laſt, ſad honours to the dead.
In one broad pit, our ſlaughter'd friends entomb;
Nor grudge our foes the ſame unenvied doom:
Let men, let brave men, ne'er refuſe the brave
The humble bleſſing of a peaceful grave.
I go, the darling hero's fate to cloſe,
And bid the matchleſs Youth a ſweet repoſe:
'Tis all we can, the friendly tear to ſhed,
And raiſe the light tomb o'er his lovely head.
With ſoft affections, thus the mighty Chief;
And Zimri ſlow retir'd, with anſwering grief.
Meantime, grave warriors, in black robes array'd,
And many a youth, and many a lovely maid,
Along the northern green, the Chief purſued;
Flowers grac'd their hands, and tears their cheeks bedew'd.
For now brave Irad cloſ'd his final doom,
Borne to his darkſome, everlaſting home.
Behind the bier, that ſlow, and ſolemn mov'd,
Penſive Selima follow'd him ſhe lov'd;
On the ſad coffin fix'd a ſtedfaſt eye;
Nor dropp'd a tear, nor breath'd a tender ſigh.
Her dark-brown hair a wreath of roſes crown'd;
Her robes of ſable flow'd along the ground:
A flower, juſt opening to the morning dew,
Bluſh'd in her hand, and brighten'd to the view.
Now in the grave the breathleſs Youth was laid:
Sadly ſerene advanc'd the lovely maid;

With ſpeaking eyes, bewail'd her hapleſs doom,
And dropp'd the floweret in the lonely tomb.
High on the plain the funeral earth was ſpread;
The turf's gay verdure flouriſh'd o'er his head:
Each gentle face deplor'd his lot ſevere,
And ſpoke th' expreſſive language of a tear.
Near the fair maiden ſtood th' exalted Chief,
Fix'd in mute woe, and great in manly grief.
No ill-tim'd comfort would he ſtrive to lend,
Nor ape the flatteries of the ſpecious friend:
Yet the ſoft texture of his heart could feel---
Why ſhould he ope the wound he could not heal?
As thus their boſoms wail'd his hapleſs end,
And mourn'd, as each had loſt his choſen friend;
Admir'd why Heaven had made ſuch worth in vain,
And why confin'd it to the dreadful plain;
His generous deeds in deep diſpair ran o'er,
And ſaw him live, and ſpeak, and act, no more;
Through the ſad ſilence of the ſolemn ſcene,
The bands of Zimri croſs'd the gloomy green.
Unnumber'd widows, on the field, they found,
Whoſe ſons, whoſe huſbands, ſtrew'd the crimſon ground:
Slow mov'd the fair-ones round the dreadful plain,
Waſh'd the black gore, and prov'd the countleſs ſlain;
And when the partners of their joys they knew,
They cleans'd their ſtiffen'd wounds in briny dew;
Wail'd their hard lot, that ſwept, in life's gay bloom,
Each hope, each rapture, to the ſullen tomb;
With tears of anguiſh, envied earth its truſt,
And grudg'd the grave the lov'd the precious duſt.
Three days, above the undiſtinguiſh'd dead,
Their friends, and foes, the gather'd earth was ſpread.
A hill of ſtones, ſad wound to human pride!
Juſt mark'd the place, where countleſs warriors died.
As there, in future years, the lonely ſwain
Drove his ſmall flock, to feed the graſs-grown plain,

Near the rough maſs, in ſolemn thought, reclin'd,
Thus ſad reflections fill'd his pondering mind.
Ah proud inglorious man! whoſe inſect life
Is loſt in pain, in vanity, and ſtrife.
What mighty toils, to gain immortal fame!
What waſtes, what ſlaughters, build the darling name!
Yet this rude tomb, this ſhapeleſs pile, contains,
Of chiefs, of kings, the poor, the ſole remains.
This prize to win, muſt nations then expire?
And ſeats of peace, and joy, be whelm'd in fire?
Oh Heaven, in pity, looſe the ties, that bind
To man's black race, a juſt and honeſt mind!
Low ſunk the ſun. As now the chief return'd
From midſt the camp, and hapleſs Iſrael mourn'd,
Hareſhah ſad, beſide his tent, he found;
Proſtrate he fell, and reverent kiſs'd the ground.
Uprais'd by Joſhua's hand, again he ſtood,
And thus his fear in plaintive accents flow'd.
Hail mighty prince! to thee alone tis given,
To taſte the favour of indulgent Heaven;
To guide, with proſperous hand, the race he choſe,
And hurl deſtruction on reſiſting foes.
Thou know'ſt, with thee how Gibeon's ſons are join'd;
What views unite us, and what covenants bind;
This, through the circling realms by fame was ſung,
And round each realm, th' alarm of vengeance rung:
To waſte her domes the general voice decreed,
And millions haſte t' atchieve the barbarous deed.
Salem's imperious ſons, in proud array,
And haughtier Hebron, thither bend their way;
In martial pomp unnumber'd Lachiſh ſhines,
And Jarmuth brave with ſavage Eglon joins;
With theſe, fierce nations ſpeed from realms unknown,
Near the firſt glimmerings of the dawning ſun.
There too, O Prince! tremendous Jabin ſtands,
Brings all his chiefs, and leads his veteran bands,

Wings the dread lightenings of the war around,
And rolls his thunders o'er th' embattled ground.
From theſe dread powers, ſo numerous, and ſo brave,
Nought leſs than Heaven, and thy own hand, can ſave.
Worne with long years, Aradon's trembling arm
Ill wards the vengeance of ſo fierce a ſtorm.
And,---O exalted Prince! prepare to hear
A tale more ſad than ever pierc'd thine ear---
In the dark grave is generous Elam laid,
And near him ſleeps the Heaven-inſtructed maid.
How fell the lovely pair? the Leader cried;
And, with ſad voice, the ſtranger chief replied.
When cheerful morn walk'd forth in golden air,
Rode the young hero, and his blooming fair,
With nimble hounds, that bade the foreſt roar;
To chace the buck, to wound the briſtly boar;
On two white ſteeds they bounded o'er the plain,
And gayly round them pranc'd a youthful train.
No coats of ſteely mail their limbs inveſt;
No buckler ſparkles o'er the fearleſs breaſt;
Thro' ſylvan ſhades they trac'd an eaſy way:
Each mind was ſunſhine, and each face was gay.
At once, with dreadful din before them roſe
The trump of death, and ſhout of ſavage foes.
From the thick covert burſt a barbarous throng,
Rang claſhing arms, and ſcream'd a hideous ſong;
His gallant friends, a young, but choſen few,
The prince, ſerenely brave, around him drew;
With firm, bold breaſt, they fought, and at his ſide,
In death they triumph'd, for with him they died.
As thro' his boſom ſung the fatal ſteel,
He rais'd his hand, and wav'd along farewell:
On the ſweet maid his eye all-wiſhful hung,
And half-form'd accents ceas'd upon his tongue.
Quick round the youth a tender arm ſhe threw,
Fell as he fell, and wiſh'd to periſh too.

The quivering form ſhe preſs'd, in icy death,
Kiſs'd his pale lips, and ſuck'd his parting breath.
No more her careleſs thoughts attempt to fly;
No more her ear attends the horrid cry:
Cloſe to the wound her ſnowy hand applied
Withdrew the lance, and ſtopp'd the purple tide.
A grim barbarian to the fair-one came,
Pierc'd her white ſide, and forc'd the vital ſtream;
With one weak gaſp, on Elam's boſom laid,
Her bloom all vaniſh'd, and her ſpirit fled.
In diſtant fields, we heard the trumpet's ſound,
And ſtrode impatient to the fatal ground.
On the ſad ſcene, by favouring ſhrubs conceal'd,
A youth, unarm'd, the dire event beheld:
He, drown'd in tears, diſclos'd the fierce affray,
And ſhew'd where Mina, and her Elam, lay.
On the cold earth, the wither'd leaves he preſs'd;
The fair yet panting at his lifeleſs breaſt.
Her hand was feebly laid againſt the ſpear,
Still in her ſide, and in her eye a tear.
So blooms a flower beſide th' autumnal ſtream,
And waves, and wantons, in the ſolar beam,
Nor knows the froſt, that in the midnight ſky
Lurks for its charms, and bids its beauty die.
The hapleſs pair in ſnow-white robes array'd,
To the ſame grave our friendly hands convey'd.
Kind youths, and virgins, there at dawn appear,
Strew fragrant flowers, and drop the tender tear;
There the ſad wild roſe yields its withering bloom,
And melancholy muſic mourns their doom.
Pierc'd thro' his thigh, and weltering on the ground,
A ſavage wretch, beneath an oak, we found.
By favours won, he ſhew'd th' impending doom,
What bands are gather'd, and what heroes come.
To ſpy theſe realms, he cried, from Hebron's land,
Thro' many a foreſt rov'd our warlike band.

Led by bold Hoham, from far diſtant ſhores,
Thence countleſs hoſts invade yon ſhining towers;
There giant Zedeck's lofty car is roll'd;
There beams young Piram in refulgent gold;
High rais'd in air, ten thouſand ſtandards play,
And chiefs unnumber'd hail the deathful day.

Thus ſpoke the wretch. As o'er yon mountain's brow
I ſteer'd my path, and eyed the world below,
From diſtant fields, the trump's approaching ſound
Wav'd o'er the plains, and fill'd the groves around;
Swift tow'rd the walls long, duſty volumes came,
And dreadful gleams of interrupted flame;
On high the banners danc'd; a mighty train,
With lines immeaſurable, hid the plain.

Oh, by the covenant, which thy voice hath given,
By the bleſt favour of all-bounteous Heaven,
That Heaven, which makes thee his peculiar care,
Aid our weak race, and grant our righteous prayer!

Thus mourn'd the chief, while Caleb ſlow drew nigh,
His anguiſh'd boſom heaving many a ſigh;
His ſoul, in ſilence, mourn'd the hapleſs pair,
All-lovely Irad and his beauteous fair;
When Joſhua ſad the hoary ſage addreſs'd---
Great prince, this night Hareſhah is thy gueſt,
His voice a mournful tale from Gibeon brings,
How 'gainſt her walls Canäan arms her kings.
Our aid he claims; an aid by covenant due;
But ah, what griefs our hapleſs race purſue!
Again th' Eternal arm our courſe withſtands,
Cuts off our chiefs, and ſlays our hapleſs bands.
Firſt Hezron ſlept: then virtuous Uzal fell,
And brave Shelumiel bade the world farewel,
Next lovely Irad found a hapleſs doom;
And now ſweet Mina ſeeks an early tomb.
Should ſtill new courſes unadvis'd be tried,
Freſh wrath may kindle, and freſh ills betide.

Let then this chief in peace with thee retire,
'Till Heaven his counſels, and our courſe, inſpire.
He ſpoke. Hareſhah with the ſage withdrew,
While the ſun lingering ſlowly left the view;
The mourning Hero fought a ſlight repoſe,
And broken ſlumbers o'er his eye-lids roſe.
Now Night, in veſtments rob'd, of cloudy die,
With ſable grandeur cloth'd the orient ſky,
Impell'd the ſun, obſequious to her reign,
Down the far mountains to the weſtern main;
With magic hand, becalm'd the ſolemn even,
And drew day's curtain from the ſpangled heaven.
At once the planets ſail'd around the throne:
At once ten thouſand worlds in ſplendor ſhone:
Behind her car, the moon's expanded eye
Roſe from a cloud, and look'd around the ſky:
Far up th' immenſe her train ſublimely roll,
And dance, and triumph, round the lucid pole.
Faint ſhine the fields, beneath the ſhadowy ray:
Slow fades the glimmering of the weſt away;
To ſleep the tribes retire; and not a ſound
Flows through the air, or murmurs on the ground.
The Chief, ariſing, o'er the darkſome green
Turn'd his ſlow ſteps, and view'd the ſplendid ſcene;
With wondering gaze, ſurvey'd the vaulted even,
The half-ſeen world, and all the pomp of Heaven.
Wide arch'd the palace of th' Almighty hand,
Its walls far-bending o'er the ſea, and land:
Round the vaſt roof, from antient darkneſs ſprung,
In living pride, immortal tapers hung:
The lamp on high an endleſs luſtre ſhed,
And earth's broad pavement all beneath was ſpread.
From diſtant hills, red flames began to riſe,
Topp'd the talls towers, and climb'd the kindling ſkies:
Thick ſtream'd the tranſient ſtars: and all around
A ſtill, mild glory rob'd the twilight ground.

Now tow'rd the north he bent his wandering way,
Each ſcene revolving of the buſy day,
When lo! ſoft ſounds his ſtartled ear aſſail,
Soft as the whiſper of the flowing gale.
Now mournful murmurs ſlowly-penſive riſe;
Now languid harmony in ſilence dies:
Now nobler ſtrains, with animating fire,
Warm the bold raptures of the living lyre.
Whither, O whither is thy beauty gone?
To what far region? to what world unknown?
No lone, drear ſhades of everlaſting gloom,
Verg'd on the confines of the icy tomb,
No frozen climes, extend impervious bounds,
Confine thy walks, and bar thy active rounds,
Forbid thy upward flight at large to rove,
And climb the mountains of eternal love.
Far other ſcenes thy lovely ſpirit claim;
Far other manſions own thy laſting fame.
Borne on light wings, I ſee thy guardian come,
Unchain thy mind, and point the ſtarry home:
With joy, he claſps thee in immortal arms,
Waves his young plumes, and ſmiles etherial charms;
Through fields of air, he wins his purple way,
And roſy choirs, delighted, round him play.
There, o'er bright realms, and pure, unchanging ſkies,
Suns gayly walk, and lucid morns ariſe;
Crown'd with new flowers, the ſtreams perpetual roll,
And living beauty blooms around the pole.
Will there, alas! the ſoft enchantment end?
And can no love to thoſe fair climes aſcend?
It can; it will; for there the bleſs'd improve
Their minds in joy, and where 's the joy, but love?
Canſt thou forget, when, call'd from ſouthern bowers,
Love tun'd the groves, and ſpring awak'd the flowers,
How, loos'd from ſlumbers by the morning ray,
O'er balmy plains we bent our frequent way?

On thy fond arm, with pleaſing gaze, I hung,
And heard ſweet muſic murmur o'er thy tongue;
Hand lock'd in hand, with gentle ardour preſs'd,
Pour'd ſoft emotions through the heaving breaſt,
In magic tranſport heart with heart entwin'd,
And in ſweet languors loſt the melting mind.
'Twas then, thy voice, attun'd to wiſdom's lay,
Shew'd fairer worlds, and trac'd th' immortal way;
In virtue's pleaſing paths my ſteps tried,
My ſweet companion, and my ſkillful guide;
Through varied knowledge taught my mind to ſoar,
Search hidden truths, and new-found walks explore:
While ſtill the tale, by nature learn'd to rove,
Slid, unperceiv'd to ſcenes of happy love.
'Till weak, and loſt, the faltering converſe fell,
And eyes diſclos'd what eyes alone could tell;
In rapturous tumult bade the paſſions roll,
And ſpoke the living language of the ſoul.
With what fond hope, through many a bliſsful hour,
We gave the ſoul to fancy's pleaſing power;
Loſt in the magic of that ſweet employ
To build gay ſcenes, and faſhion future joy!
We ſaw mild Peace o'er fair Canäan riſe,
And ſhower her pleaſures from benignant ſkies.
On airy hills our happy manſion roſe,
Built but for joy, nor room reſerv'd for woes.
Round the calm ſolitude, with ceaſeleſs ſong,
Soft roll'd domeſtic ecſtaſy along:
Sweet as the ſleep of Innocence, the day,
By raptures number'd, lightly danc'd away:
To love, to bliſs, the union'd ſoul was given,
And each, too happy! aſk'd no brighter heaven.
Yet then, even then, my trembling thoughts would rove,
And ſteal on hour from Irad, and from love,
Through dread futurity all-anxious roam,
And caſt a mournful glance on ills to come.

Hope not, fond maid, ſome voice prophetic cried---
A life, thus waſted down th' unruffled tide;
Truſt no gay, golden doom, from anguiſh free,
Nor wiſh the laws of Heaven revers'd for thee.
Survey the peopled world; thy ſoul ſhall find
Woes, ceaſeleſs woes, ordain'd for poor mankind.
Life 's a long ſolitude, an unknown gloom,
Clos'd by the ſilence of the dreary tomb.
For ſoon, ah ſoon ſhall fleet thy pleaſing dreams;
Soon cloſe the eye, that, bright as angels, beams
Grace irreſiſtible. To mouldering clay
Shall change the face, that ſmiles thy griefs away:
Soon the ſweet muſic of that voice be o'er,
Hope ceaſe to charm, and beauty bloom no more:
Strange, darkſome wilds, and devious ways be trod,
Nor love, nor Irad, ſteal thy heart from God.
And muſt the hours in ceaceleſs anguiſh roll?
Muſt no ſoft ſunſhine cheer my clouded ſoul?
Spring charm around me brighteſt ſcenes, in vain?
And Youth's angelick viſions wake to pain?
Oh come once more, with fond endearments come;
Burſt the cold priſon of the ſullen tomb;
Thro' favourite walks, thy choſen maid attend;
Where well-known ſhades for thee their branches bend:
Shed the ſweet poiſon from thy ſpeaking eye;
And look thoſe raptures, lifeleſs words deny!
Still be the tale rehears'd, that ne'er could tire;
But, told each eve, freſh pleaſure could inſpire:
Still hop'd thoſe ſcenes, which love and fancy drew;
But, drawn a thouſand times, were ever new!
Yet ceaſe, fond maid; 'tis thine alone to mourn:
Yield the bright ſcenes, that never can return.
Thy joys are fled, thy ſmiling morn is o'er;
Too bleſs'd in youth, thou muſt be bleſs'd no more.
The hope, that brighten'd, with all-pleaſing ray,
Shone, but to charm, and flatter'd, to betray.

No more fair Irad heeds my tender ſtrain;
Dull is the voice, that never call'd in vain;
Vain the cold languiſh of theſe once lov'd eyes;
And vain the fond deſire, that bids him riſe.
In life's gay ſcenes, their higheſt grace before,
Thy mind, O Youth divine! muſt ſhare no more;
Alike unnotic'd, joys and tumults roll,
Nor theſe diſturb, nor thoſe delight, thy ſoul.
Again all bright ſhall glow the morning beam;
Again ſoft ſuns diſſolve the frozen ſtream:
Spring call young breezes from the ſouthern ſkies,
And, cloath'd in ſplendor, flowery millions riſe.
In vain to thee--No morn's indulgent ray
Warms the cold manſion of the ſlumbering clay.
No mild etherial gale, with tepid wing,
Shall fan thy locks, or waft approaching ſpring:
Unfelt, unknown, ſhall breathe the rich perfume,
And unhear'd muſic wave around thy tomb.
A cold, dumb, dead repoſe inveſts thee round;
Still as the void, ere nature form'd a ſound.
In thy dark region, pierc'd by no kind ray,
To roll the long, oblivious hours away.
In theſe wild walks, this ſolitary round,
Where the pale moon-beam lights the glimmering ground
At each ſad turn, I view'd thy ſpirit come,
And glide, half-ſeen, behind a neighbouring tomb;
With viſionary hand, forbid my ſtay,
Look o'er the grave, and beckon me away.
But vain the wiſh; for ſtill, around thy tomb,
This faithful hand ſhall bid the wild roſe bloom;
Each lonely eve, Selima hither rove,
And pay the tribute of unalter'd love;
Till, O fond, lovely youth! theſe eyes ſhall cloſe,
Seal'd in the ſilence of a long repoſe;
Beneath one turf our kindred dodies lie,
And loſe, unpain'd, this melancholy ſky.

With thee, well-pleas'd, the final pang I'll brave;
With thee Death ſmile, and lightſome be the grave;
O'er earth's broad fields, till heaven forget to reign,
And ſuns benighted vaniſh in the main;
This dark receſs the cherub then ſhall find,
And wake a form, angelic as thy mind.
Diſtreſs'd, kind Joſhua heard her moving ſtrain,
But ſtill walk'd onward o'er the ſhady plain;
Why ſhould his face her mournful thoughts moleſt,
Tho' ſoft compaſſion warm'd his feeling breaſt;
No comfort could he lend, nor joy impart,
While ſlumbering Irad own'd her tender heart.
And now his footſteps ſlow and ſoftly rove,
Thro' the black ſilence of th' extended grove;
Alternate moon-beams feebly pierce the ſhade,
And o'er his path a glimmering horror ſpread;
Strange, awful objects dimly riſe around,
And forms unfiniſh'd cloath the gloomy ground.
With mournful thoughts the proſpect well combin'd,
And ſooth'd the wanderings of a drooping mind.
Around he caſt his melancholy eyes,
And pleas'd, beheld the ſolemn ſcenes ariſe;
Scenes tun'd in concert with his ſadden'd ſoul,
To grief reſign'd, and pity's ſoft controul;
The gloom, the ſilence, gave a kind relief;
Peace ſprung from trouble, and delight from grief?
His heart impaſſion'd mourn'd his daughter's doom,
Her charms, her virtues, baniſh'd to the tomb.
Then hapleſs Irad all his woes renew'd,
And copious tears afreſh his cheeks bedew'd:
At length, the tumults of his ſtruggling breaſt
Unwiſh'd, unbidden accents thus expreſs'd.
Oh, when ſhall Iſrael's countleſs ſorrow's ceaſe?
And war once more reſign to laſting peace?
Each riſing morn, more dreadful woes appear.
And each ſad evening prompts a larger tear.

Why did pale terror Judah's race appal?
Why princes, chiefs, and generous thouſands fall?
Ah! why did Heaven to me commit the ſway,
And bid his ſons this feeble arm obey?
Oh had the Power divine for me ordain'd
Some humble manſion, in a lonely land;
Where the trump's voice was never never heard:
Nor falchion drawn, nor ſavage ſlaughter fear'd!
In quiet then my life had paſs'd away,
Bleſs'd without pride, and without ſplendor gay;
In death, my ſoul ſerenely met her doom,
And my own children built my humble tomb.
At once a wild, and viſionary ſound,
With ſudden murmurs, fill'd the grove around;
The ſtrange alarm now loud and louder grew,
And through the foreſt burſting ſplendor flew;
A Form, the brighteſt of the morning choir,
Drew near, in all the pomp of heavenly fire;
Twelve ſtars of glory crown'd his awful head;
His ſun-bright eyes the forky lightening ſhed;
Serene, but dreadfully ſerene, he ſtood,
And a dire trembling ſeiz'd the conſcious wood.
As when a ſtorm the dark horizon fills,
Long, ſolemn thunders roll o'er diſtant hills;
So, from the Viſion's voice, a fearful ſound
Appall'd his ear, and ſhook the ſtartled ground.
Chief of thy race! from heaven's eternal King,
At his command, this ſacred charge I bring.
I AM THE LORD. I form'd the earth, and ſky,
Illum'd the ſun, and hung his flames on high;
Bade worlds, in millions, ſtar th' etherial plain,
And built the ſecret chambers of the main.
My voice, the heaven, and heaven of heavens obey;
And Ocean, Earth, and Hell, confeſs my ſway.
Through worlds, on worlds, in Being's mighty bounds,
That roll through ſpace' illimitable rounds;

Where ſkies, o'er ſkies, unmeaſur'd arches bend,
And ſtars, o'er ſtars, in endleſs pride aſcend;
Where the ſun's ſearching beam hath never ray'd,
Nor ſcarce an angel's pinion'd fancy ſtray'd;
My power, my wiſdom, with divine controul,
Surveys, preſerves, directs and moves, the whole.
All theſe, with all their ſcenes, th' eternal Mind,
Ere angels ſung, or heaven began, deſign'd.
Whate'er my voice ordain'd to being came,
Touch'd by th' immortal, all-inſpiring flame.
In all, though man, with vain, benighted eye,
Of inſect ken, unnumber'd blots deſcry,
From hell's deep caves, to heaven's ſublimeſt bound,
No ſtain, no fault, no error, can be found.
Whoſe thoughts ſhall then my boundleſs wiſdom blame!
Whoſe wiſhes riſe againſt my holy Name!
My ſpirit form'd thee in the ſilent womb,
And wrote, with Mercy's hand, thy favourite doom;
Thy ſoul awak'd, thy infant limbs inſpir'd,
With truth illum'd thee, and with virtue fir'd;
Bade all my ſons thy ſceptred rule obey,
And ſtretch'd thy glory with the ſolar ray.
And ſhall thy heart my bounteous hand diſtruſt,
And mourn that warriors mingle with the duſt?
What though brave Irad from the world retir'd,
Tho' numerous bands around his ſteps expir'd;
Without a fear, without a pang, reſign;
That virtuous Youth, and all thoſe bands, were mine.
With ſongs the grace adore, that rais'd thy mind,
From the low confines of the beſtial kind,
Where countleſs throngs plod on their baſe purſuits,
Above, and juſt above, their kindred brutes,
To that ſublimeſt honour, man can know,
To bleſs my ſons, and ſhew my praiſe, below.
Forgive, O Heaven! forgive---the Hero cried;
And milder thus the Viſion's voice replied.

O Chief of Iſrael! let no rebel thought
Accuſe the wonders, GOD's right hand hath wrought.
While his almighty arm thy courſe ſuſtains,
Aſk not what numbers crowd embattled plains.
From the broad circuit of her various lands,
He call'd to fight Canäan's countleſs bands:
He bids thee fearleſs tempt the martial field,
And truſt the covert of his guardian ſhield.
For there, in virtue's cauſe, thy God ſhall arm,
And pour the vengeance of the baleful ſtorm;
The ſun ſtand ſtill; the moon thy voice obey;
And the bright angel ſweep thy foes away.

But now to nobler ſcenes thy views extend!
See long futurity in pomp aſcend!
The varying doom of Iſrael's wayward race;
How truth exalts them, and how crimes debaſe;
Their arts, their arms, their towns, and towers, behold,
Fields of fair flocks, and domes inchaſ'd with gold!
High Heaven around them ſpreads his bleſſings far
Or proves, and ſcourges, with vindictive war!
There too, ſucceſſive, ſee the wonders riſe,
That guard, and bleſs, the Children of the ſkies;
Thy own bright Iſrael; Heaven's immortal race,
Sav'd by his Son, and ſainted by his grace;
To Jacob's choſen ſeed at firſt confin'd,
Then wide, and wider, ſpread to all mankind!
With more than mortal ken, thy raptur'd ſoul
Shall ſee far diſtant times in viſion roll;
When Abraham's ſons, from earth's remoteſt end,
To Salem's heaven-topp'd mountains ſhall aſcend;
When round the poles, where frozen ſplendors play,
In noontide realms, that baſk in brighter day,
On ſpicy ſhores, where beauteous morning reigns,
Or Evening lingers o'er her favourite plains,
From guilt, from death, reviving nations riſe,
And one vaſt hymn of tranſport fills the ſkies.

Beyond theſe ſcenes, ſhall nobler wonders ſhine,
Climes of ſweet peace, and years of joy divine,
Where truth's fair ſons extend the golden wing
Thro' morn e'er-riſing, ever changing ſpring;
Where unborn Beauty, round whoſe awful throne,
All ſplendors fade, and ſuns are dark at noon,
Smiles o'er broad regions ever-brightening day,
Fair nature quickening in th' ecſtatic ray:
The ſoul, pure effluence of th' all-beaming Mind,
With virtue diadem'd, with truth refin'd,
With bliſs ſupreme, with radiance yet unknown,
Begins, a ſtar, and brightens to a ſun;
Life, Love, and Rapture, bloſſom in her ſight,
And Glory triumphs o'er the world of light.

THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK X.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Vision of futurity. Prospect of the land of Canaan. Prosperous events after the war is finished. Apostacy after the death of Joshua, and consequent judgments. Troubles by Cushan-rishathaim, Hazor, Midian, Ammon, and the Philistines. Samson. Civil War. Philistines' Kings. David's combat with Goliath. War with Ammon, and Syria. Joab. David's glory. Jerusalem. Temple. Dedication. Solomon. Division of the kingdom. Destruction of Israel by Shalmaneser, and of Judah by Nebuchadnezzar. Restoration. Messiah, his Birth Baptism, Miracles, Trial, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension. Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Preaching of the Gospel by the Apostles, and succeeding Ministers. Prospect of America. Slavery of the eastern Continent. Glory of the Western Millennium. Calling of the Jews. Signs which forebode the end of the World. Resurrection, Conflagration, General Judgement, and consummation of all things. Prospect of heaven, and a happy immortality. Angel departs, and Joshua returns to the camp.

THE CONQUEST OF CANÄAN.

BOOK X.

THE Viſion ceas'd. At once the foreſt fled,
At once an unknown region round them ſpread,
Like the ſtill ſabbath's dawning light ſerene,
And fair as bliſsful Eden's living green.
High on a hill they ſtood, whoſe cloudy brow
Look'd o'er th' illimitable world below.
In ſhining verdure eaſtern realms withdrew,
And hills and plains, immingling, fill'd the view:
From ſouthern foreſts roſe melodious ſounds;
Tall northern mountains ſtretch'd cerulean bounds;
Weſt, all was ſea; blue ſkies, with peaceful reign,
Serene roll'd round th' interminable plain.
Then thus the Power. To thee, bleſs'd man, 'tis given,
To know the thoughts of all-conſidering Heaven:
Scenes form'd eternal in th' unmeaſur'd Mind,
In yon bright realms, for Abraham's race deſign'd,
While the great promiſe ſtands in heaven ſecure,
Or earth, or ſeas, or ſkies or ſtars endure.

He ſpoke. At once a ſpacious land is ſeen,
Bright with young cornfields, and with paſtures green;
Fair ſhine the rivers; fair the plains extend;
The tall woods wave, and towering hills aſcend;
Ten thouſand thouſand flooks around them ſpread,
Sport o'er the lawns, and crop the verdant blade;
Bleſs'd ſwains with muſic charm their uſeful toil,
The cheerful plowmen turn the ſable ſoil;
The vine, glad offspring of the ſun, aſpires,
And ſmiles, and purples, in th' indulgent fires;
The vales, with humble pride, gay coats adorn,
And pleaſure dances in the beams of morn;
Spring, hand in hand with golden Autumn join'd
Lives in the flowers, and wantons in the wind.
Then ſpacious towns exalt their ſtately ſpires,
Bend their long walls, and light unnumber'd fires;
Here all the pomp of haughty ſtructures ſhines,
Youth crowds the dance, and Age in council joins;
There, built by virtue, ſmoking altars riſe,
And clouds of incenſe fill the morning ſkies.
When thus the Hero---Say, O Power divine!
What bright and happy ſcenes before me ſhine,
Tell, if thoſe regions Iſrael's bliſs diſplay,
And flocks, and fields, and cities own their ſway.
Juſt are thy thoughts---the Seraph's voice return'd,
While roſy beauty round his aſpect burn'd,
In theſe fair climes ſhall Iſrael fix her ſeat,
End her long toils, and find a calm retreat,
Then all the bleſſings, mortals here can know,
From GOD's good hand, in plenteous ſtreams, ſhall flow.
In pureſt beams ſhall genial ſuns deſcend;
And moons, and ſtars, their ſofteſt radiance lend:
The gales waft health; kind flowers the plains renew;
Morn yield her fragrance; eve her balmy dew;
With autumn's prime the wintery froſt conſpire;
With ſprings mild influence ſummer's ſcorching fire;

To nurſe the land of virtue's lov'd receſs,
And bleſs the nation, Heaven delights to bleſs.
  Theſe ſcenes of bliſsful peace ſhalt thou enjoy,
Nor grief diſturbs, nor circling foes annoy.
But when death calls thee to divine abodes,
They fly from Heaven, and ſeek Canaan's gods;
To ſtocks, to ſtones, with ſtupid reverence, bow,
Burſt every tie, and perjure every vow.
Then war ſhall thunder from the realms around;
Then ſuns malignant parch the ſterile ground;
The fields ſhall waſte; the flocks to duſt decay,
And fierce diſeaſes ſweep their tribes away.
Yet ſhall his bounty ſainted guardians raiſe,
And ſhed rich bleſſings on their peaceful days;
Wak'd to new life, the land forget to mourn,
And fruitful ſeaſons to the plains return.
  Behold theſe ſcenes expanding to thy ſoul!
From orient realms what blackening armies roll!
See their proud Monarch, in yon glimmering car,
Leads his ſtrong hoſt, and points the waſte of war.
Till, rais'd by Heaven, the youth, whoſe early bloom,
Gives a fair promiſe of his worth to come,
That ſecond Irad, Othniel, lifts his hand,
And ſweeps the heathens from his waſted land.
  In awful pomp, ſee Hazor's bands ariſe,
Shade the far plains, and lower along the ſkies!
An unborn Jabin ſways thoſe ſpacious ſhores,
And on theſe climes that raging deluge pours.
The little band, thou ſeeſt thy nation ſends;
Lo, how the hoſt innumerable bends!
Before Jehovah's wrath the millions fly,
Drop their weak arms, and lift a leſſening cry.
  Behold, in ſouthern ſkies, what clouds appear!
There Midian's ſons the bloody ſtandard rear:

Line 71) See Judg. 3. Ch. L. 79) Jud. 4, L. 87) Jud. 7.

Before them, Ruin marks her ravag'd way;
Fire ſweeps the plains, and ſmoke involves the day!
Behold yon Angel, rapt on wings of light,
Flames, like a meteor, down the face of night!
His fearful hand accelerates their doom,
And their own weapons plunge them to the tomb.
Beyond fair Jordan, that broad, azure ſtream,
What moony ſhields, what throngs of lances, gleam!
In long, dark lines, ſee Jephthah's ſpreading hoſt
Benight the heavens, and duſk the ſhady coaſt!
Lo, wing'd with fear, the ranks of Ammon yield,
Mount their bright cars, and fly the ſanguine field!
From thoſe dread ſcenes, now ſouthward turn thine eyes;
Behold, what clouds of Philiſtines ariſe!
Ordain'd the terror of Canäan's climes,
The ſting of guilt, the ſcourge of daring crimes;
Illum'd with ſpears, the gloomy ſquadrons roll,
Duſt ſhades their path, and darkneſs hides the pole.
See Gaza's thouſands, rang'd in black array,
Spread their wide volumes on the ſetting day!
Behold brave Samſon ſweep the dreadful plain!
Their falchions flame, their ſpears are hurl'd, in vain;
Swift from his fateful arm their ſquadrons fly,
And ſhields behind them glimmer on the ſky.
Now, where yon haughty pile in pomp aſcends,
His ſtrong-wrought nerves the eyeleſs hero bends;
The columns ſhake, the cloudy temple falls,
And duſty ruin veils the ſmoking walls.
See, where proud Gibeah's turrets ſtrike the ſkies,
On every ſide embattled armies riſe!
There Civil Diſcord calls her ſons to war,
And waves her banner through the troubled air;
Againſt one tribe the ſwords of all unite,
Deſtruction hovering o'er the crimſon fight.

Line 95) Jud. 11. L. 101) Jud. 13. &c. L. 107) Jud. 15, 16. L. 117) Jud. 20.

See, like a ſtorm, the Philiſtines again
Roll o'er yon hills, and crowd the darkening plain!
Lo Iſrael flees! the haughty heathens dare,
Pollute the ark; nor know th' Almighty 's there.
The ſacred Prophet lifts his ſuppliant hands,
And calls down vengeance on the impious bands;
Aghaſt they hear tremendous thunders riſe,
And from the lightnings turn their trembling eyes;
The fields are redden'd with a ſanguine die,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Thus ſcenes of varied life thy nation prove,
Reſtrain their crimes, and fix their wandering love,
At length, impatient of their Maker's hand,
Their tribes, with union'd voice; a king demand.
Firſt choſen to the throne, of truth forlorn,
Blaſting the promiſe of his opening morn,
Saul, impious tyrant, holds the ſacred ſway,
And Iſrael's hapleſs ſons his rod obey.
But now the ſcenes a longer view demand;
Behold what wonders to thine eyes expand!
The hero gaz'd; at once two mountains roſe,
O'erſpread by ſquadrons of embattled foes.
Proud, from the ſouthern hill a giant ſtrode,
Dar'd his pale foes, and brav'd the arm of GOD.
Vaſt were his limbs, for war and ruin made;
His towering ſtature caſt a long, dark ſhade;
His eye glar'd fury, and his buckler's gleam,
Flam'd, like a cloud before the ſetting beam.
A youth, in nature's prime, oppos'd his arm,
To the dire threatenings of the lowering ſtorm:
Soft round his aſpect roſy beauty ſmil'd,
Bold but not raſh, and without terror mild.
By his ſtrong hand, like rapid lightening, flung,
Full on the giant's front a pebble ſung;

Line 123) 1 Sam. 7. L. 143) 1 Sam. 17.

Like ſome tall oak, the mighty warrior fell,
And with ſhrill thunders rang his claſhing ſteel.
At once the heathens fled; their foes purſued,
And boundleſs death the crimſon fields beſtrew'd.
Then thus the Guide---Here David's ſkilful hand,
Sinks vaſt Goliath in the bloody ſand.
Call'd, from the peace of ſylvan ſhades unknown,
To rule an empire, and to mount a throne,
This beauteous youth ſhall ſtretch a proſperous ſway,
And bid rude realms, and conquer'd kings, obey;
Where fertile ſhores the proud Euphrates laves,
Where yon broad ocean rolls its lucid waves,
Beyond the limits of the Syrian reign,
Or where far ſouthward ſpreads the crimſon main.
Behold, in dreadful pomp, from northern ſkies,
What gloomy clouds, what thronging ſquadrons riſe!
Kings in the flaming van exalt their forms,
Borne in ſwift cars, and wrapp'd in dazzling arms;
Here Ammon's ſons unnumber'd crowd the fields;
There Syria's millions wave their glimmering ſhields.
See Iſrael moves in glory to the fight!
See Joab, circled with a blaze of light!
His lofty port, his firm, undaunted eye,
Shoot terror round, and bid the millions fly.
Again what crowds the diſtant plains invade!
How the world darkens in the ſable ſhade!
Aloft in air the dancing banners fly,
And throngs of lances tremble in the ſky.
High in the front majeſtic David ſtands,
Leads on the conqueſt, and the fight commands,
Bids death before him ſweep the dreadful plain,
And rolls his chariot o'er th' unnumber'd ſlain.
Nor leſs ſhall peace adorn his righteous ſway;
The proud ſhall tremble, and the rich obey;
With equal hand, great Juſtice hold the ſcale;
In every council Wiſdom's voice prevail;

Line 171) 2 Sam. 10.

The fields grow fat, beneath the culturing hand,
And ſmiling plenty wanton round the land.
Then ſpacious towns, with wealth and pomp ſupplied,
Shall bend long walls and lift their ſpiry pride;
O'er all imperial Salem's ſplendors riſe,
The boaſt of earth, and emblem of the ſkies.
He ſpoke: tall mountains rear their ſummits high,
Crown'd with fair ſpires, that vaniſh in the ſky;
Upheave huge walls: imperial arches bend,
And golden turrets to the clouds aſcend.
So, when dun night begins in heaven to riſe,
A long, dark cloud ſurrounds the northern ſkies;
Forth from its ſpacious womb, effulgent ſtream
Tall ſpires of glory, columns bright of flame;
There ſhine gay walls illumin'd towers aſcend,
Wave round th' immenſe, and o'er the concave bend;
Expanding, reddening, the proud pomp aſpires,
And ſtars faint-tremble through the wonderous fires.
Thus wide, thus bright, the ſplendid ſcene expands,
Rich with the treaſures of ſurrounding lands;
The long ſtreets wind; the lofty domes aſcend;
Fair gardens bloom, and cryſtal fountains bend;
From flowery millions rich perfumes ariſe,
Load the ſweet gales, and breathe upon the ſkies.
There, crown'd with towers, and wrapp'd in golden pride,
A burſting dome the wondering Chief deſcried,
On eaſtern hills its front aerial ſtood,
Look'd o'er the walls, and diſtant regions view'd;
There glow'd the beauty of the artiſts' minds;
There gates, there ſpires, there columns, he deſign'd;
There, with ſtrong light, etherial wiſdom ſhone,
There blended glories mock'd the noonday ſun,
A bright, celeſtial grandeur towers diſplay'd;
And verdant courts, expanſive, round them ſpread.

Line 217) See 2 Chron. 6. 7.

There call'd from circling realms, a gladſome train,
In gayeſt robes, unnumber'd, hid the plain.
Soft roſe their ſongs; the harp's bewildering ſound,
Breath'd mild inchantment through the domes around,
On ſhining altars gifts of virtue lay,
Rich incenſe fum'd, and ſmoke embrown'd the day.
High o'er the reſt, a prince majeſtic ſtood,
And robes of ſplendor looſely round him flow'd;
Spread were his hands; his face, to earth declin'd,
Spoke the calm raptures of a pious mind;
His voice, on balmy winds, like incenſe, driven,
Roſe, ſweetly fragrant, to approving heaven:
At once, as earthquakes, rumbling, rock the ground,
Slow roll'd a long, deep roar the dome around;
O'er the tall towers a cloud convolving ſpread,
Bedimm'd the ſkies, and wrapp'd the world in ſhade;
Fierce from its womb terrific lightenings came,
The gifts exhaling in the rapid flame;
The train fell proſtrate; ſhook the bright abode,
And trembling earth confeſs'd the preſent GOD.
Then thus the Guide---This prince, to David born,
With ſolemn pomp ſhall Salem's towers adorn;
To GOD's great name, this glorious pile ſhall raiſe,
Fair type of Heaven, and ſeat of laſting praiſe.
In his bleſs'd reign, ſhall peace extend her ſway;
The poor dwell ſafely, and the proud obey;
Iſrael, ſecure, in happy fields recline,
Pluck their own figs, and taſte their plenteous wine;
The ſwain ſole monarch of his lands ſhall reign,
And own the products of the grateful plain.
On fame's light wings, his glory ſhall be borne,
Where ſmiles fair eve, or blooms etherial morn;
From diſtant regions kings enraptur'd throng,
Drink ſacred truth, and catch the heavenly ſong:
To him, her boundleſs wealth ſhall Egypt yield;
To him, Sabea ope the ſpicy field;

In morn's fair iſlands, ſweets celeſtial blow;
Wide ocean's realms with pearly ſplendors glow;
The loom its purple, earth its gems, unfold,
And teeming ſulphur kindle into gold.
Long ſhall bright wiſdom gild his proſperous day,
Till magic beauty charm his heart aſtray;
Wiſdom, beyond the narrow thoughts of man,
In clouds involv'd, and bounded by a ſpan;
Wiſdom, that nature's myſteries ſhall controul,
And rule the nobler kingdom of the ſoul.
At length, when death his ſpirit ſhall demand,
Two guilty kings ſhall ſway Canäan's land,
Both to the fatal love of idols given,
And both rejected by an angry Heaven:
While their mad kingdoms oft in fight contend,
And flames lay waſte their fields, and wars their cities rend.
Then ſhall th' Eternal's awful vengeance riſe,
His wheels deſcend, his chariot ſhake the ſkies
Before his breath the ſon's of Iſrael fly,
Like chaff when whirlwinds ſweep th' autumnal ſky,
To realms, whoſe beauty endleſs froſts deform,
To heavens that thunder with eternal ſtorm:
Where o'er yon fiery cliffs, that bound the ſkies,
Dejected ſuns with feeble influence riſe,
At diſtance hovering round the unbleſs'd ſhore,
Where glimmering ice forbids the waves to roar.
Yet ſtill, while Judah owns his awful ſway,
And pious kings their ſacred homage pay,
Safe in the covert of his guardian hand,
Shall happy ſubjects ſhare a peaceful land;
Till rous'd to wrath by inſolence of crimes,
He rolls deep horror o'er Canäan's climes.
On that dread morn, ſhall Salem hear from far
The trump's ſhrill clamour, and the ſounding car;
Hoſts train'd to blood her ſhining ſeats ſurround,
And all her glories totter to the ground.

Adieu! adieu! thou darling of the ſkies;
Thy towers begin to ſhake; thy flames begin to riſe.
Where once the palace raptur'd eyes deſcried,
And the tall temple rear'd its ſplendid pride,
Round mouldering walls the nightly wolf ſhall howl;
Sad ruins murmur to the wailing owl;
In domes, once golden, creeping moſs be found;
The long, rank weed o'erſpread the garden's bound;
The wild Idumean caſt a mournful eye
On the brown towers, and paſs in ſilence by.
Nor let deep ſorrow pain thy pitying eyes;
Lo fairer ſcenes in quick ſucceſſion riſe!
Soon ſhall the temple crown the ſacred hill,
Bright domes aſcend, and fields around them ſmile;
Thy nation gather; great Meſſiah ſhine,
And earth be honour'd with a King divine.
From Edom's realms, what mighty form aſcends!
How the vale bloſſoms! how the mountain bends!
How ſhine his limbs, in heaven's immortal pride!
How beams his veſture, in the rainbow died!
'Tis he! 'tis he! who ſaves a world undone;
The Prince of glory! GOD's eternal Son!
O'er conſcious hills he wins his beauteous way;
The plains are tranſport, and all nature gay.
O ſons of men!---th' indulgent Saviour cries---
My raptur'd voice invites you to the ſkies.
No more to Jacob's narrow race confin'd,
A bliſs unmeaſur'd flows for all mankind;
The life, the youth, of climes forever bleſs'd;
Increaſing glory, and ſeraphic reſt.
Say, what the gain in pleaſure's paths to ſtray,
Where poiſon bloſſoms, and where ſerpents play.
Ambition's lofty ſteep with pain to climb,
Where guilt, and anguiſh, ſwell with every crime;

Line 323) Iſaiah 63.

To waſte, in weary toils, man's little doom,
For treaſures, raviſh'd by the neighbouring tomb.
Should earth's broad realms beneath your ſceptre roll,
Can worlds exchang'd redeem the deathleſs ſoul?
Riſe then, oh riſe, from ſin's oblivious ſleep!
Lo, wide beneath you gapes th' unfathom'd deep!
Explore, with me, the undeceiving road,
That blooms with virtue, and that leads to GOD.
What though dire pain, and grief, and ſad diſmay,
And all earth's fury hedge the arduous way;
Thoſe griefs, thoſe pains, my feet before you brave,
The world's fell hatred, and the gloomy grave;
I feel ſuperior wiſdom's peace refin'd,
And the fair morning of a guiltleſs mind;
The toils of faith, rewarding as they riſe;
Befriending ſeraphs, and complacent Skies.
And O the end! the bright, immortal end!
Heaven's gates unbar, and angel hoſts attend.
Each hour more ſweet, for you her rivers roll;
A ſky, ſtill brightening, arches round her pole;
Fair, and more fair, her ſunny manſions glow;
Pure, and more pure, her airs etherial blow;
Her hoſt, in growing youth, ſerenely ſhines;
Her glory quickens, and her world refines.
In that fair world, to e'er-beginning joy,
Each hour increaſing, ting'd with no alloy,
Reſt from each toil, relief from every care,
Conqueſt of death, and triumph o'er deſpair,
To your own peers, your laſting home, aſcend,
To bliſs' fair fountain, virtue's faithful friend,
Thoſe peers heaven's ſons, that home the bright abode,
That fount an ocean, and that friend a GOD.
To theſe fair realms to lift the contrite mind,
To give bleſs'd faith, and purchaſe peace refin'd,
To man's loſt ſoul the ſtamp of heaven recall,
And build again the ruins of the fall,

From God's high throne he comes to every woe,
The world his dungeon, and mankind his foe,
Heaven's wrath for thankleſs wretches dares aſſume,
Aſcends the croſs, and tries the darkſome tomb.
Lo theſe dread ſcenes expanding to thine eye!
Behold yon cloudy pomp inveſt the ſky!
What hoſts of angels wave their flamy wings!
The world is ſilent---hark, what muſic rings!---
All hail, ye happy ſwains! this ſacred morn,
Of David's race, the promis'd Saviour's born;
In Bethlehem's inn, behold the parent maid,
Her heavenly offſpring in a manger laid!
See, ſee, in yon blue track, his ſtar aſcend!
Adore ye angels! heaven in homage bend!
From earth one cloud of mingling incenſe riſe!
Peace to the world, and glory to the ſkies!
Before the harbinger behold him ſtand,
And take the ſacred ſprinkling from his hand;
On wings of flame the etherial dove deſcend,
And the glad train with reverent homage bend!
Far round th' immenſe approving thunders roll,
And God's own ſon belov'd reſounds from pole to pole.
See, at his touch, the fainting form reſpires;
The pale-eyed leper glows with purple fires;
Light as the hart, th' exulting cripple ſprings,
And the dumb ſuppliant new-born praiſes ſings;
Unuſual ſounds the cleaving ear ſurpriſe,
And light, and proſpect, charm expanding eyes;
The dungeon burſts; the priſoner leaps to day,
And life recall'd reanimates the clay!
At his commands, what throngs of demons flee,
To yon far gulf, that blackens o'er the ſea!
Lo, in the ſkirt of yonder fading ſtorm,
Obſcurely ſailing, many a dreadful form!

Line 373) Luke 2. L. 385) Mat. 3.

From its deep womb, what ſullen murmurs riſe!
And what pale lightenings feebly ſweep the ſkies!
But O! what love the harden'd ſoul can gain!
Fair truth compels, Meſſiah charms, in vain.
Untaught, unmov'd, by hate and fury driven,
His nation riſe againſt the heir of heaven,
Before a heathen's bar tumultuous hale;
Nor worth can move, nor innocence avail.
Behold the milder glories round him ſhine!
What peace ſerene! what conſtancy divine!
How ſilently ſublime! how meekly great!
How virtue's ſplendor ſhades the glare of ſtate!
By friends denied, by poor vile worms contemn'd,
Judg'd without law, and without guilt condemn'd,
While men, while demons, in fond triumph riſe,
The Prince of life, the Lord of angels, dies.
At once dire earthquakes heave the ſhuddering ground,
Rend the hard rocks; the mountains quake around;
Far o'er the world blank midnight caſts her ſhade,
And trembling riſe the nations of the dead:
Pain'd, from the ſcene the conſcious ſun retires,
And nature's voice proclaims---A God expires.
But not the earth his ſacred form confines;
The bands diſſolve; the grave its truſt reſigns;
His fair, transforming limbs new life inſpires;
Heaven's youth informs, and Godlike beauty fires;
From the dark tomb he wings his lucid way,
Aſcends the ſky, and glads the climes of day.
As thy bold arm, to Iſrael's choſen band,
Thy foes extinguiſh'd, gives the promis'd land;
Call'd by thy name, ſhall he to realms of gloom
Drive vanquiſh'd Death, and triumph o'er the tomb,
To that bleſs'd land, the true Canäan, riſe,
And guide his choſen children to the ſkies.
Then o'er his foes ſhall fearful vengeance break;
Heaven ſhine in arms; earth's liſtening regions quake;

The fond, vain triumph unknown woes deſtroy,
And clouds of ruin blaſt the tranſient joy.
Behold, in weſtern ſkies, the ſtorm aſcend,
Its terrors blacken, and its flames extend!
There hide the whirlwinds, ſoon ordain'd to roll;
There ſleep fierce thunders, ſoon to rock the pole.
But firſt dread ſigns the guilty world alarm;
A ſanguine horror ſhades the ſun's bright form;
In fields of air, unreal hoſts contend;
Shrill arms reſound, and cars the concave rend:
From hell's black ſhores the Peſtilence aſpires,
Roams the wide earth, and breathes her baleful fires:
Whole regions wither in her ſickening flight,
And hoſts, and nations, periſh in a night:
Far round the ſhuddering ſky pale meteors glare,
And raging Diſcord ſounds the trump of war.
Then countleſs millions ſeize the bloody ſhield,
And Death's black enſign glooms the fading field.
Lo, Zion's domes what grimly hoſts incloſe!
See ſun-bright eagles lead her gathering foes!
High o'er her walls, what threatening engines riſe!
And hark, what clamours murmuring mount the ſkies;
With clouds, purſuing clouds, the terrors grow;
More fierce the blaze, more dark th' invading woe.
But why ſhould diſmal ſcenes diſtreſs thy ſight,
Or grief unnerve thee for th' impending fight?
Meantime, from land to land with ſpeed convey'd,
Meſſiah's ſons his truth and bleſſings ſpread.
On countleſs realms, to guilt and darkneſs given,
Aliens from life, and reprobate of Heaven,
The ſacred Spirit ſheds his healing power,
And ſkies indulgent heavenly bounty ſhower.
Low at his name the raptur'd nations bend;
By him perfum'd, unnumber'd prayers aſcend;

Line 441) Mat. 24. L. 455) Taking of Jeruſalem by the Romans.
L. 465) Preaching of the Goſpel by the Apoſtles. &c.

To heaven his name from earth's great houſhold flies,
And one vaſt cloud of incenſe cheers the ſkies.
From Salem's favour'd hills, the bliſs ſhall ſtray,
Glad every land, and ſtretch to every ſea;
But chief far onward ſpeed its weſtern flight,
And bleſs the regions of deſcending light.
Far o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where ſeas, and ſkies, in blue confuſion blend,
Lo, there a mighty realm, by heaven deſign'd
The laſt retreat for poor, oppreſs'd mankind!
Form'd with that pomp, which marks the hand divine,
And clothes yon vault, where worlds unnumber'd ſhine,
Here ſpacious plains in ſolemn grandeur ſpread;
Here cloudy foreſts caſt eternal ſhade:
Rich vallies wind; the ſky tall mountains brave,
And inland ſeas for commerce ſpread the wave;
With nobler floods, the ſea-like rivers roll,
And fairer luſtre purples round the pole.
Here, warm'd by happy ſuns, gay mines unfold
The uſeful iron, and the laſting gold;
Pure, changing gems in ſilence learn to glow,
And mock the ſplendors of the covenant bow:
On countleſs hills, by ſavage footſteps trod,
That ſmile to ſee the future harveſt nod,
In glad ſucceſſion, plants unnumber'd bloom,
And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume;
Hence life once more a length of days ſhall claim,
And health, reviving, light her purple flame.
Far from all realms this world imperial lies;
Seas roll between, and threatening ſtorms ariſe;
Alike unmov'd beyond Ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the venturous ſail:
Till circling years the deſtin'd period bring,
And a new Moſes liſts the daring wing,

Line 479) Viſion of America.

Through trackleſs ſeas, an unknown flight explores,
And hails a new Canäan's promis'd ſhores.
On yon far ſtrand, behold that little train
Aſcending, venturous, o'er th' unmeaſur'd main.
No dangers fright; no ills the courſe delay;
'Tis virtue prompts, and GOD directs the way.
Speed, ſpeed, ye ſons of truth! let Heaven befriend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend!
O ſmile thou ſky ſerene! ye ſtorms retire!
And airs of Eden every ſail inſpire!
Swift o'er the main, behold the canvas fly,
And fade, and fade, beneath the fartheſt ſky;
See verdant fields the changing waſte unfold;
See ſudden harveſts dreſs the plains in gold:
In lofty walls the moving rocks aſcend,
And dancing woods to ſpires and temples bend!
Meantime, expanding o'er earth's diſtant ends,
Lo, Slavery's gloom in ſable pomp deſcends;
Far round each eaſtern clime her volumes roll,
And pour, deep-ſhading, to the ſadden'd pole.
How the world droops beneath the fearful blaſt;
The plains all wither'd, and the ſkies o'ercaſt!
From realm to realm extends the general groan;
The fainting body ſtupifies to ſtone;
Benumb'd, and fix'd, the palſied ſoul expires,
Blank'd all its views, and quench'd its living fires;
In clouds of boundleſs ſhade, the ſcenes decay;
Land after land departs, and nature fades away.
In that dread hour, beneath auſpicious ſkies,
To nobler bliſs yon weſtern world ſhall riſe.
Unlike all former realms, by war that ſtood,
And ſaw the guilty throne aſcend in blood,
Here union'd Choice ſhall form a rule divine;
Here countleſs lands in one great ſyſtem join;

Line. 509] Settlement of North America, by the Engliſh, for the enjoyment of Religion. L. 525) Slavery of the eaſtern Continent. L. 535) Freedom and glory of the North American States.

The ſway of Law unbroke, unrivall'd grow,
And bid her bleſſings every land o'erflow.
In fertile plains, behold the tree aſcend,
Fair leaves unfold, and ſpreading branches bend!
The fierce, invading ſtorm ſecure they brave,
And the ſtrong influence of the creeping wave,
In heavenly gales with endleſs verdure riſe,
Wave o'er broad fields, and fade in friendly ſkies.
There ſafe from driving rains, and battering hail,
And the keen fury of the wintry gale,
Freſh ſpring the plants; the flowery millions bloom,
All ether gladdening with a choice perfume;
Their haſtening pinions birds unnumber'd ſpread,
And dance, and wanton, in th' aerial ſhade.
Here Empire's laſt, and brighteſt throne ſhall riſe;
And Peace, and Right, and Freedom, greet the ſkies:
To morn's far realms her ſhips commercing ſail,
Or lift their canvas to the evening gale;
In wiſdom's walks, her ſons ambitious ſoar,
Tread ſtarry fields, and untried ſcenes explore.
And hark what ſtrange, what ſolemn-breathing ſtrain
Swells, wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far main!
Down time's long, leſſening vale, the notes decay,
And, loſt in diſtant ages, roll away.
When earth commenc'd, ſix morns of labour roſe,
Ere the calm Sabbath ſhed her ſoft repoſe.
Thus ſhall the world's great week direct its way,
And thouſand circling ſuns complete the day.
Paſt were two days, ere beam'd the law divine;
Two days muſt roll, ere great Meſſiah ſhine;
Two changeful days, the Goſpel's light ſhall riſe;
Then ſacred quiet huſh the ſtormy ſkies.
O'er orient regions ſuns of toil ſhall roll,
Faint luſtre dawn, and clouds obſcure the pole:

Line 565) The Jews have an ancient tradition of this nature.

But o'er yon favourite world, the Sabbath's morn,
Shall pour unbounded day, and with clear ſplendor burn.
Hence, o'er all lands ſhall ſacred influence ſpread,
Warm frozen climes, and cheer the death-like ſhade;
To nature's bounds, reviving Freedom reign,
And Truth, and Virtue, light the world again.
No more in arms ſhall battling nations riſe;
Nor war's hoarſe thunders heave the earth and ſkies;
No hungry vulture, from the rock's tall brow,
Eye the red field, and ſlaughtering hoſt, below;
No famine waſte; no tender infant fear;
The meek-eyed virgin drop no painful tear;
Soft to the lyre the trumpet ſink refin'd,
And peace' mild muſic ſtill the ſtormy mind:
The ſavage, nurs'd in blood, with wondering eye,
Sees all the horrors of the deſert fly:
Dread war, once rapturous, now his ſoul affrights;
Sweet peace allures, and angel love delights;
His melting thoughts with ſofter paſſion glow;
His tears ſteal gently o'er the plaint of woe;
To virtuous toils his feet inſtinctive turn;
Or ſeek the temple in the ſmiles of morn;
Each ſtormy purpoſe truth's mild rays ſerene,
And ſpring celeſtial clothes the waſte within.
See, round the lonely wild, with glad ſurpriſe,
Strange verdure blooms, and flowery wonders riſe!
Hark how the ſounds of guſhing waters roll!
What new Arabias breathe upon the ſoul!
On ruſſet plains returning Sharon blows;
Her fragrance charms; her living beauty glows;
Each mount a Lebanon in pomp aſcends,
And, topp'd with cloudy pride, the cedar bends;
To meads, to ſports, with lambs the wolf retires,
Sooth'd his wild rage, and quench'd his gloomy fires,

Line 577) Beginning of the millennium. See Iſaiah and the other prophets.

The viper fierce, the hiſſing aſp, grow mild,
Refuſe their prey, and wanton with the child:
New hymns the plumy tribes inraptur'd raiſe,
And howling foreſts harmonize to praiſe.
Shine ſoft, O ſun! ye ſkies around them ſmile!
Your ſhowers propitious balmy heavens diſtil!
In every waſte what cheerful domes ariſe!
What golden temples meet the bending ſkies;
To yon bright world what clouds of incenſe roll;
How Virtue's ſongs breathe ſweet from pole to pole!
Through earth's wide realms let ſolemn ſilence flow!
Be huſh'd thou main! ye winds forget to blow!
JEHOVAH ſpeaks---Beneath the fartheſt ſkies,
My trump ſhall ſound, my ſacred ſtandard riſe;
From morn to eve the lucid banner ſhine,
And ſaints, ecſtatic, hail th' illuſtrious ſign.
Wak'd from the ſlumbers of the world unknown,
See raptur'd Sion mount the ſtarry throne,
Round her fair gates, her thronging ſons behold,
Dreſs'd in white garments, and adorn'd with gold!
Ariſe, O child of foſtering heaven, ariſe;
Queen of the world, and favourite of the ſkies;
In ſunny robes, with living ſplendor, ſhine;
Be all thy veſtments as thyſelf divine!
Seize the loud harp, arouſe the breathing ſtring;
Exalt thine eyes, and hymns of tranſport ſing;
Behold thy ruin'd walls again aſcend;
Thy towers ſhoot up; thy ſpacious arches bend;
Thy gardens brighten; ſtreams reviving roll,
And gales of paradiſe intrance the ſoul.
Where long, long howl'd the ſolitary blaſt,
O'er the brown mountain, and the dreary waſte;
Where famiſh'd wolves proclaim'd their nightly roam,
And raging lions found a bloody home;

Line 619) Calling of the Jews.

Again glad ſuns command thy towers to burn,
And o'er thy ſplendors burſts the raptur'd morn;
In vales of fragrance hymns of angels ring;
The mountains leap; the conſcious foreſts ſing;
To thy fair realms the bloom of Eden given
Tranſcends the morn, and rivals opening heaven.
Lo, from the weſt, and eaſt, and ſouth, and north,
In countleſs millions, Gentile throngs break forth!
Their garlands bloom; their golden offerings blaze;
Their harps inſtinctive tremble to thy praiſe.
For thee, what prayers from gathering lands aſcend!
What ſuppliant nations at thine altars bend!
With what ſoft muſic ſounds th' etherial ſong!
What love, what ecſtacy, attunes the tongue!
How gay the heavens! how fair the earth ſerene!
How joy illumes, how incenſe charms the ſcene!
Lo, in each face primæval beauty glows!
In every vein primæval vigour flows;
In every boſom brightens peace refin'd,
And endleſs ſunſhine lights th' unclouded mind:
Without one terror, ſhuts the willing eye,
And the ſoul wafts in ſlumber to the ſky.
See mighty Juſtice lifts his awful reign!
Behold new Joſhuas ſway thy realms again!
Again the Prophet lights the earthly gloom;
Heaven's gates diſcloſe, and climes beyond the tomb;
To earth glad angels ſpeed their beauteous flight,
And call their fellows to the domes of light!
In eaſtern climes, where ſuns begin to roll,
Or where clear ſplendors gild the ſparkling pole,
Or where, illum'd by nature's faireſt ray,
Smile the bleſs'd regions of deſcending day,
Unnumber'd ſhips, like miſt the morn exhales,
Stretch their dim canvas to the ruſhing gales.
Behold, aſcending, cloud-like, in the ſkies,
How their ſails whiten! how their maſts ariſe!

The world all moves! the far-extended main
Is loſt beneath th' immeaſurable train!
Here earth impatient all her treaſures yields,
Fruits of gay mines, and ſweets of ſpicy fields;
Fair robes of ſilken ſplendor mock the morn,
And ſun-bright gems with changing luſtre burn.
Exult, O earth! ye heavens with joy ſurvey
Her charms, her glories, hold the lingering day!
Lo, wrapp'd in ſparkling gold, thy wide walls burn;
Thy ſtones to pearls, thy gates to diamonds, turn,
Thy domes to palaces, thy ſeats to thrones,
To queens thy daughters, and to kings thy ſons.
Awake, awake, ye tenants of the tomb!
Burſt your cold chains, and hail your deſtin'd home!
Lo, the night fades; the ſky begins to burn,
And ruddy ſplendor opes the living morn!
See tombs, inſtinctive, break the ſleepy charm,
And gales divine the duſt impriſon'd warm;
From finiſh'd ſlumbers changing patriarchs riſe;
Life crowns their heads, and tranſport fires their eyes;
Dreſs'd in the youth of heaven, again are join'd
The form angelic and the fainted mind.
From bliſs to bliſs the circling hours ſhall flow;
With my own ſmiles the pure expanſion glow;
Bright as the moon, the ſtars inveſt the pole;
Bright as the ſun, the moon ſublimely roll;
Unmeaſur'd glories round the ſun ariſe,
And every morn light nations to the ſkies.
Long, long ſhall theſe fair ſcenes the boſom charm,
And light, and love, refining nature warm;
Till earth ſlow-mouldering hear the great decree,
And time's laſt waves approach th' unfathom'd ſea.
There o'er wild regions, round the diſtant pole,
Shall war's tremendous voice begin to roll,

Line 707] Signs which forbode the end of the world. See Mat. 24, and Rev. 19.

From hell's dark caverns Diſcord fierce aſcend,
Reſound her trump, and ſtartled nature rend;
All heaven re-echo to the deep alarms,
And maddening nations ſwiftly ruſh to arms.
See, high in air, her banner, wide unfurl'd,
Streams in black terror o'er the trembling world;
From pole to pole the rage of combat flies,
And realms 'gainſt realms with ardent vengeance riſe!
To ſcenes of ſlaughtering Fight the millions pour;
Loud thunders roll, and flaſhing ſwords devour;
On delug'd plains unnumber'd corſes lie,
And ſhouts, and groans, immingled, cleave the ſky.
To Cities then ſhe ſteers her duſky way;
The turrets ſhake, the walls in ſmoke decay:
O'er the tall domes, and ſpires in gold array'd,
Where Pomp ſate thron'd, and Joy and Friendſhip play'd,
Fierce drives the nimble flame; the whirlwinds throng,
Howl through the walls, and drive the ſtorm along.
Now to the Fields ſhe wings her rapid force,
The world involving in her waſting courſe;
Before her car, a fiery tempeſt flies;
Behind, long hoſts interminably riſe;
From her pale face th' etherial orbs retire;
Deep heaves the ground; the blackening groves expire;
Horror, and wild diſmay the earth appall,
And one unbounded ruin buries all.

Mid theſe dire ſcenes, more awful ſcenes ſhall riſe;
Sad nations quake, and trembling ſeize the ſkies.
From the dark tomb ſhall fearful lights aſcend;
And ſullen ſounds the ſleeping manſion rend;
Pale ghoſts with terror break the dreamer's charm,
And death-like cries the liſtening world alarm.
Then midnight pangs ſhall toſs the cleaving plains;
Fell Famine wanton o'er unburied trains;
From crumbling mountains baleful flames aſpire;
Realms ſink in floods, and towns diſſolve in fire;

In every blaſt, the ſpotted plague be driven,
And angry meteors blaze athwart the heaven.
Clouds of dark blood ſhall blot the ſun's broad light,
Spread round th' immenſe, and ſhroud the world in night.
With pale, and dreadful ray, the cold moon gleam;
The dim, lone ſtars diffuſe an anguiſh'd beam;
Storms rock the ſkies; afflicted ocean roar,
And ſanguine billows die the ſhuddering ſhore;
And round earth thunder, from the almighty throne,
The voice irrevocable--- IT IS DONE.
  Rous'd on the fearful morn, ſhall nature hear
The trump's deep terrors rend the troubled air;
From realm to realm the ſound tremendous roll:
Cleave the broad main, and ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd pole;
The ſlumbering bones th' Archangel's call inſpire;
Rocks ſink in duſt, and earth be wrapp'd in fire;
From realms far-diſtant orbs unnumber'd come,
Sail thro' immenſity, and learn their doom:
And all yon changeleſs ſtars, that, thron'd on high,
Reign in immortal luſtre round the ſky,
In ſolemn ſilence ſhroud their living light,
And leave the world to undiſtinguiſh'd night.
  Hark, what dread ſounds, deſcending from the pole,
Wave following wave, in ſwelling thunders roll!
How the tombs cleave! What awful forms ariſe!
What crowding nations pain the failing eyes!
From land to land behold the mountains rend;
From ſhore to ſhore the final flames aſcend,
Round the dark poles with boundleſs terror reign,
With bend immeaſurable ſweep the main,
From morn's far kingdoms ſtretch to realms of even,
And climb, and climb, with ſolemn roar to heaven.
What ſmoky ruins wrap the leſſening ground!
What firey ſheets ſail through the vaulted round!

Line 759] Reſurrection and Conflagration. 787] Laſt Judgement.

Pour'd in one maſs, the lands, and ſeas, decay;
Inroll'd, the heavens, diſſolving, fleet away;
The moon departs; the ſun's laſt beams expire,
And nature's buried in the boundleſs fire.

Lo, from the radiance of the bleſs'd abode,
Meſſiah comes, in all the pomp of GOD!
Borne on ſwift winds, a ſtorm before him flies;
Stars crown his head, and rainbows round him riſe;
Beneath his feet, a ſun's broad terrors burn,
And cleaving darkneſs opes a dreadful morn:
Through boundleſs ſpace careering flames are driven;
Truth's ſacred hoſts deſcend, and all the thrones of heaven,
See crowding millions, call'd from earth's far ends,
See hell's dark world, with fearful gloom, aſcends,
In throngs incomprehenſible! Around
Worlds after worlds, from nature's fartheſt bound,
Call'd by th' Archangel's voice, from either pole,
Self-mov'd, with all created nations, roll.
From this great train, his eyes the juſt divide,
Price of his life, and being's faireſt pride;
Rob'd by his mighty hand, the ſtarry throngs
From harps of tranſport call exſtatic ſongs.

Hail, heirs of endleſs peace! ordain'd to rove
Round the pure climes of everlaſting love,
For you the ſun firſt led the lucid morn;
The world was faſhion'd, and Meſſiah born;
For you high heaven with fond impatience waits,
Pours her fair ſtreams, and opes her golden gates;
Each hour, with purer glory, gayly ſhines,
Her courts enlarges, and her air refines.

But O unhappy race! to woes conſign'd,
Lur'd by fond pleaſure, and to wiſdom blind.
What new Meſſiah ſhall the ſpirit ſave,
Stay the pent flames, and ſhut th' eternal grave?
Where ſleeps the muſic of his voice divine?
Where hides the face, that could ſo ſweetly ſhine?

Now hear that ſlighted voice to thunder turn!
See that mild face with flames of vengeance burn!
High o'er your heads the ſtorm of ruin roars,
And, round th' immenſe no friend your fate deplores.
Lo, there to endleſs woe in throngs are driven,
What once were angels, and bright ſtars of heaven!
The world's gay pride! the king with ſplendor crown'd!
The chief reſiſtleſs, and the ſage renown'd!
Down, down, the millions ſink; where yon broad main
Heaves her dark waves, and ſpreads the ſeats of pain:
Where long, black clouds, emblaz'd with awful fire,
Pour ſullen round their heads, and in dread gloom retire.
Then, tumult's hideous din forever o'er,
All foes ſubdued, and doom'd to riſe no more,
Sin forc'd from each fair clime to final flight,
And hell's dark priſon lock'd in endleſs night;
To heaven's extremes diviner peace ſhall roll,
And ſpread through countleſs worlds, beyond each diſtant pole.
Crown'd with glad triumph, from the toils of war,
On angel's wings, ſhall ſail Meſſiah's car;
To the great Sire his conquering hand reſtore
Th' etherial enſigns of unmeaſur'd power;
Preſent his ſons, before the palace bright,
And ſeek the boſom of unborrow'd light.
Then ſcenes, in heaven before unknown, ſhall riſe,
And a new æra bleſs th' angelic ſkies;
Through boundleſs tracts, a nobler kingdom ſhine,
Nor Seraphs' minds conceive the pomp divine.
All realms, all worlds above, combin'd in one;
The heaven of heavens the bright, eternal throne;
The ſubjects ſaints; the period endleſs ſpring;
The realm immenſity, and GOD the king.
As fix'd, unchang'd, yon central world of fire
Leads on ſublime the planetary choir,

Line 831) Conſummation of all things.

Lights all the living lamps, and round the sky,
In midnight splendor calls the moon to fly;
Creates their smiles, instructs their orbs to roll,
Fair eye of nature, and the world's great soul:
So, in the beams of clear perfections shrin'd,
Shall his great Source, the Uncreated Mind,
Through all the Morning Stars that round him glow,
Rove in his smiles, and at his altar bow,
Through countless trains, where worlds unnumber'd rise,
And cloth'd in starry pomp superior skies,
Pure rays of endless peace indulgent shine,
And warm immensity with love divine.
Love's mighty chain shall boundless beings bind,
Join world to world, and mind unite with mind;
O'er the great household heaven's eternal pride,
From age to age, th' Almighty Sire preside;
Around his awful throne, with searching eyes,
See fairer sons, and priests, and kings, arise;
Bid his own essence in their hearts revive,
His beauty brighten, and his glory live:
From harps etherial living raptures fall,
Heaven fill th' immense, and GOD BE ALL IN ALL.
In glory wafted down the lucid pole,
See Salem's walls their solemn scenes unroll!
Less beauteous charms the lovely spouse array,
When beams of rapture light the bridal day.
Behold, new skies serenely round her glow;
Pure fragrance breathes, and purple splendors flow:
In pomp ascends the ever-rising morn,
And starry rainbows round her chariot burn!
There, from the distant wave, no suns arise;
No moon's pale radiance gleams in evening skies;
Round the broad region, with unfading ray,
JEHOVAH smiles immeasurable day:

Line 875) Prospect of heaven, and a happy immortality.

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With living luſtre, fruits celeſtial glow,
And ſtreams of life in endleſs beauty flow.
In robes of angels, ſee the choſen ſhine;
Waft on the floods, or walk in light divine;
Or taſte the changing tree, whoſe fruit ſupplies
The youth of heaven, and beauty of the ſkies!
There, dreſs'd in bloom, and young in roſy years,
Th' immortal Father of mankind appears:
In clear effulgence, Iſrael's Prophet ſhines,
And no dark veil his eager wiſh confines:
With ſmiles of joy ſerene, the Friend of GOD
Counts his glad ſons, and opes the bleſs'd abode.
To theſe fair realms thy footſteps ſhall aſcend;
Here crowns await thee, and bright robes attend;
At nature's call, thy guardian ſeraph come,
And guide his choſen to th' eternal home;
Before the ſacred throne, thy thoughts appear,
Thy virtuous toils, thy truth, and love, ſincere:
His witneſs'd favourite, GOD with ſmiles approve,
And join to nations of immortal love.
O bliſsful hour! when, freed from bonds of clay,
Thy path commences to the climes of day;
When from the ſun thy wing begins to riſe
Through the broad regions of unmeaſur'd ſkies,
When time's dark years behind thy flight ſhall roll,
And all eternity invade thy ſoul.
In that bleſs'd hour, the ſons of light ſhall come,
And ſhout thee welcome to thy deſtin'd home;
With heightening beauty bloom each angel mind,
Glow with pure joy, and yearn with love refin'd;
In ſtrains divine, impaſſion'd ſeraphs tell
How with dire treaſon heavenly nations fell;
What deeds renown'd have grac'd the fair abode;
Truth that endur'd, and zeal that rais'd to GOD;
How round th' expanſion worlds unnumber'd ſprung,
And hoſts etherial ſky-born praiſes ſung;
The peace, the charms, to vernal Eden given,
Converſing angels, and approving Heaven.
In that bleſs'd hour, ſhall ſaints of antient days,
Lights of mankind, and heirs of deathleſs praiſe,

Diſcloſe how Adam's ſons the world o'erſpread,
Borne to far iſles, and o'er wide ſeas convey'd;
How the lone ark the ſeeds of nations bore,
And boundleſs ocean toſs'd without a ſhore;
Embattled hoſts the patriarch's faith o'ercame,
Nor votive Iſaac quench'd the living flame;
Through the long devious deſert Iſrael rov'd;
The angel wreſtled, and the brother lov'd.
Rapt in thy bleſs'd arrival, there ſhall glow
The faithful partners of thine every woe;
Their hopes, their fears, their toils, with thee run o'er,
Pains far retir'd, and griefs that haunt no more:
His long-lov'd friend unſpotted Hezron join,
Add ſong to ſong, and mingle bliſs with thine;
Irad, divineſt flower! to meet thee riſe,
And caſt rich fragrance round delighted ſkies.
With this great concourſe loſt in joys ſerene,
No tongue can utter, and no fancy feign,
Diſſolv'd in friendſhip, chain'd to friends, divine,
Whoſe thoughts, whoſe converſe, every power refine,
Thy unknown ages ſwift ſhall glide away,
Loſt in th' immenſe of never-ending day.
Thro' heaven's expanded field thy feet ſhall rove,
Th' all-beauteous region of ecſtatic love;
Her gates of pearl, her towers of gems, behold,
Her ſtreets, her manſions, of pellucid gold:
Where each fair gate cherubic watchmen guard,
And GOD, approving, ſhowers the vaſt reward.
There ſhalt thou feel, when, freed from ſin's alloy,
Souls lift their pinions to the climes of joy,
Around all heaven what ſpeechleſs tranſports roll,
Blend ſmile with ſmile, and mingle ſoul with ſoul;
There hail, ecſtatic, to the bright abode,
The crowns, the trophies, of Meſſiah's blood.
There GOD's own hand ſhall lift the curtain high,
And all earth's wonders open to thine eye:
In time's myſterious reign, thy ſoul purſue
Power ever glorious, wiſdom ever new;
See boundleſs good, Creation's ſingle end,
And GOD his own, and being's, faithful friend;

In all, the preſent God refulgent ſhine,
And boundleſs glory fill the work divine.
Fed with perennial ſprings of bliſs refin'd,
Divine effuſions of th' All-lovely Mind,
With endleſs ardour ſhall thy ſpirit glow,
And love immenſe from heaven's great fountain flow;
Unbounded grace fill unconfin'd deſire,
Warm thy rapt boſom, and thy ſongs inſpire.
Each hour, thy ſpreading thoughts ſhall ſwift improve;
Each hour increaſe the tranſports of thy love;
With morning beauty, Youth around thee ſhine,
Implant new ſenſes, and the old refine;
From height to height thy riſing wiſhes grow,
And, at their birth, the full enjoyment flow;
No care, no want, th' expanding bliſs deſtroy,
But every thought, and ſenſe, and wiſh, be joy.
From theſe bleſs'd ſcenes thy flight ſhall oft deſcend,
And, with thy kindred angels, man attend.
What ſweet complacence ſhall thy boſom warm,
To ſpread fair truth, and every woe to charm;
Guard the lone cot, where faith delights to dwell;
Or wake pure fervors in the ſecret cell;
Or watch that houſe, where ſtrong devotions riſe;
And prayers as incenſe cheer the morning ſkies;
Where ſons to ſaints, to angels daughters, grow,
And peace, and virtue, build a heaven below.
When fear alarms, ſhalt thou that fear allay;
When grief diſtreſſes, ſmile the pangs away;
When pain torments, the pious eyelids cloſe,
Make ſoft the bed, and breathe ſerene repoſe;
Guide the departing ſoul to yonder ſkies,
And teach the young immortal how to riſe.
Through ſcorching ſands ſhalt thou the wanderer bring,
Waft balmy gales, and point the cooling ſpring;
Or lure declining feet from flowery ways,
Seal the charm'd ear, and turn the fatal gaze;
Or with rude whirlwinds the rough main deform;
Or roll the thunders of the mountain ſtorm;
Or on the ſanguine plain ſublimely ſtand,
Direct the triumph, and the flight command;

Or o'er ſome realm in glorious pomp preſide,
To ſaints a guardian, and to kings a guide.
Nor ſhall one world thy bounded view confine;
But round all being ſtretch thy flight divine,
To worlds diſpers'd o'er worlds, ambitious riſe,
The golden planets of ſublimer ſkies.
Far o'er thy little earth, to man's weak eye,
Encircling roll the glories of the ſky.
Yet know, bleſs'd prince though thus apparent all,
The moon moves ſingly round this darkſome ball,
The earth, with thoſe fair fires of wandering light,
That ſhed ſoft luſtre o'er the darkſome night,
All worlds alike, with countleſs nations crown'd,
In circling courſe, the ſun's bright orb ſurround.
Still their glad faces to his ſplendor turn,
Imbibe his beams, and meet the grateful morn.
This mighty ſcene thy mind with awe inſpires,
With beauty raptures, and with wonder fires.
But O thou man belov'd! yon vault ſurvey,
Where ſtars in millions blind the midnight ray;
In ſpace' broad fields ſo far the pomp retires,
Yon ſapphire concave ſcarce their twinkling fires:
Hence vainly deem'd the gems of inborn light,
Ordain'd to tremble through the gloom of night;
In near approach, thoſe ſtars, with conſtant rays,
Shoot round th' expanſion, noon's exceſſive blaze,
Confine the empire of ſurrounding night,
And reign, and glory, in immortal light.
For know, bleſs'd favourite, ſuns are thoſe fair flames;
Worlds round them roll, and day perpetual beams:
Thoſe worlds unnumber'd circling moons adorn,
And with long ſplendors comets mid them burn.
As in the world of minds, with golden chain,
Attractive Love extends her bliſsful reign,
In one pure realm all ſainted beings joins,
GOD with his ſons, his ſons with GOD combines:
The bond to all of pure perfection given,
The life, the beauty, peace, and joy of heaven:
So this ſtupendous frame, by him alone
Who calls their names, ſupported, number'd, known,

These countless systems in one system join'd,
Their size, their distance, with nice art design'd,
A great, attracting power, on all impress'd,
Connects, moves, governs, and forbids to rest.
By this great power, impelling and impell'd,
All worlds move on through space' unmeasur'd field.
Around their planets moons refulgent stray;
Around their suns those planets trace their way;
Around your central heaven all systems roll;
And one great circling motion rules the whole.
O scene divine, on those bright towers to stand,
And mark the wonders of th' Eternal hand;
To see thro' space unnumber'd systems driven,
Worlds round their suns, and suns around the heaven;
To see one ordinance worlds and suns obey;
Their order, peace, and fair, harmonious way;
Their solemn silence: varying pomp divine;
Their fair proportions, and their endless shine!
Some nearer rolling in celestial light;
Some distant glimmering tow'rd the bordering night;
'Till far remov'd from thought the regions lie,
Where angels never wing'd the lonely, verging sky,
On the clear glass as smiles the beauteous form,
And youth's fair light, and eyes of glory, charm;
As lucid streams, with face serene, unfold
Spring's gayest prime, and flowers that bloom in gold;
As boundless ocean's smooth, resplendent plain
Rebeams the skies, and all their wonderous train,
No part, no wave, but feels the sun's broad ray,
And glows, reflective, with surrounding day:
So round th' immense, on fair creation's breast,
In endless pomp the GODHEAD shines impress'd;
His love, his beauty, o'er all nature burns;
Each sun unfolds it, and each world returns;
Each day, each hour, the glory bright improves,
And GOD, with ceaseless smile, th' immortal image loves.
Wing'd with pure flame thro' space' unmeasur'd rounds,
Thy soul shall visit being's farthest bounds;
When orbs begin, instruct their mass to roll;
For changing seasons fix a steady pole;

Teach eve to purple, golden morn to riſe,
And light new ſuns in ſolitary ſkies.
Upborne from world to world, ſhalt thou behold
How ever-varying wonders GOD unfold;
In each new realm, with growing bliſs purſue
Scenes unimagin'd, nations ever new;
See ſome through highborn virtues ſwiftly ſoar,
Some humbler duties, humbler thoughts explore;
To every race, new thoughts new ſenſes bring;
On every plain, new vegetations ſpring;
O'er virtue's ſons eternal morning bloom;
O'er guilt's vile throngs aſcend eternal gloom;
O'er mingled nations mingling ſeaſons roll,
And peace, and tumult, wrap the changing pole.
To endleſs years, thy mind, inſpir'd, ſhall riſe
Thro' knowledge, love, and beauty, of the ſkies;
To heights angelic, archangelic, ſoar,
'Till man's faint language paint the heights no more:
When borne to glory, wing'd to flights ſupreme,
Thy ſoul ſhall reach creation's firſt extreme,
Beyond all thought aſſume her laſt abode,
And ſeek the boſom of th' involving GOD.
The Viſion ceas'd. At once the ſcenes decay'd,
His bright form vaniſh'd and his glories fled:
Swift to the camp th' exulting Chief return'd,
While the glad day-ſtar in the orient burn'd.

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THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK XI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

Morning. Hareſhah returns to Gibeon. Army aſſembles. Speech of Caleb. Hanniel. Joſhua's advice to him; his reply. Joſhua's prayer. Cloud rolls before the army toward Gibeon. Proſpect of the Heathen hoſt beyond the city. Speech of Joſhua on that occaſion. Iſraelites deſcend from the mountain. Jabin prepares for battle, and arranges the heathen army on the bank of a ſmall river. Gibeonites aſcend the walls to view the battle. Aradon marches his troops out to meet Joſhua, who gives the command of them to Almiran. Arrangement of the combatants. Joſhua by a ſtratagem draws the Heathens from their advantageous poſt. General engagement. Joſhua's exploits. He kills Medan and Talmon. Zedeck rallies the heathens; but is forced down the bank, and killed. Egon. Joſhua, ſeeing Hazor ſtrongly poſted on the bank, moves down the river, and reſcues Almiran, kills Piram, and routs Jarmuth. Japhia. Exploits of Zimri. He kills Hoham, and puts Hebron into confuſion. Jabin rallies them, and kills Hanniel. Aſher retires. Joſhua leaves his diviſion to engage Hazor; and rallies Aſher. Combat between him and Jabin. Heathens routed. Storm of Hail. Iſraelites return to their camp and are met by their wives and children ſinging praiſe to the Creator. Concluſion.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

BOOK XI.

NOW roſe in heaven the great, the final day,
Where fates of chiefs, and kings, and kingdoms lay
Morn dreſs'd in golden pride the cliffs on high,
Stream'd o'er the groves, and brighten'd round the ſky:
No cloud, no miſt, obſcur'd the blue ſerene;
And peace, and ſilence, huſh'd the ſolemn ſcene.
To Caleb's tent alert the Hero ſtrode,
And rous'd Hareſhah to the field of blood.---
With active haſte to Gibeon's prince repair;
To range his thouſands be his inſtant care:
Ere the glad ſun climb half th' etherial main,
Shall Heaven's broad ſtandard tremble on the plain.---
Far o'er the weſtern field, with keen delight,
He wing'd his courſe, and vaniſh'd from the ſight.
And now once more the clarion's dreadful ſound
Inſpires to arms, and ſhakes the banner'd ground:
To arms the martial thouſands raptur'd ſpring;
Their ſongs reſound, their claſhing bucklers ring:
Roll'd on the winds, imperial enſigns play,
And waved their ſplendors to the burſting day.
Now join'd in marſhall'd ranks the generous train,
And gloomy columns darken'd o'er the plain;
When, rob'd in white, their hoary fathers came,
Great in paſt fields, and heirs of deathleſs fame.

One was their voice, and from their reverend eyes,
The bold heroic flame began to riſe;
The ſoul ſtood ſtruggling in the heaving breaſt,
And every limb their vigorous thoughts expreſt.
When Caleb thus---The great concluding day
Now calls to arms, and Heaven directs the way:
What tho' unnumber'd hoſts againſt us riſe,
And with proud madneſs brave inſulted Skies;
Shall cumbrous throngs the meaneſt arm diſmay?
Or one baſe thought diſtain the glorious day?
Think how bold Abraham ſwept the midnight plain,
While realms oppos'd, and millions fought, in vain;
How two brave patriarchs, in one friendly gloom,
Sunk Shechem's towers and op'd a nation's tomb;
Think how theſe ſires for you unbroken toil'd,
Dar'd the rough main, and prov'd the hideous wild;
Made ſpiry towns, and haughty kings a prey,
And fore'd o'er countleſs lands reſiſtleſs way.
See your fond partners in ſad grief array'd,
Behold your children claim parental aid!
Your hands their freedom and their fate ſuſpend;
Your ſwords muſt conquer, or your race muſt end.
Nor let theſe narrow ſcenes your thoughts confine;
Claim nobler views and paſs the ſelfiſh line.
Ages unborn from you ſhall trace their doom,
Heaven's future Seers, and heroes yet to come;
If ſlaves, or men, this day your hands decide,
The ſcorn of nations, or the world's great pride:
Empire and bondage in your boſoms lie;
'Tis yours to triumph, or tis ours to die.
He ſpoke, and ſilent to th' all-bounteous Skies
Stretch'd wide his hands, and rais'd his kindling eyes:
Each glowing viſage flaſh'd diſdain around
And hoarſe applauſes ſhook the neighbouring ground.
Bright from the lucid main, the ſun's broad eye
Look'd in imperial ſplendor from the ſky;

With war's gay pomp then ſhone th' embattled plains;
In proud battalions roſe the martial trains;
A broken radiance burſt from trembling ſhields,
And haughty heroes ſtalk'd along the fields.
Bold Hanniel there in ſhining armour ſtood,
And hop'd a deathleſs name in ſcenes of blood.
He ſaw the hoſt to final combat riſe,
The champions nations, and a realm the prize.
Now wealth allur'd; the rival now alarm'd;
Strong pride impell'd, and ſplendid conqueſt charm'd;
His wounds, his pains, in quick oblivion gone,
The wiſh of glory prompts the warrior on;
Pleas'd, his fond fancy flies from ſilent ſhame
To plains of triumph, and to wreaths of fame.
Him Joſhua view'd with pity in his breaſt,
And kindly thus the haughty chief addreſs'd---
If, when dread war reſounds her hoarſe alarm,
Health flush the cheek, and vigor brace the arm,
To fight, the warrior virtue fame command,
And knaves alone refuſe the needed hand.
But thou, brave Hanniel, ſeek'ſt the field in vain,
Pale with loſt blood, and weak with ceaſeleſs pain,
Unſtrung to fight, and impotent to fly,
Uſeleſs, alive; nor glorious, ſhould'ſt thou die.
In fields of frequent ſtrife thy garlands bloom;
Let not their verdure wither on thy tomb:
No feeble aid ſuch numerous honours claim,
Nor can baſe envy crop the growing fame.
He ſpoke, impatient Hanniel quick return'd,
And keen reſentment in his viſage burn'd---
While yon bright orb rolls on the mighty doom
Of millions born, and millions yet to come,
What chief, what man, who boaſts a reaſoning mind,
Will hide in ſhame, or ſleep in tents confin'd?
Let theſe, if Jacob's race ſuch culprits knows,
Shirnk from great ſcenes, and die in vile repoſe,

Not ſuch is Hanniel: when my country calls,
I ſmile at fields of blood, and blazing walls;
Where clarions roar my ready footſteps hie,
Glue to the fight, and aſk no ſtrength to fly.
Unbroke by wounds, my voice ſhall now inſpire
The coward's languor, and the warrior's fire;
This ſhield, or theſe frail limbs, well pleas'd, arreſt
The lance, that flies to wound a worthier breaſt.
But Hanniel's glory why ſhould Joſhua fear?
Do rival names alarm thy tender ear?
On yon broad plain unnumber'd ſtars ariſe,
Move in gay ranks, and triumph round the ſkies;
Each lends his beam to ſwell the pomp divine,
Nor grieves that neighbouring ſpangles brighter ſhine.
How beauteous thus in Honour's Angel-race,
When ſome bleſt æra numerous heroes grace,
Mean ſelf diſdain'd, if virtuous all engage
To fill with light the conſtellated age.
Some ſhining deed ſhould this right hand atchieve,
Unſtain'd, unrivall'd, Joſhua's name would live;
Then wiſh no more my days conſum'd in ſhame;
Nor grudge the glory, generous actions claim.
The Leader heard, and wiſh'd that Heaven had join'd
A heart more honeſt with ſo bright a mind:
Through his great boſom thrill'd a ſudden pain,
Where ſweet compaſſion mix'd with brave diſdain.
Sighing he ſaid---How blind is reaſon's eye,
When Heaven ordains o'er-weening man to die!
Now through the hoſt he caſt a piercing view,
And every rank, and every ſtation, knew;
Then, while mute ſilence huſh'd th' adoring bands,
From a tall rock, he rear'd his ſuppliant hands.---
O thou, whoſe throne, uprais'd beyond all height,
Glows in th' effulgence of unutter'd light,
O'er earth, o'er hell, o'er heaven, extends thy ſway;
Angels, Archangels, Thrones, and Powers obey;

All ſcenes, all worlds, confeſs thy hand divine,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars, and ſuns, are thine.
At thy command, to glory nations riſe;
At thy command, each guilty kingdom dies;
At thy command, awakes the trumpet's roar:
Death walks the plain, and earth is drench'd in gore:
Huſh'd by thy ſovereign nod, the tempeſts ceaſe;
Peace is thy choice, and all the world is peace.
This day, O Power ſupreme! againſt the ſkies,
Sheath'd in dread arms, unnumber'd thouſands riſe:
As raging flames the ſhaggy mountains burn,
The groves to duſt, and fields to deſerts turn;
So let thy vengeance ſweep th' embattled plain,
And teach proud monarchs GOD's eternal reign.
From endleſs years thy all-encircling mind
To Abraham's race this beauteous land aſſign'd:
The land, where Truth ſhall fix her laſting ſeat;
Where ſky-born Virtue ſeeks a calm retreat;
Where bleſt Redemption opes her living morn;
Where heaven commences, and where GOD is born.
For this thy voice the ſacred promiſe gave;
For this thy thunders cleft th' Egyptian wave;
Rich manna ſhower'd; with ſtreams the deſart ſmil'd,
And the whole heaven deſcended on the wild.
Still, O unchanging Mind! thy bounty ſhower;
Draw thy red ſword, and ſtretch thine arm of power.
To gain theſe realms, the crown of long deſire,
Let Heaven protect us, and let Heaven inſpire!
He ſpoke: a ruſhing voice began to roar,
Like caverns, echoing on the ſea-beat ſhore;
Deep rang the hollow ſound: and o'er the train,
The cloud ſtupendous ſail'd along the plain;
Broad flames, in fierce effuſion, round it play'd,
Scorch'd the green fields, and brighten'd all the ſhade:
Tow'rd weſtern hills the fearful gloom retir'd,
And all the ſplendor in one flaſh expir'd.

Loud roſe the trump; and rang'd in dread array,
Behind the cloud the ſquadrons trac'd their way;
The burniſh'd helm, blue mail, and upright ſpear,
Gleam'd o'er the plain, and ſtarr'd the kindled air:
High ſtrode the Leader in the glorious van,
And round his arms an awful glory ran:
For GOD enrob'd him with a pomp divine,
And bade an angel in his countenance ſhine.
Thus, when no cloud obſcures th' autumnal even,
And night's dark hand unveils the vault of heaven,
Crown'd with pure beams, her ſons in beauty riſe,
And glow, and ſparkle, o'er unmeaſur'd ſkies;
The moon, bright regent, leads th' immortal train,
And walks in pride imperial round the plain.
Now climb'd the bands the mountain's towering height,
And o'er the ſubject region caſt their ſight;
There gliſter'd Gibeon's domes in trembling fires,
And all the grandeur of a thouſand ſpires.
Beyond her walls, a far-extended plain
Spread, like the ſurface of the ſleeping main:
A mighty hoſt there left the bounded eye,
And loſt its diſtant terrors in the ſky.
Full in th' effulgence of the morn's broad beam,
Stretch'd the tremendous front, a ridge of flame,
Of length immeaſurable. Ether wide
Wav'd with a thouſand nations' banner'd pride;
Toſs'd in gay triumph, lucid enſigns ſhone,
And caſt their various ſplendor on the ſun:
Swift round the region dim-ſeen chariots roll'd;
The far ſteeds bounded wrapp'd in twinkling gold,
With ſpears and helms adorn'd of countleſs trains,
Roſe the full pomp of conſtellated plains;
And proud with wanton beams, the ſun-bright ſhields
Join'd like unnumber'd moons, and dazzled all the fields.
Unmov'd, great Joſhua round him caſt his eyes.
And ſaw th' interminable legions riſe:

Then thus, while Iſrael huſh'd in ſilence ſtood,
Rang'd in juſt ranks, and fac'd the field of blood.
Behold, on yon bright plain, embodied ſtands
The gather'd force of all Canäan's lands!
Gather'd by Heaven's right hand, and ſad deſpair,
To crown our arms, and ſink in one dread war!
Hail my brave ſons, with me, th' immortal day,
That opes to bliſsful peace the glorious way,
The hour, long number'd in impatient ſkies;
The morn, ordain'd with every pomp to riſe;
By angels watch'd, by Heaven's dread ſigns led on,
Sinai's fierce flames, and Jordan's walls of ſtone.
Each boundleſs hope let yon fair field inſpire;
Each warrior kindle with a leader's fire:
The ſpoils of kingdoms each rapt eye behold;
Enſigns of fame, and ſhields of moony gold;
The herds, that wanton round a thouſand rills;
The flocks, that whiten on a thouſand hills;
The corn, all verdant o'er unmeaſur'd plains;
The world, where ſpring with ſmiling plenty reigns;
Where olives ſwell; where beauteous figs refine;
And warm, and purpling, glows the cluſter'd vine.
This day ordains them ours: this mighty day
Through realms unknown ſhall ſtretch our potent ſway;
Far as the hills, where ſuns begin to riſe;
Far as the ſeas, that limit evening ſkies;
Till fading years unlooſe the ſleeping grave,
And time's laſt current joins th' eternal wave.
There too, my ſons, ſhall boundleſs glory riſe,
And yon bright field of conqueſt fill the ſkies.
Through Iſrael's future tribes the tale ſhall ring;
The ſage record it, and the prophet ſing;
Our deeds, our honours, wake the ſlumbering lyre;
Warm the ſaint's praiſe, and wake the hero's fire;
Rous'd by the theme, new arts of virtue grow;
New chiefs break forth, and rival wonders flow;

Truth's happy ſons rehearſe in raptur'd ſtrains,
Far through all climes, and ages, Gibeon's plains;
To morn's etherial hoſt new bliſs be given,
And human triumphs tune the harps of heaven.
For know, when darkneſs laſt involv'd the ſkies,
I ſaw the promis'd land in viſion riſe.
I ſaw ſweet peace exalted joys unfold;
Fair towers aſcend, and temples beam in gold;
Kings, ſprung from Jacob's lineage, mount the throne,
And ſtretch their ſway to years and realms unknown;
Art raiſe her ſceptre; wiſdom's light revive,
And angel Virtue bid our glory live.
I ſaw Meſſiah bright from heaven deſcend,
And ſpread his ſway to earth's remoteſt end;
Deep Gentile darkneſs yield to light refin'd;
And truth, and virtue, flow to all mankind.
I ſaw the world, where Powers and Seraphs bright
Shine in pure robes, and rove in endleſs light;
Where, in new youth, the patriarchs, from their thrones
Hail a long ſtarry train of heavenly ſons;
Where Abraham's ſteps his native ſkies ſuſtain,
And Moſes raptur'd meets his GOD again.
On you, my ſons, theſe mighty ſcenes ſuſpend;
From you ſhall Iſrael's fame and bliſs deſcend
From you ſhall princes, heroes, prophets ſpring;
From you be born the heaven-appointed king;
On this great day his earthly kingdom ſtand,
Reach thro' all times, and flow to every land;
To bliſs, in diſtant ages, nations riſe,
The world ennoble, and expand the ſkies:
Ruſh then to glory; GOD's tremendous arm
Moves in the flaming front, and guides us to the ſtorm.
He ſpoke: a ſhout convuls'd the mountain's brow,
And burſt ſonorous o'er the world below:
Each warrior on the plain in fancy ſtood,
Drove back whole hoſts, and rul'd the ſcenes of blood;

Each on his falchion caſt a frequent eye,
And thought it bliſs, in Iſrael's cauſe to die.
As ſullen clouds, when blaſts in ſilence reſt,
Hang black and heavy on the mountain's breaſt;
Slow ſink the volumes down its hoary ſide,
Shroud all the cliffs, and roll in gloomy pride:
At once the winds ariſe; and ſounding rain
Pours with impetuous fury o'er the plain:
So the dark hoſts deſcend in deep array,
And o'er the champaign drive their dreadful way.
From the far plains, great Jabin's eye beheld
The ſquadrons, thickening on the diſtant field.
For when from Joſhua's arm his hoſt retir'd,
Stung by diſgrace, with fierce reſentment fir'd,
Some future fight his angry thoughts deſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of his haughty mind.
To Gibeon's fields he ſteers his ſullen courſe,
Where circling kings combin'd their gather'd force;
Chiefs ruſh'd to conqueſt from a thouſand lands,
Whirl'd all their cars, and led their countleſs bands.
To guide their ſtrength againſt their dreaded foes
All with one voice the mighty hero choſe.
He, pleas'd once more to rule the dreadful plain,
Survey'd the terrors of th' unnumber'd train;
Survey'd a hoſt, beyond his wiſhes great,
And aſk'd the gods to give no happier fate.
In ſplendid arms confeſs'd to dreadful view,
To final fight, to final fame, he drew;
Full on his ſhield, with various forms inroll'd,
OR DEATH, OR CONQUEST---blaz'd in words of gold.
In fields far weſt, a torrent, with rough waves,
The rocky ſhore with endleſs fury laves.
Here, o'er the ſtream high banks majeſtic hung,
And with ſad murmurs hollow caverns rung;
There, for the ſquadrons, ruſhing to th' affray,
Smooth, ſloping ſhores prepar'd an eaſy way.

High on the weſtern margin of the flood,
A wall of fire, Canäan's millions ſtood.
Here Jabin's will ordain'd his hoſt to ſtay,
Shields join'd with ſhields, and wedg'd in firm array.
For well he knew, when Iſrael's ruſhing force
Up the rough bank ſhould urge their toilſome courſe,
Their broken ranks would fall an eaſy prey,
And fame, and triumph, cloſe th' important day.
Now Iſrael's hoſt, ſlow-moving o'er the plain,
Succeſſive roll'd, as waves diſturb the main;
In every face a fix'd, calm bravery ſhin'd;
And not a hero caſt a look behind.
High on her ramparts Gibeon's children roſe,
Survey'd the fields, and eyed th' impending foes.
Here in fond arms, the tender Mother bare
The babe, ſweet offspring of her anxious care,
Hung o'er its infant charms, and joy'd to trace
The ſire's lov'd image in its blooming face:
Then on the combat turn'd a boding view,
Wrung her white hands, and ſhed the gliſtening dew.
Here the gay Child, with pleas'd, and wondering eye,
Catch'd the broad ſtandard, ſtreaming in the ſky;
On the red armour caſt a raptur'd gaze,
And rais'd his artleſs hands, and mark'd the ſplendid blaze.
Here, bath'd in tears, and whelm'd with timorous care,
In woe more lovely, mourn'd the melting Fair:
O'er Gibeon's hoſt their eyes inceſſant rov'd,
And each, mid thouſands, trac'd the youth ſhe lov'd:
Fond hope, ere eve gave champions to his ſteel,
And at her feet his ſhining garlands fell.
Then fear preſents him weltering on the plain,
Soft, healing, female aid implor'd in vain;
Clos'd were thoſe eyes, that beam'd etherial fire,
Glow'd with young joy, or languiſh'd ſweet deſire,
Dumb was the voice, that every wiſh could move,
And cold the form, that wak'd unutter'd love.

Here hoary Age in new-born pleaſure ſtood,
And war's dread glories fir'd his languid blood;
Long-buried years ruſh'd forward to the view;
What hoſts they battled, and what chiefs they ſlew:
Each on his brethren gaz'd with glad ſurprize,
And the great ſoul ſtood kindling in their eyes.
From northern gates her dark battalions pour'd,
And many a hero fierce to combat tower'd;
His warlike thouſands wiſe Aradon led,
The white locks trembling o'er his ancient head.
Hail, mighty Chief!---the hoary prince began---
Favourite of GOD, and virtuous friend of man!
Bleſt be thy ſteps, that bring this kind relief
To feeble age, and ſolitary grief.
In fields of conflict once rejoic'd I ſtood,
With death familiar, and with ſcenes of blood.
But now ſad age my head has whiten'd o'er;
This palſied arm muſt wield the ſword no more.
To mourn, to weep is all my future doom,
Drawn near to death, and bending o'er the tomb.
Theſe bands thy voice obey; in danger's field
Their manly boſoms never knew to yield:
Nor will their feet, long tried in honour's race,
Now learn to flee, and firſt commence diſgrace.
But, fix'd to death, their king, their land to ſave,
All force will hazard, and all terrors brave.
When round the hoſt I turn my weeping eyes,
And gaze, and gaze, my ſoul, with anguiſh, cries
Where, where is Elam? Oh, may no ſad doom
Compel thee to a ſon's untimely tomb!
A happier life, a brighter lot be thine;
Taſte all the rapturing joys that once were mine.
From childleſs age may Heaven his choſen ſave,
Nor bring thy hoary hairs in ſorrow to the grave!
Great prince! the Chief, with cheering voice, replied--
Thy nation's father, and thy country's pride!

Not ſingly thou the pangs of grief haſt known;
I mourn a daughter, as thou weep'ſt a ſon.
From hearts too fond, Heaven call'd the pair away
To fields of bliſs, and climes of laſting day.
May every virtue in thy breaſt refine,
Till thoſe fair climes, and all that bliſs be thine.
But now retire, where yon bright chariot ſtands;
Let youth and vigour lead thy warlike bands,
For ſee, to fight Canäan's millions riſe!
And hark, what clamors rend the boundleſs ſkies!
The king obey'd. In arms, the ardent throng,
Behind Almiran, darkly ruſh'd along;
Almiran, Gibeon's nobleſt, braveſt ſon,
Led the bold heroes, and like lightning ſhone.
In three vaſt ſquadrons ſtood the heathens ſtrength,
And roſe a mighty front of dreadful length.
O'er northern banks, where chariots hoarſely rung,
Like clouds of thunder, haughty Hebron hung:
There too fierce Eglon ruſh'd with dreadful roar,
Like the long murmurs of the ſounding ſhore.
Nor feebler legions fill the ſouthern plain;
There Lachiſh, Jarmuth there, the fight ſuſtain;
To the dire centre numerous nations throng,
And Jabin guides the ſtorm, and ſwiftly flames along.
With piercing eyes the Chief his foes deſcried,
And bade his hoſt in three vaſt ſquares divide.
'Gainſt Lachiſh Gibeon rolls in proud array;
'Gainſt Hebron Aſher bends a dreadful way:
As fires purſue a comet's ſanguine form,
Behind great Joſhua drives the central ſtorm.
Now o'er the plain, as ocean pours his tide,
Their ſtreaming enſigns rear'd in purple pride,
Far north, and ſouthward ſtretch'd the choſen train,
And croſs'd in gloomy pomp the dreadful plain.
Near, and more near, th' undaunted warriors drew;
For well the Chief, by ſure experience knew

That nations, taught in ſudden fight to riſe,
To war by ſtealth, and triumph by ſurpriſe,
To wiles, vain-glorious, fall an eaſy prey,
And throng'd in tumult wild, are ſwept away.
Thence, near the foe he bade the ſquadrons move,
Tempt with keen taunts, and with proud threatnings prove,
That chiefs, and men, with childiſh rage o'ercome,
Might quit the ſhore, and haſte to certain doom.
Now near the ſtream the ſacred thouſands ſtood,
Their breaſts all panting for the ſcenes of blood.
At once, as ſome black ſtorm begins to riſe,
A cloud of arrows fill'd the weſtern ſkies;
The long, aſcending gloom all heaven o'erſpread,
And the fields darken'd with a tranſient ſhade.
Then ſtones on ſtones tempeſtuous ether pour'd:
And darts on darts in quick ſucceſſion ſhower'd:
Now here, now there, expiring warriors fell,
And ſhrill beneath them rung the claſhing ſteel.
At once, as mov'd by fear, the Chief withdrew,
And bade his hoſt the diſtant walls purſue.
With joy, the heathens eyed their backward way,
Rais'd a long ſhout, and ſprang to ſeize the prey.
Swift ruſh'd th' exulting thouſands down the ſhore;
For ranks behind, urg'd on the ranks before;
Loud ring the chariots, ſwift the courſers bound,
And a deep thunder waves along the ground.
Around, great Jabin caſt a mournful view,
And ſaw his foes retreat, his friends purſue,
His laws contemn'd, that bade the thouſands ſtay,
Till o'er the torrent Iſrael urg'd their way;
Kenn'd the deep-ſnare, by Joſhua wiſely laid,
And to himſelf with ſighs thus fiercely ſaid.---
I ſee, proud chief, I ſee thy proſperous wiles;
On me fate frowns; on thee propitious ſmiles:
But not alone I prove the general doom;
Ten thouſand ghoſts ſhall meet me at the tomb:

Aveng'd, and happy to the ſhades I'll go,
To bid thy princes quake in realms below.
Thus ſpoke the king, and deem'd his ruin nigh,
A fearful vengeance reddening in his eye;
Strong, fell deſpair inflam'd his eager look;
His bands gaz'd trembling, and his princes ſhook.
Meantime with ſmiles the ſacred Chief beheld
His foes ruſh headlong o'er th' embattled field:
At once his piercing voice reſtrain'd the flight,
Wheel'd his long ranks, and marſhall'd to the fight.
At once the trump's tremendous blaſt aſcends
The plains all ſhudder, and the concave rends;
Loud as the ſtorm's ten thouſand thunders riſe,
A ſhout unmeaſur'd rocks the lands and ſkies;
Again high heaven is gloom'd with ſtony ſhowers;
Again all ether darts unnumber'd pours;
With deep convulſion roars the cloſing war;
Fierce bounds the ſteed; ſonorous rolls the car;
With one broad ruin heaves the earth amain,
And Night, and Death, and Horror, ſhroud the plain.
So pours a ſtorm on Greenland's frozen ſhore;
The hoarſe winds rage; the maddening billows roar;
When boundleſs darkneſs wraps the realms on high,
And flaming meteors ſtream acroſs the ſky:
Huge iſles of raging ice, together driven,
With burſting thunder rend air, ſea, and heaven:
Rocks riſe o'er rocks; o'er mountains mountains roll,
And the world trembles to the diſtant pole.
Thus o'er the field the dreadful tumult grows;
Alike impetuous, foes encounter foes;
Where Aſher's ſons proud Hebron's hoſt engage;
Or where bold Gibeon pours her torrent rage;
Or where, around the Chief, immingled riſe
Triumphant clamours, and expiring cries.
Long roar'd the tumult of the dubious fight,
And no baſe coward wiſh'd inglorious flight:

All fierce to combat ruſh'd th' undaunted train;
Nor theſe the palm would loſe, nor thoſe could gain;
Till cloth'd in terror, Joſhua's dreadful arm
Began the triumph, and led on the ſtorm.
Two chiefs, whoſe ſilver arms confeſs'd their ſway,
Rais'd their broad buklers in his fateful way.
By their fair wives a common ſire they claim'd;
And Medan this, and Talmon that, was nam'd;
Of royal race, from Salem's wall they came,
Their deeds juſt budding in the field of fame.
Cleft through the ſide brave Medan gaſping fell;
And Talmon trembling fled the lifted ſteel.
By his own friends a javelin ſwiftly hurl'd
Plung'd his freed ſpirit to the nether world;
Far round the field a ſhout of joy aſcends,
And groans re-murmur from his ſadden'd friends.
Then ſwift the Hero wheel'd his flaming ſword;
Like mountain ſtreams his hoſt behind him pour'd;
Loud roar'd the thunders of the dreadful plain,
Rock'd the tall groves, and fill'd th' etherial main:
Increaſing horror rent the world around,
And ſteeds, and cars, and warriors mingled on the ground.
Now near the ſtream approach'd the ſounding war,
When fierce to combat roll'd a ſplendid car;
There giant Zedeck roſe in dreadful view;
Two furious ſteeds the mighty monarch drew;
With wild impetuous rage, they foam'd along,
And, pale before them, fled the parting throng.
From Joſhua's courſe he ſaw his bands retire;
His reddening aſpect flaſh'd a gloomy fire;
With huge, hoarſe voice the furious hero cried,
While the plains murmur'd, and the groves replied,
Whatever wretch from this bright combat flies,
By the juſt gods, the impious daſtard dies.
Nor hope to 'ſcape the keen, avenging blade
In the ſtill cot, or in the lonely ſhade.

Soon ſhall this ſword, with victory crown'd, return;
And wrath, and vengeance, all your dwellings burn;
Your bodies, limb from limb, this arm ſhall tear,
Nor ſons, nor wives, nor ſires, nor infants, ſpare;
But bid the hungry hawks your race devour,
And call grim wolves to feaſt in floods of gore.
He ſpoke; aſtoniſh'd, ſome more nimbly flew;
And ſome to conflict with freſh ardour drew:
Deſpair once more the growing flight repell'd,
And gave new horrors to the gloomy field.
Meantime on Joſhua drove the ſounding car,
And burſt impetuous through the thickeſt war;
Rough, heavy, dreadful, by the giant thrown
Flew the vaſt fragment of a craggy ſtone;
Scarce 'ſcap'd the wary Chief, with ſudden bound,
While the broad ruin plow'd the crumbling ground.
A javelin then the monarch's hand impell'd,
That ſung, and trembled, 'gainſt the Hero's ſhield;
Swift o'er his head a ſecond hiſſing flies,
And a pierc'd warrior groans, and falls, and dies.
At once great Joſhua rais'd his reeking ſword,
And with deep wounds the maddening courſers gor'd;
Through cleaving ranks the courſers backward flew,
And ſwift from fight the helpleſs monarch drew.
To the high ſhore, impendent o'er the flood,
They ruſh'd, as whirlwinds ſweep the rending wood;
To turn they tried, with ſhort and ſudden wheel;
But tried in vain; the ſounding chariot fell.
Prone down the lofty bank the ſteeds purſued,
Where ſharp, and ragged rocks beneath were ſtrew'd;
All ſhrill the giant's ſtriking mail reſounds:
With clattering craſh, the cracking car rebounds;
White o'er his lifeleſs head the waters roar---
Loſt in the ſtream, and doom'd to riſe no more.---
As, when the ſouth's fierce blaſts the main deform,
And all the pealful onſet of the ſtorm;

Hung are the heavens with night; the world around,
Deep-murmuring, trembles to the ſolemn ſound;
Full on dread Longa's wild-reſounding ſhore
Hills, wav'd o'er hills, aſcend, and burſt, and roar:
Safe in his cot, the hoary ſailor hears,
Or drops, for faneled wrecks, unbidden tears.
A boundleſs ſhout, from Iſrael's raptur'd train,
Rent the broad ſkies, and ſhook the dreadful plain.
For now, their champion, truſt, and glory loſt,
From Joſhua's vengeance flew ſad Salem's hoſt;
Before him nought avail'd the ſhields, and ſpears,
But chiefs, and foaming ſteeds, and rattling cars,
Ranks urging ranks, ſquadrons o'er ſquadrons borne,
Down the bank plung'd; the bank behind them torne,
Sunk with a ruſhing ſound: great Joſhua's arm
Uplifted, imminent impell'd the ſtorm.
Alert, he bounded on the yielding ſand,
And ſcatter'd ruin from his red right hand.
The white waves foam'd around his midway ſide;
As fierce he thunder'd thro' the ruſhing tide.
Two blooming youths, he daſh'd againſt the rock,
Where Zedeck's chariot felt the fatal ſhock;
Their guſhing blood ran purple thro' the wave,
And thouſands with them found a watery grave.
There, mid vile throngs, t' untimely fate a prey,
Young, generous Egon breath'd his ſoul away.
Him Salem's nymphs reſounded thro' the vales,
Or ſung melodious, to reſponſive gales:
He, from the mountain wilds, and cliffs ſublime,
Untrod, uncultur'd, from the firſt of time,
Drove the fierce beaſts, by arms and arts compell'd,
To ſeek their ſafety in the lowland field.
By flames unclos'd, by hounds and ſwains purſued,
They fled each faſtneſs of th' impervious wood;
Ambuſh'd, in vales beneath the ſavage prey
Ruſh'd on the ſpear, and yell'd their lives away.

Then howling wilds the traveller ceas'd t' appall;
Then night ſpread harmleſs round th' ungearded ſtall.
His flocks, the riſing ſwain with joy ſurvey'd,
And ſlaughter'd lambs defil'd no more the glade.
Egon, each pipe, each voice of muſic ſung;
And Egon's glory courts and caverns rung:
But paſs'd was all his fame; by Joſhua's hand
Plung'd in the ſtream, and choak'd with ſurging ſand,
While from the bank the warriors leap'd amain,
Cruſh'd, drown'd, he mingled with the numerous ſlain.

On the ſteep, weſtern bank all Hazor ſtood:
A cloud of fire, high-towering o'er the flood:
Their darts unnumber'd Iſrael's hoſt invade,
And many an eye is clos'd in death's dark ſhade.
Swift down the ſhore a rock with fury fell,
And cruſh'd two warriors, wrapp'd in ſhining ſteel:
Near Joſhua's ſteps the craggy ruin pour'd;
The Hero ſprang; the foaming torrent roar'd.
Then ſtones on ſtones, with ſounding tempeſt driven,
Fill'd the wide concave of the troubled heaven:
Beneath their ſhields the prudent warriors ſtood;
All ether rang and foam'd the reddening flood;
'Till mighty Joſhua, breathing wide diſmay,
Swift down the raging torrent drove his way.
Where ſouthward waves, expanding ceas'd to roar,
The ſtream was bounded by a ſloping ſhore.
Hither the hero bent his awful courſe;
His hoſt behind him pour'd their mighty force:
Fierce up the ſhore he ruſh'd; a dreadful band
Throng'd round their chief, and darken'd all the ſtrand.

Here brave Almiran, like a ſweeping fire,
Urg'd his dread path, and bade his foes expire.
Tall in the gloomy van the hero ſped,
And Lachiſh pale before him fell or fled:
Such fiery terrors round his viſage glow'd;
Such ſtreams of ſlaughter from his falchion flow'd.

'Till, generous youth, an arrow found thy ſide,
And down thy armour guſh'd the living tide.
Thy ſire had graſp'd his long-neglected ſhield,
And follow'd, trembling, to the deathful field:
There on thy deeds he caſt an anxious view;
There touch'd with tranſport, felt his youth renew;
Then ſaw thee falling, pale, depriv'd of breath,
Plung'd on the foe, and ſunk in whelming death.
The youth, great Joſhua caught in friendly arms,
His ſhield averting war's impendent harms;
Chaf'd by his hand, again he op'd his eyes;
His lips reſpir'd; his bloom began to riſe.
Then Gibeon's ſons the mighty Leader fir'd,
And ſorrow prompted, and revenge inſpir'd.
Now dreſs'd in golden pride, to crimſon war,
Tall, beauteous Piram drove his ſhining car.
Born in the ſtillneſs of a court ſerene,
Where peace, and pleaſure led the jocund ſcene,
He loath'd dire fight, to gentler thoughts inclin'd;
And love, and muſic, charm'd his feeling mind.
Soft pity touch'd his heart; and oft a tear
He dropp'd, and mourn'd the human doom ſevere;
Th' unnumber'd ills of waſting pride would rue,
And wiſh that kings the ſweets of friendſhip knew.
Yet, not of ſervile kind, his thoughts had ſoar'd,
In brighter days, and Art's fair realms explor'd.
Such was his ſoul, as grace from heaven refin'd
Can warm, and ripen, to an angel's mind.
To combat now the prince reluctant rode,
When full before him Iſrael's Leader ſtood.
Pleas'd, he beheld the graceful form aſcend,
And wiſh'd the gods had made the Chief his friend.
But vain his wiſhes; by the Hero thrown,
Full on his forehead burſts a ſounding ſtone,
He fell; his courſers backward ruſh'd amain
And ſnatch'd the monarch o'er the cloudy plain.

His hapleſs fall pale Jarmuth's ſons beheld;
Grief froze their hearts, and fear their nerves congeal'd
The Chief purſues; their trembling bands retire;
Deep groans aſcend, and troops on troops expire:
Wide rolls the duſt; the ſkies are ſnatch'd from ſight,
And death hangs dreadful o'er the growing fight.

There, thron'd in ſtate, and dreſs'd in burniſh'd ſteel,
Lachiſh' fair prince, Japhia, hapleſs fell.
He bade ſoft ſongs awake the trembling lyre,
With notes of magic, and with words of fire;
Such ſongs, as Moſes, uninſpir'd, might ſing;
Like him, a bard, a hero, and a king.
But far beyond the pride of pomp, and power,
He lov'd the realms of nature to explore;
With lingering gaze, Edenian ſpring ſurvey'd;
Morn's fairy ſplendors, night's gay curtain'd ſhade;
The high hoar cliff; the grove's benighting gloom;
The wild roſe, widow'd, o'er the mouldering tomb;
The heaven-emboſom'd ſun; the rainbow's die,
Where lucid forms diſport to fancy's eye.
When rous'd to war, and deeds of deathleſs name,
Faint ſhone to him the charms of martial fame:
But fir'd to ecſtacy, his ſoul beheld
The ſtormy grandeur of the troubled field:
The morn, that trembles o'er the ſteel-bright plains;
The whirlwind car, wing'd ſteed, and claſhing trains.
Such ſcenes the warrior ſung. The ſwains around
Hung on th' enchantment of the wildering ſound;
Soft o'er the lyre the voice of muſic paſs'd,
Wild as the woodland warblings of the waſte;
Each ſavage ſoften'd, as the numbers roſe,
Forſook his falchion, and forgot his foes.

As dread before him glow'd the Hero's face,
His angel pomp, and heaven-deſcended grace;
He ſtopp'd; he gaz'd; and with fond fancy warm,
Glued to the ſolemn glories of his form;

Swift through his boſom drove the deadly ſpear,
And all his beauteous dreams diſſolv'd in air.
Meantime far north the ſons of Aſher pour'd,
And fierce to combat chiefs and heroes tower'd:
There, like a whirlwind, rapid Zimri flew,
And, like a tempeſt, countleſs bands purſue:
Clouds after clouds behind him darkly roll,
And ſhouts of glory heave the murmuring pole.
As when two ſeas, by winds together hurl'd,
With burſting fury ſhake the ſolid world;
Waves pil'd o'er waves, the watery mountains riſe,
And foam, and roar, and rage, againſt the ſkies:
So join'd the combat; ranks, o'er ranks impell'd,
Swell'd the hoarſe tumult of the hideous field;
Black drifts of duſt becloud the gloomy ground;
Hoarſe groans aſcend, and claſhing arms reſound.
And now, where Zimri broke th' embodied war,
Imperious Hoham drove his ſounding car;
Like flames, his rapid courſes ruſh'd along,
Forc'd a red path, and cruſh'd the thickening throng:
His hiſſing lances ſhower'd deſtruction round,
And ſtreaming bodies ſtrew'd the crimſon ground.
With joy, bold Zimri kenn'd the prince afar
And wing'd his javelin thro' the flaſhing air;
Deep in his throat was lodg'd th' avenging ſteel;
With groans, the monarch panting, ſtruggling, fell:
The ſword indignant gaſh'd his cleaving ſide,
Freed the pale ghoſt, and pour'd the vital tide.
With ſhouts of triumph ſwell'd th' etherial main,
And new convulſions ſhook the ſtormy plain.
The cars ruſh'd backward; foaming courſers bound;
The ſhrill ſwords claſh, and hollow groans reſound.
'Twixt the long banks remurmuring clamors roar,
And eyes unnumber'd wiſh the fartheſt ſhore.
As, ſwell'd with rains, th' autumnal ſtream aſcends,
Foams o'er the rocks, and all the mountain rends,

Heav'd deep, with groans the uprooted forest yields;
And huge, unwieldy oaks, plunge cumbrous to the fields:
So furious Asher, with resistless sway,
On Hebron bursting broke a dreadful way;
Swift o'er the floods the warriors eager fly,
And steeds, and men, on earth immingled lie.

On these dire scenes great Jabin cast his view,
And saw his friends retire, his foes pursue,
Then, while the storm of war brave Zedeck bore,
He whirl'd his chariot down the western shore.
As, stain'd with blood, a meteor's midnight beam
Cleaves the dun clouds, and trails a length of flame;
At once, with dreadful burst, its terrors fly,
And a deep thunder rocks the shuddering sky:
So, thron'd tremendous in his sun-bright car,
Rush'd the impetuous Hero to the war.
Loud to their ears his voice terrific came,
And his fierce eyeballs flash'd a withering flame.
Rouse, rouse to fight, to triumph bend your way;
Nor yield these slaves the wish'd immortal day.
Shall Hebron's sons, that never knew to fly,
Now turn inglorious, and like dastards die?
Let all your antient deeds each soul inspire,
And each bold warrior emulate his sire.
This hour propitious brings the glorious doom,
And sweeps these wretches to the coward's tomb.

He spoke, and furious, with resistless force
Burst on his foes and stopp'd their eager course:
All Hebron round him swift to conflict turn'd,
New life inform'd them, and new bravery burn'd;
Squadrons on squadrons wedg'd their deep array,
And darker horrors gloom'd the dreadful day.

Him Hamiel saw; for here in fiercest fight
With joy he mingled, and disdain'd base flight.
No griding anguish now his limb distress'd;
No thought, but glory, triumph'd in his breast;

Chiefs to his arm had given the parting breath,
And vulgar warriors stain'd his sword with death.
Alive, impetuous, burn'd the martial flame,
And every hope beat high for endless fame.
On Jabin's car th' undaunted warrior flew:
The car, like whirlwinds near him swiftly drew.
This the bless'd hour the hero deem'd to gain
The garland, wish'd so long, but wish'd in vain.
The Chief of foes his rapture'd eye survey'd,
The destin'd victim of his conquering blade.
No fear disturb'd, lest combat's fickle doom
Should change the lot, and ope another's tomb:
He smil'd, from Joshua sure the palm to win,
And felt fresh honours round his temples twine.
At once, by Jabin's hand like lightening driven,
A spear flew nimbly through the dusky heaven;
Deep in his forehead sunk th' unerring steel;
Without a groan the haughty warrior fell:
No soul more restless e'er from earth retir'd,
Nor pride more boundless e'er in dust expir'd.
As, when bold youths, the mount's dim summit gain'd,
Upheave the huge, hoar crag, with toilsome hand;
From point to point th' unwieldy ruin toss'd,
Smokes down the steep, and grinds the cliffs to dust;
High bounding, sinking headlong, seeks the plain,
Cleaves the torne ground, and plows the foaming main:
Far plunge the crashing pines; the wild rocks roar,
Hurl'd with tomultuous fury to the shore;
Wide-rolling dust the neighbouring concave fills,
And a long, swelling roar runs murmuring round the hills.
So down the bank, tremendous Jabin's car
Urg'd the pale throng, and drove the sounding war:
His foes plung'd headlong in the crimson wave,
And chiefs, and warriors, found a liquid grave.
While thus in dreadful fight the hosts engag'd,
The tumults thicken'd, and the clamours rag'd;

From Joſhua's terrors Hazor's ſons withdrew;
And diſtant from the ſhore their front renew.
With hideous ſtrength, their ridgy lines aſcend;
Red flame the ſhields; ſwords tremble; ſpears protend:
Pleas'd, the Chief views; too generous not to know,
And own, with praiſe, the merit of a foe.

From a tall rock he caſt his flaſhing eyes;
And ſaw the varied ſcenes of combat riſe.
While every foe bold Gibeon fiercely drove;
The tribes of Zimri backward ſlowly move:
Tow'rd the high walls aſcending volumes roll,
And clouds on clouds ſucceſſive wrap the pole.
Greatly ſerene, he view'd the threatening doom,
Nor veil'd his viſage with a tranſient gloom;
But bade his chiefs, their bands for fight array'd,
Lead on the war, and Hazor's hoſt invade.

Then, where the fields diſplay'd an eaſy courſe,
Along the ſhore he wing'd his rapid force;
Swift as a tempeſt down the bank he flies,
Cuts the red ſtream, and lifts tremendous cries---
Heavens! what diſhonour pains this bleeding eye?
See, loſt to ſhame, my friends, my heroes fly!
Turn, turn to triumph; ſwift to glory turn;
With generous ſhame let every boſom burn!
Shall your brave fires, that never knew to flee,
With pangs your flight, and tarniſh'd honour, ſee;
And wiſh high Heaven had lent a milder doom,
And ſwept them childleſs to an earlier tomb?
Shall Dan, ſhall Aſher, names of long renown,
Now loſe the ſplendors of a deathleſs crown!
Forbid it Heaven! now wipe the hateful ſtain;
One bold exertion wins th' immortal plain.

He ſpoke: at once, unfurl'd in glorious pride,
The ſacred ſtandard caſt the view aſide;
There Dan's bright eagle, high in pomp diſplay'd,
Stretch'd his long wings, and rear'd his golden head;

Of gold his form in lucid triumph turn'd,
And ſtreamy lightnings round him fiercely burn'd.
At once all Aſher furious ruſh'd to fight,
Each ardent warrior ſpurn'd inglorious flight.
With wider ruin heave the trembling fields;
Cars burſt; cries roar; groans murmur; ſound the ſhields.
As in ſome foreſt two red flames aſpire,
And whelm huge pines in floods of ſurging fire,
Then ſwift through falling groves together driven
Roll o'er the mountain tops, and kindle heaven:
So, fierce and dreadful, front to front oppos'd,
Mid clouds of duſt, the thundering ſquadrons clos'd:
Earth ſhakes; air rends; the trembling ſkies reſound,
And night, and ſad diſmay, invade th' embattled ground.
For war undaunted Hebron fiercely burn'd,
Nor even in Joſhua's path to flight were turn'd.
Full on his ſword they ruſh'd, and bravely fell;
New bands with tranſport fac'd the ſlaughtering ſteel.
Inceſſant cries o'er all the combat rung;
Inceſſant ſpears through darken'd ether ſung;
Swift flew the courſer; ſwift the raging car:
Hoarſe roſe the tumult of the maddening war:
Leſs loud through foreſts winds impetuous roll,
The huge pines ſink, and tempeſt rends the pole:
Leſs loud 'gainſt Zembla mountain billows roar,
When the ſtorm thunders on the frozen ſhore.
For Hebron's thouſands Jabin's voice inſpir'd,
And Joſhua's deeds the ſons of Iſrael fir'd.
Now where the Chief terrific ſwept the field,
And, cloth'd in terror, ranks on ranks repell'd;
Whilſt a red deluge o'er his footſteps ſpread,
And countleſs torrents ſpouted from the dead;
Swift to his path a chief of Aſher ran,
Wild with diſmay, and quivering thus began---
Wing, wing, thou beſt of men, thy friendly path---
Oh ſave the hero, or avenge his death!---

Now Zimri dies; from yon aſcending ground,
I ſaw fierce Jabin point the fatal wound---
He ſpoke; at once, from all the Heathen train,
A voice of thunder heav'd th' affrighted plain:
Loud as hoarſe whirlwinds torrent flames inſpire,
When up the mountains rolls tempeſtuous fire;
Loud as th' Almighty's voice, through ether driven,
Pales the wide world, and ſhakes the walls of heaven;
Long ſhouts tremendous from the fields ariſe,
Burſt o'er the hoſts, and rend the clouded ſkies.
Through Iſrael's thouſands thrills a dire alarm,
When thus great Joſhua nerves each fainting arm---
Urge, my brave warriors, urge the glorious ſtrife;
Wheel your red ſwords, and ſave the leader's life---
Shall Zimri die, whilſt each aſtoniſh'd ſtands,
Nor ſees theſe falchions uſeleſs in our hands?
Alive the fainting hero meets my ſight,
And yet maintains the ſolitary fight---
He ſpoke, and furious wheel'd his dreadful ſword;
Back roll'd the heathens; ſtreams of ſlaughter pour'd:
Behind him Aſher's hoſt in deep array
Throng'd darkening; clouds and death involv'd their way:
The bounding ſteeds bedew'd their hoofs in blood,
And chiefs and monarchs ſwell'd the purple flood.
Now, where bold Zimri brav'd the deathful ground,
O'erhung with foes, and pierc'd with many a wound,
Whilſt labouring, panting, heav'd his frequent breath,
And o'er his helmet flaſh'd deſcending death;
Great Joſhua, flaming, drove th' embattled train;
Their lances flew, their falchions rag'd in vain.
Dire as a peal of thunder ſweeps the ſkies,
He ruſh'd, and Death ſate frowning in his eyes:
For now brave Zimri ſcarce ſuſtain'd the ſtrife;
Sunk on one knee, and wiſh'd to ſell his life.
Thro' the thick tumults of the broken war
Impetuous Jabin wing'd his rapid car;

With ruddy beams his lance uplifted ſhone;
His waving buckler mock'd the ſanguine ſun;
'Twixt the bold chiefs, undaunted at the ſtorm,
Sublime great Joſhua rear'd his mighty form.
Now front to front the frowning heroes ſtood;
Their eyes red flames; their faces dropp'd with blood;
Their ſwords the lightning; two broad moons, their ſhields
Shot a fierce glory through the dreadful fields.
Then Jabin's heart, though form'd of ſtubborn ſteel,
Firſt ſhook with terror, and firſt learn'd to feel.
But rous'd by keen diſdain, and vengeful ire,
Quick from his eye-balls blaz'd infernal fire;
To earth, impatient, from the car he ſprang;
His breaſt beat high; his rattling armour rang;
To die reſolv'd, but as a king to die,
Like ſudden thunder roſe his burſting cry---
From this right hand receive, thou baſe-born ſlave,
A death too noble, but a daſtard's grave;
Torne by the dogs, thy carcaſe here ſhall lie,
Or glut the fowls, that ſweep th' avenging ſky.
The Chief diſdain'd return. The Heathen's ſteel
Full on his helm with rapid fury fell,
Glanc'd by his ſword, it clave the bloody ground;
Elſe had the Hero known no future wound.
Then with ſwift wheel, through Jabin's yielding ſide
Ruſh'd his keen blade, and pour'd the ſable tide;
Aghaſt, their monarch's fall his hoſt beheld,
And ſullen groans rung murmuring round the field.
Like Heaven's dread thunder Joſhua rais'd his voice;
Hoſts backward roll'd; earth trembled at the noiſe---
On Gibeon's turrets ſtand thou ſtill, O Sun!
Look down, thou Moon, on dreary Ajalon!
Fix'd in high heaven the awful ſplendors ſtood,
And flam'd tremendous on the field of blood;
From each dread orb enſanguin'd ſtreams aſpire,
The ſkies all mantling in fierce-waving fire;

Amaz'd, Canäan's realms the pomp deſcried;
The world grew pale; the hearts of nations died:
The bounding Hero ſeiz'd the ſhining car,
Snatch'd the long reins, and ſhouted to the war:
Behind, fierce Aſher ſwift to vengeance flew;
All dropp'd their ſpears, and all their falchions drew;
A ſudden blaze gleam'd round the duſty gloom,
And plung'd ten thouſand warriors to the tomb.
For now, o'er all the fight, the heathens yield,
And Iſrael triumphs round the dreadful field.
High in the van, ſublime great Joſhua rode,
Wing'd the dire flight, and ſwell'd the tide of blood;
Aghaſt, they ſee the lightning of his eyes,
And hear the thunders of his voice ariſe.
The plains are tumult all, convuls'd affright,
Fierce ruin, wild amaze, and raging flight;
The Chariots ſtream; the ſteeds all eager bound,
Stretch o'er the plains, and ſweep the riſing ground;
O'er rocks, o'er floods the thouſands headlong fly,
And ſwords, and ſpears, and ſhields, behind them lie;
No ſtop, nor backward look, nor liſtening ear,
From plains to foreſts pants the full career;
Behind, the Hero wings his rapid way,
And duſt and darkneſs ſhroud the beams of day.
So, borne in clouds of fire, an Angel's form
On impious Sodom drove the dreadful ſtorm.
From heaven, in dreadful pomp, the Viſion came;
Far, far behind him, ſtream'd the angry flame;
The dark-red thunder, from his right hand hurl'd,
Upheav'd the ſky, and fir'd the rocking world;
High o'er the ſtorm, on wings of light, he rode,
And ſail'd, in lucid triumph, to th' approving God.
Long ruſh'd the victors o'er the ſanguine field,
And ſcarce were Gibeon's loftieſt ſpires beheld;
When up the weſt dark clouds began to riſe,
Sail'd o'er the hills, and lengthen'd round the ſkies.

A ridge of folding fire their ſummits ſhone;
But fearful blackneſs all beneath was thrown.
Swift round the ſun the ſpreading gloom was hurl'd,
And night, and ſolitude, amaz'd the world.
At once the voice of deep-reſounding gales
Rung ſlow, and ſolemn, in the diſtant vales;
Then through the groves, and o'er th' extended plain,
With ſtormy rage the rapid whirlwinds ran:
Red o'er the glimmering hills, with pomp divine,
The lightning's flaming path began to ſhine;
Far round th' immenſe unuſual thunders driven,
Proclaim'd the onſet of approaching Heaven;
Aſtoniſh'd Nature own'd the ſtrange alarm,
And the world trembled at th' impendent ſtorm.
O'er the dark fields aghaſt Canaan ſtream'd;
Thick in their courſe the ſcatter'd bucklers gleam'd:
Behind them, Joſhua urg'd the furious car,
And tenfold horrors hover'd round the war.
But when the Chief the ſpreading ſtorm ſurvey'd,
And trac'd almighty arms in heaven diſplay'd;
With piercing voice, he gave the great command---
Stand ſtill, ye choſen ſons, admiring ſtand!
Behold, what awful ſcenes in heaven ariſe!
Adore the power that brightens in the ſkies!
Now God's tremendous arm aſſerts his laws;
Now bids his thunder aid the righteous cauſe;
Unfolds how Virtue ſaves her choſen bands,
And points the vengeance doom'd for guilty lands.
Behold, what flames ſhoot forth! what gloom aſcends!
How nature trembles! how the concave rends!
How the clouds darken! ſee, in yonder ſky,
Their opening ſkirts proclaim th' Almighty nigh!
He ſpoke, and from the north a ruſhing ſound
Roll'd through the heavens, and ſhook th' embattled ground:
At once a rapid path of dreadful flame
Burſt from the ſkies, and pour'd a ſanguine ſtream:

Thron'd on a dark red cloud, an Angel's form
Sail'd awfully ſublime, above the ſtorm.
Half veil'd in miſt, his countenance, like a ſun,
Inflam'd the clouds, and through all ether ſhone;
Long robes of crimſon light behind him flow'd;
His wings were flames; his locks were died in blood;
Ten thouſand fiery ſhapes were round him driven,
And all the dazzling pomp of opening heaven.
Now, ſave Canäan's cries, that feebly rung,
Round the dark plain a horrid ſilence hung.
Stretch'd in dire terror o'er her quivering band,
Th' etherial Viſion wav'd his ſun-bright hand;
At once from opening ſkies red flames were hurl'd,
And thunders, roll'd on thunders, rock'd the world,
In one broad deluge ſunk th' avenging hail,
And, fill'd with tempeſt, roar'd the hoary vale;
The headlong whirlwinds boundleſs nature blend;
The ſtreams ruſh backward; tottering mountains bend;
Down the tall ſteep their burſting ſummits roll,
And cliffs on cliffs, hoarſe-craſhing, rend the pole:
Far round the earth a wild drear horror reigns;
The high heavens heave, and ſink the gloomy plains:
One ſea of lightnings all the region fills:
Long waves of fire ride ſurging o'er the hills;
The nodding foreſts plunge in flame around,
And with huge caverns gapes the ſhuddering ground.
Swifter than rapid winds Canäan driven,
Refuſe the conflict of embattled Heaven.
But the dire hail in vain the victims fly,
And death unbounded ſhook from all the ſky;
The thunder's dark career; the Seraph's arm,
Fierce vengeance blazing down th' immenſe of ſtorm.
From falling groves to burning plains they flew;
Hail roars around, and angry blaſts purſue;
From ſhaking heavens almighty arms are hurl'd,
And all the gloomy concave burſts upon the world.

No day like this the guilty earth had known;
Not Egypt's ſtorm with equal terror ſhone;
No day like this o'er eaſtern hills ſhall riſe,
Till Gabriel's trump inrolls the ſinking ſkies.
For Heaven's dread ſtores, reſerv'd for death, and war,
Fierce hail, and lightning, fill'd the rending air.
In vain the hoſt attempted ſtill to fly;
They fell, they roſe again; but roſe to die.
Mid thouſand corſes, there, beneath his ſhield,
Stalk'd a lone trembler through the ſounding field:
Here, ſcatter'd wretches roam'd along the plain,
And ſheltering bucklers hid their heads in vain.
On every ſide reſiſtleſs foes engag'd;
The lightning's livid blaſt around them rag'd;
While the ſhrill torrents of th' avenging hail
Ruſh'd on the pinions of the ſweeping gale.
Rare, and more rare, were ſeen the ſinking hoſt,
'Till, whelm'd beneath the deluge, all were loſt.
Thus, when black midnight's terrors earth deform,
From the tall Andes burſts a blazing ſtorm;
From ſteep to ſteep the ridgy flames aſpire,
Bend o'er wide realms, and wrap the heavens in fire;
All nature trembles; tottering mountains rend;
Down the cliffs thunder; ſhowers of fire deſcend;
Huge hills of ice, diſſolv'd, and waſtes of ſnow
Plunge in one deluge on the world below;
O'er half Peru the floods tempeſtuous ſweep,
And rocks, and groves, and towns, roll mingled to the deep.
The form began to move; the clouds gave way,
Their ſkirts all brightening with the crimſon ray;
Far ſouth, on wings of fire, the Angel flew,
And his clear ſplendors leſſening left the view,
Down the broad regions of the mid-day ſkies,
Where glittering domes were ſeen, and ſcarcely ſeen to riſe.
Through the long day, Canäan's widows ſtood,
And look'd, all-anxious, toward the plain of blood;

Look'd for the hoſt, with victory's garlands crown'd;
Enrich'd with ſpoils, and with fair fame renown'd.
Their hands, to glad their friends with choice repaſt,
Cull'd every ſweet, and wines of daintieſt taſte;
Oft as a duſty cloud the whirlwinds rear'd,
In diſtant fields they thought their lords appear'd;
Then, with new terrors, gaz'd, and gaz'd again,
'Till night, and ſorrow darken'd every plain.

The ſtorm retir'd; the enſigns gave command,
And round their Leader throng'd the conquering band.
Here ſparkling eyes with joy and triumph burn'd;
Here pity ſilent from the ſlaughter turn'd;
Here for fallen friends the tear was ſeen to flow,
And ſighs oft ſpoke unutterable woe:
While Joſhua's thoughts mount upward to the ſkies,
And fear, and wonder, in his boſom riſe.
The ſtream, the walls they paſs'd ſerenely ſlow,
Climb'd the tall hills, and ſought the plain below;
There crown'd with flowers, their wives and children came
And ſongs roſe grateful to th' Eternal Name---
Bleſs'd be the Power divine-- rejoic'd they ſung,---
The green vales echoed, and the foreſt rung---
Bleſs'd be the hand, that clave the conſcious ſea,
And, rob'd in thunder, ſwept our foes away!
Let endleſs bleſſings round our nation riſe,
Cheer all our lives, and wait us to the ſkies!
Thus ſtrains of rapture charm'd the liſtening gales,
While the low ſun-beam glimmer'd on the vales:
To reſt the camp retir'd: ten-thouſand fires
Thro' the calm ſilence rais'd their bending ſpires:
The bright moon roſe; winds cool'd the chearful even,
And wide magnificence enkindled heaven.

THE END.